Dup!

Collier's

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BEGINNING THE STORY
OF A RUINOUS PASSION

THE THIRD MONKEY

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

•

CIVIL RIGHTS MEAN GOOD BUSINESS

By CHARLES LUCKMAN

Jan. 17, 1948

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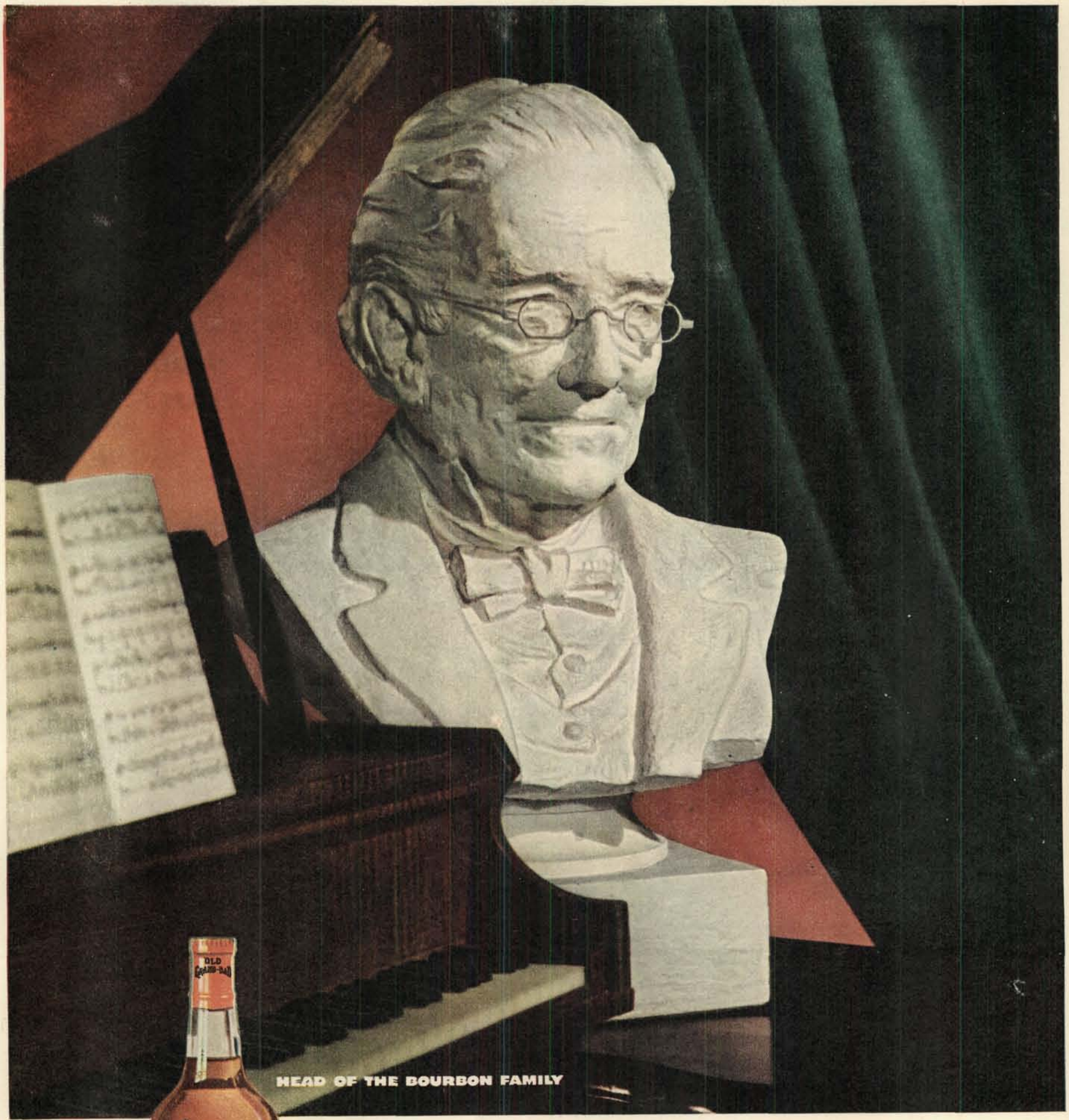

100 PROOF

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BOTTLED IN BOND

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY FRANKFORT KENTUCKY

There is a heart-warming experience awaiting you in your first delicious sip of mellow Old Grand-Dad. Every golden dron reveals the priceless bourbon heritage of the Head of the Bourbon Family. Have you tried Old Grand-Dad lately?

OLD GRAND-DAD

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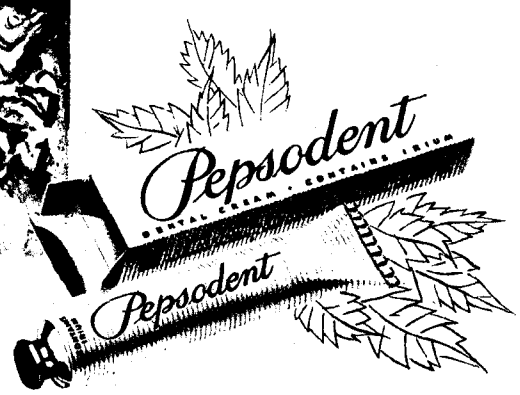
Nancy Ruhl's smile wins success in the fabulous fashion world—

The Smile that Wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Nancy Ruhl, Fashion-Stylist—picks and chooses among glamorous outfits at New York's glittering fashion previews. Nancy left Kentucky's Center College in 1938 to start her exciting career in a Chicago department store—won promotions—*and* a husband! Now she's fashion-stylist for their own exclusive store, "Borchers" of Freeport, Illinois . . . and her winning smile is a most important asset. "It's a Pepsodent smile," says Nancy. "I've used Pepsodent Tooth Paste ever since I was in college. I love the taste of it." Yes . . . the smile that launched an exciting career for Nancy is a Pepsodent Smile.

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste!



You'll find people all over America agree with Nancy Ruhl. New Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles. In recent tests, families from coast to coast were asked to compare New Pepsodent Tooth Paste with the brands they'd been using at home. By an overwhelming majority . . . by an average of 3 to 1 . . . they preferred New Pepsodent over any other leading brand they tried!

Yes, New Pepsodent won 3 to 1 for its cool, minty flavor . . . for making breath cleaner, teeth brighter! *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*

Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

SPENCER TRACY · LANA TURNER · ZACHARY SCOTT

in "CASS TIMBERLANE"

Tom DRAKE · Mary ASTOR · Albert DEKKER

Screen Play by DONALD OGDEN STEWART
Adaptation by DONALD OGDEN STEWART and SONYA LEVIEN
Based on the Novel by SINCLAIR LEWIS
Directed by.....GEORGE SIDNEY
Produced by.ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Jr.

We remember "Cass Timberlane" as a provocative novel about the distinguished judge who falls in love with a beautiful girl from the other side of town. When we read Sinclair Lewis' story of that courageous and tender love affair between Cass and Jinny Marshland, we couldn't put the book down. In it we found all the familiar wit and engaging satire which have made "Main Street", "Arrowsmith", and "Dodsworth" such best-sellers, but in "Cass" Mr. Lewis tells the story of one man who could only be Cass Timberlane. We remember him as much for his faults as for his virtues, as much for his allergy to cats and his flute playing as for his personal integrity.

"Cass Timberlane", the novel and the man, are wonderfully real and convincing in M-G-M's magnificent motion picture. Spencer Tracy gives just the right mixture of strength and vulnerability to the role of Cass; Lana Turner is the perfect Jinny Marshland, a roguishly lovely girl whose marriage to Cass sets the town on its ears; and Zachary Scott is brilliantly cast as Bradd Criley, the charming friend of Judge Timberlane and the disarming admirer of Jinny. The glittering country-club set, who comprise the cream of Grand Republic's society, welcome Jinny into their midst with snow-capped condescension. It is not strange that Jinny soon finds herself confused and restless.

"Cass Timberlane" received the spirited direction of George Sidney, and inspired production of Arthur Hornblow, Jr. Donald Ogden Stewart did a masterful job on the screen play of "Cass Timberlane". Mr. Stewart and Sonya Levien did the adaptation.

For the stirring experience of seeing a great novel reborn in a memorable motion picture, we choose "Cass Timberlane" as the Picture of The Month.

COLLIER'S

January 17, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

HUMANIST!

GENTLEMEN: Howard Whitman's A Star To Live By (Dec. 27th) penetrates deeper into the region where Religion meets Life than any writing I've seen lately. It's a fine contribution. Padre MacKenzie may have brought his faith back from the Pacific to Connecticut, but it was a changed faith, changed by contact with bunk-hating G.I. Joes, suspicious of all Santa Clauses.

Speaking as a humanist, I think Joe is way ahead of the padre, who is still hanging onto God's apron strings and has to free himself still further before he really finds the answers to Joe's questions—and his own.

The padre admits that "religion isn't a rabbit's foot." Joe Humanist knows religion isn't a sky hook either.

It is quite likely that the golden rule contains enough religion for Joe, the padre and the rest of us to live up to right now, without bothering too much about God, Prayer, Worship, and Immortality, which Confucius, the original author of the golden rule, said were superfluous in religion anyway.

THE REV. DR. CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER,
First Humanist Society of N. Y., Inc.

SUCKER'S SIDE SHOW

DEAR COLLIER'S: In Greenwich Village—Tourist Trap (Nov. 29th-Dec. 6th) the authors imply that the state of affairs down here in Greenwich Village is the fault of the Villagers, but overlook the fact that the public is responsible in the end by their side-show attitude!!

I've lived in the Village for a long time. I am not an artist, a writer or a musician, nor are most of the residents around here, and we all want a little peace. Let's hope that the articles at least serve the purpose of keeping away the rubbernecks!

ESTHER FINCK, New York, N. Y.

. . . The two biggest phonies who ever poked their proboscises into Greenwich Village are Shaw and Henderson who perpetrated that phony, cheap, asinine, fake story which Collier's editors fell for.

We Villagers resent the smug attitude that anyone who doesn't conform to the mores of the Bronx is a phony. We resent the sneer against our attempts to preserve our historical buildings. Is Mount Vernon a "tourist trap"? Is Montpelier? Is the Statue of Liberty? The theme of your story is that we aim to preserve our historical buildings as sucker bait.

(Continued on page 37)

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KANSAS

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There's a good reason why

WESTERN ELECTRIC is in this family circle

Western Electric is a member of the Bell System family circle for exactly the same reason that your local Bell Telephone company is a member—to assure the close *teamwork* that is essential for efficient, economical, nation-wide telephone service for you.

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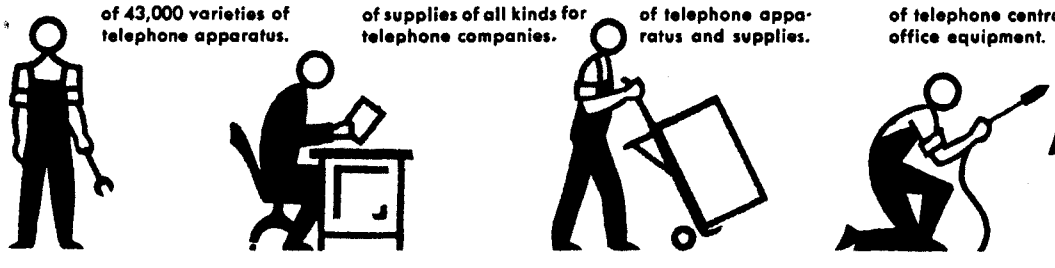

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

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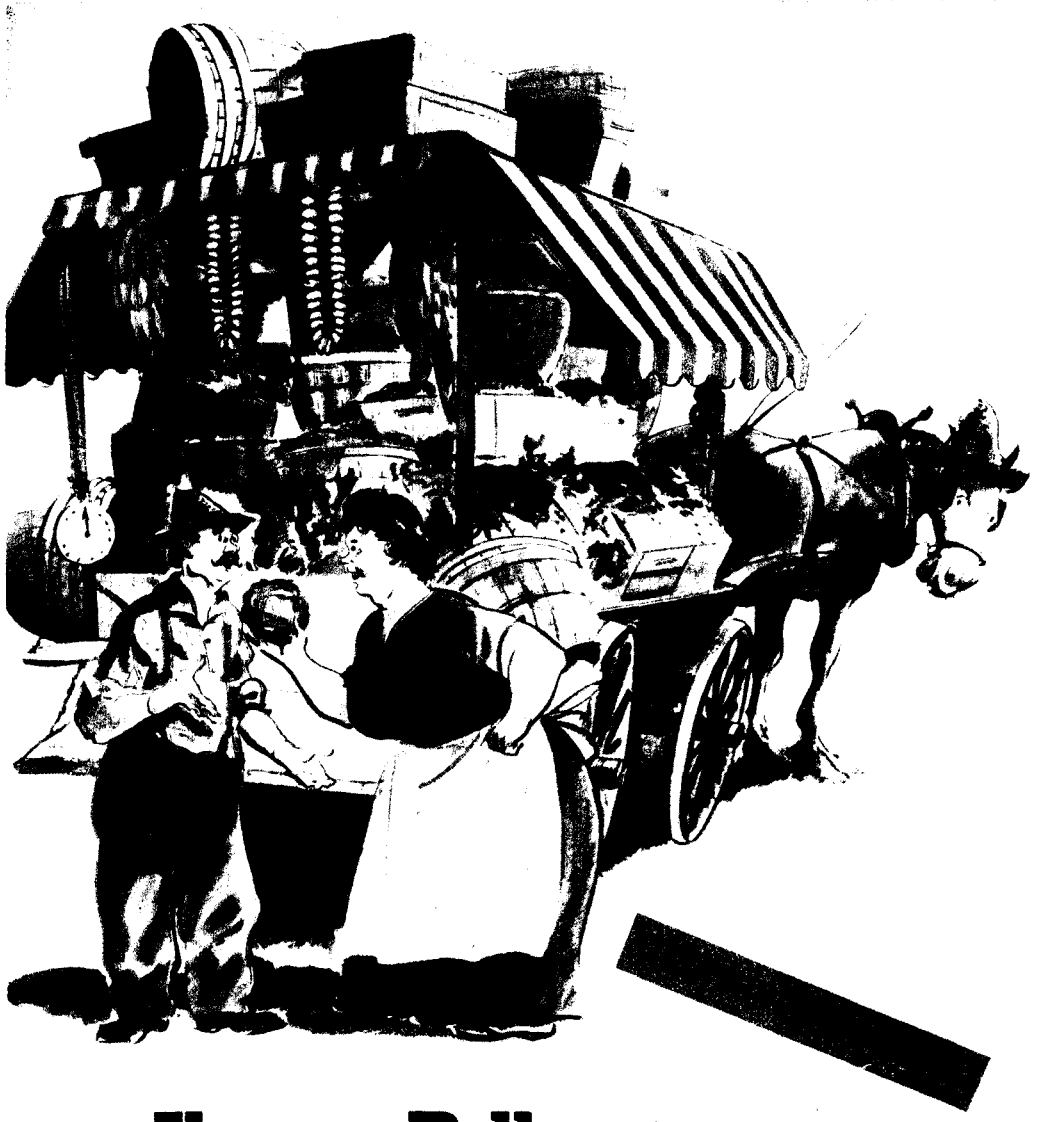


You can Pull more than you can Carry!

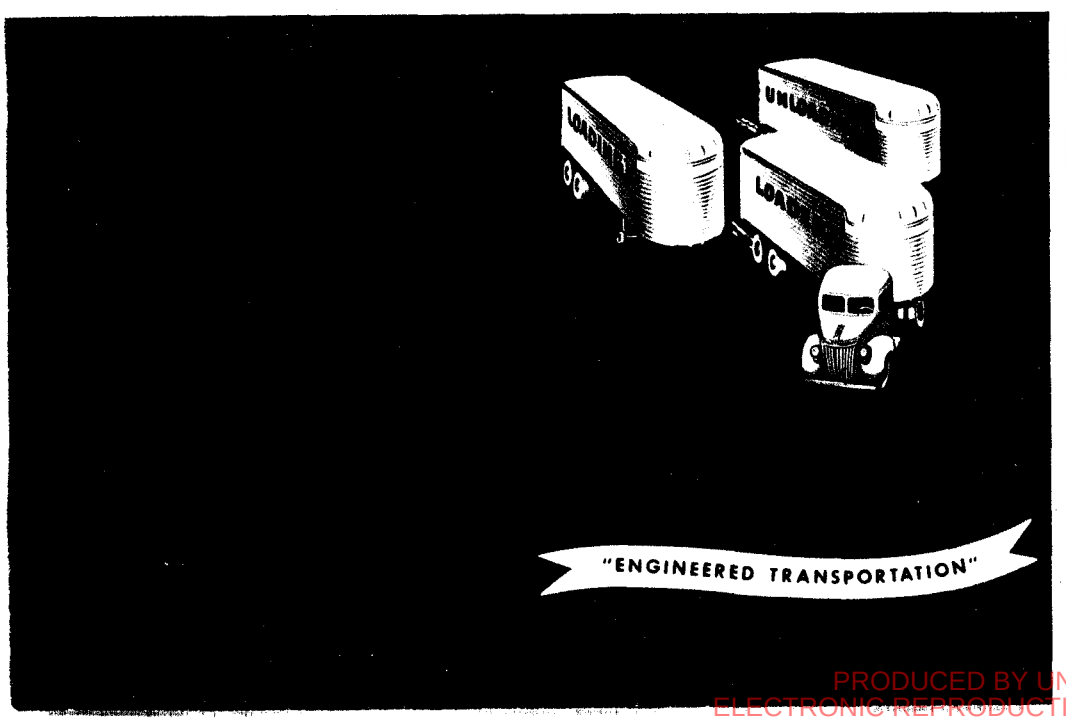
OLD DOBBIN of today is a motor truck—a "MECHANICAL horse." The modern wagon is a Fruehauf Trailer. "Hitch" them together and you at least TRIPLE the work your truck can do.

Loads go up tremendously when you adopt the Truck-Trailer method, with no increase in number of drivers and with very little more expense for fuel. Maintenance cost on a Fruehauf is negligible—and it will outlast several motor trucks.

Most important, your truck and driver need never stand idle for loading and unloading—the Trailer is quickly detachable.

There is a Fruehauf especially for your type of hauling . . .

Get the Trailer Story Before You Buy a Truck



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

During the 18th and 19th centuries, European dancing masters furnished the music for their classes by playing the kit, a diminutive violin about three inches wide, made this size so it could be carried in the pocket.

The only English word that denotes a unit of speed is *knot*, whose meaning covers time as well as distance. Thus, the statement that a ship is traveling at ten *knots* means its speed is ten nautical miles an hour.

During 1947, taxes collected on alcoholic beverages by our federal, state and municipal governments combined exceeded $4,000,000,000, an average of $115 for every family in this country.

Toy train sets may now have a new type of milk car that is unloaded in a realistic manner. After it is stopped alongside the unloading platform and a remote-control button is pressed, the double doors of the car swing open, a workman carries out and sets down a can of milk, re-enters, and the doors close behind him. Pressure on the button causes the performance to be repeated, nine being necessary to empty the car.

Besides the four U.S. postage stamps that honor Franklin Delano Roosevelt, 84 have been issued by 17 foreign countries. Costa Rica has 13, Nicaragua 11, Monaco 10, Hungary eight, Guatemala seven, Turkey six; Ethiopia and Mexico five each; Colombia, Greece, Liberia and the Philippines three each; Haiti and Honduras two each; and Argentina, Brazil and Cuba one each.

For the privilege of broadcasting Dmitri Shostakowitch's Eighth Symphony over a coast-to-coast network on April 2, 1944, the Columbia Broadcasting System paid $10,000, the highest price on record for the first-performance rights of a musical composition.

Since colonial days, approximately 400 terms to describe being drunk have been used in this country. Among the many no longer heard are bungey, nimptopsical, cherry-merry and "as stiff as a ringbolt."

A new and most mystifying trick of magic is "Slicing a Girl in 7ths," invented and performed by the American magician, Felix Korim. Standing upright on the stage is an Egyptian mummy case, each side of which has six slots cut horizontally from the front to the back and spaced about eight inches apart. A girl assistant steps into its 18-by-18-inch interior where, in full view of the audience, her neck, waist and ankles are locked in stocks and swords are run through the case, with their blades two inches in front of her. Closing the door, Korim and a male assistant grasp the hilts and tips protruding from the slots and push the swords backward "through the girl's body." The case is then reopened and the swords are seen behind the girl who, when released from the stocks, steps out unharmed. No trap door is used and the swords are real and may be examined by the spectators.

An electronic device being developed will eliminate the necessity of turning on and off manually the numerous kinds of equipment that carry the voice—intercoms, paging and public address systems, recording and dictating machines, etc. When installed in these machines, the device will cause them to start when the first word is spoken and to shut themselves off when the voice stops.

The only existing specimens of the paper currency printed by the American Indians, so far as is known, are the two in the Collection of Moneys owned by the Chase National Bank in New York. One is a $5 note issued by the Arapaho in Oregon about 1850 and the other is a $1 bill issued by the Cherokee in Oklahoma in 1862.

Although Antarctica was discovered 127 years ago and has since been visited by several thousand men on polar expeditions, no woman has yet set foot on this continent whose 5,000,000 square miles constitute nine per cent of the world's land area.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

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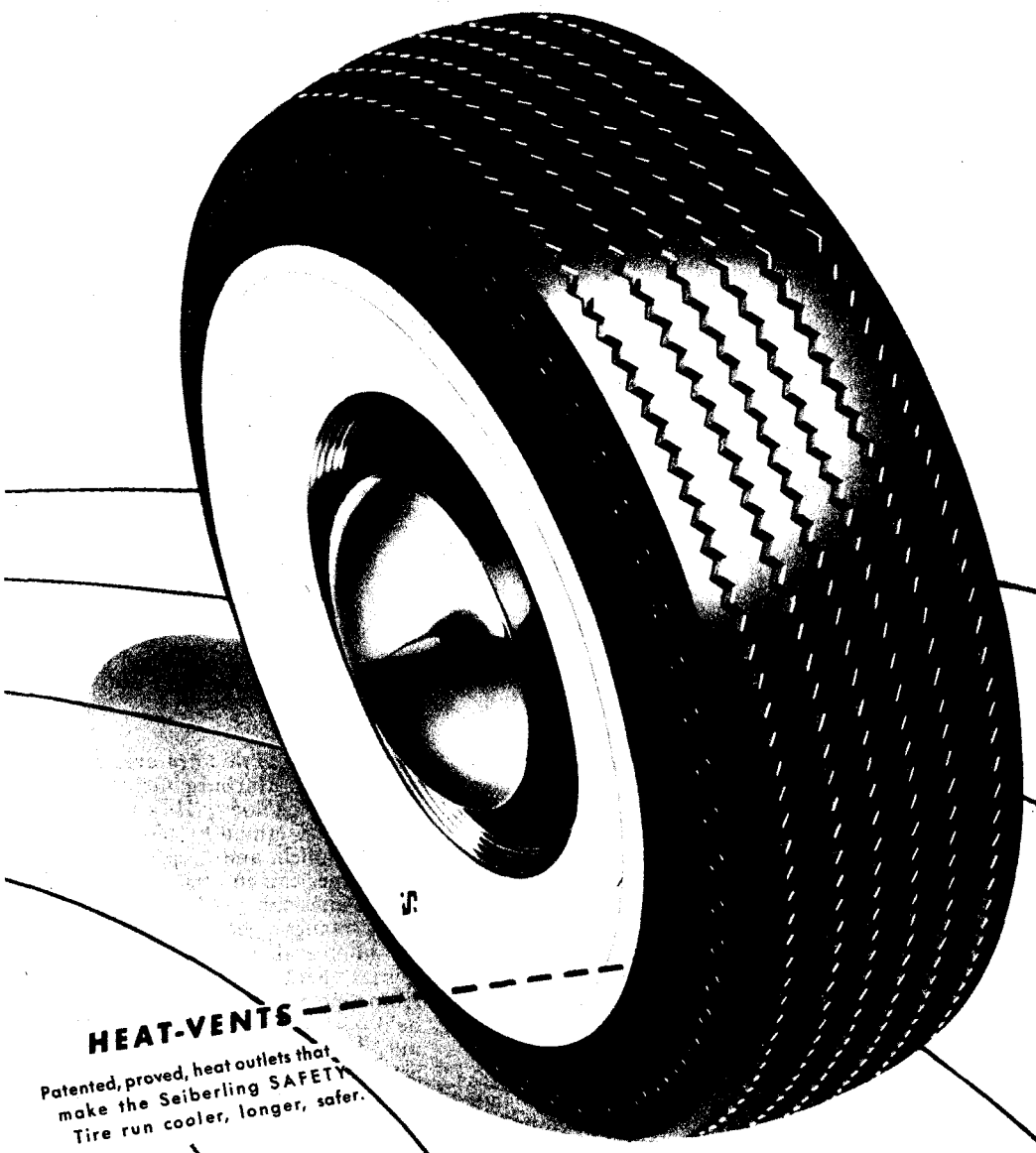

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See it at your independent Merchant displaying this sign of quality

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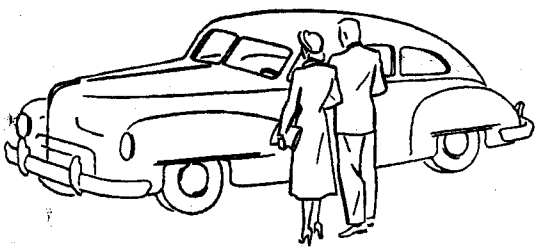
Hard Starting



...get a cold weather checkup at your neighborhood United Motors Service station

There's no need to "put up" with a car that's hard to start. Your nearby United Motors Service station knows where to look for the trouble—and how to correct it. Perhaps it's a simple matter of cleaning distributor points, adjusting the carburetor, or cleaning dirty connections. Whatever is needed, you'll enjoy a sure-starting car when the job is done. Drive in at the sign of United Motors for *friendly* service with original-equipment parts.

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DELCO Radio Parts
HYATT Roller Bearings
DELCO Auto Radios
DUREX Gasoline Filters
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios
NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

THE WEEK'S WORK

First Collier's cover, first check. . . . It snowed money for the Gerdtses

NOW in its clutch installment on p. 52, Cocktails at Blindman's Lake was the first fiction Lawrence Blochman shook up after running overseas short-wave and ABSIE for OWI and the State Department in New York, London, Paris and the road to Berlin. Blochman says he dropped into Collier's after the war to see what changes had been at work in the fiction world, whether stories were still being buttoned up the side or zippers were being used.

"I am informed that the War and War Adjustment Department is being taken care of by the nonfiction boys," he said. "I suppose what you really want is a story about two people who go to the mountains in the late fall to close their cabin for the season, who light a fire in the grate to take off the chill while they go to the village to do the shopping, and who on their return find a man sitting in front of the fire—dead!

" 'That's exactly what I want!' said the editor, who shall be nameless. So that's what he got."

PHILIP CLARK, born ominously on December 7, 1907, in New Brunswick, New Jersey, early got the wanderlust and newspaper habit.

"In 1927," he claims, "I crashed the Near East Arab revolt, as a most unaccredited and spectacularly unpublished foreign correspondent. During the late unpleasantness, I was with the 219th Counter Intelligence Corps of our Army, followed Le Clerc into Paris."

Clark didn't get to see his new baby until after his return from helping dissolve the Third Reich. One More River To Cross, p. 30, was Clark's first sale to Collier's. "It felt like welcoming another baby," he says.

BUT for a few careers as waiter, bellhop, salesman of a dozen things including Mexican jumping beans, a brief exposure to learning at the University of Wisconsin and a session with the Marines, Phil Drotning (The Flying Bietilas, p. 62) has been a newspaperman since he was eleven, when, of course, he was a newspaper boy. He's with the Milwaukee Journal, and unlike most folks who write about the sport, he skis—expertly.

IF EVERY age took the trouble of preserving its flora and fauna, Helmut de Terra, who profiles Your Ice-Age Ancestor on p. 14, probably would be out of a job. De Terra has been digging in de terra ever since he was a boy in Marburg, Germany, fascinated by geology. He's forty-six, a Huguenot-German by blood, a Ph.D. from Munich, and became a naturalized American in 1930, married also to an American girl.

He's taught geology at Yale, been on innumerable geological-anthropological field expeditions, returning from one with a genuine mammoth he'd disinterred in the Vale of Kashmir. During the war he was map specialist for the U.S. Geographic Board. He's dug a lot in Central Asia, Burma and Java, seeking early man (hot or cold) and the key to early human evolution. Under the auspices of the Viking Fund, he dug up the cold gen[t] on p. 14 at Tepexpan, which is abo[ut] an hour's drive from Mexico City.

WADE NICHOLS and Ike Vern, the writer-photographer team, were talking about a friend who was a professional joiner. This gentleman was not only such simple woodland things as an Elk, Moose or Lion, but also had part-time interests in cultural organizations. He was a member of the Bird Watchers Society, the Association for Internal Understanding, a Kentucky Colonel, an ASMP, a Mayflower Descendant, a charter member of the American Rose Society, and the Cocker Spaniel Club; and, naturally, had been inducted honorarily into Tennessee's Ancient Order of Squirrels, the Society for the Prevention of Disparaging Remarks Against Brooklyn, and The Malevolents; drawing the line only at Kyle Crichton's Society Against Prevention.

This set the boys to thinking about the effect American organizations have on our people. Results: Human Eagles, p. 24, one of several on such American organizations.

This week's cover: Snow Princesses. Joern and Louise Gerdts (husband and wife) are the photographers, and Eleanor and Earlene Ferguson are the sweet sledders. Ellie and Eenie were neighbors of the Gerdtses at Ketchum, in Sun Valley, Idaho, where the girls' daddy worked on the Baldy Mountain chair lift for the glamor ski resort. Seeking a Collier's cover, the Gerdtses, who are fanatic skiers, and met on a ski trail, snapped hundreds of famed skiers and celebrities of the Valley, and stumbled accidentally on the little girls having fun on a sled. "They were as refreshing as a new snowfall," said the Gerdtses. . . . TED SHANE

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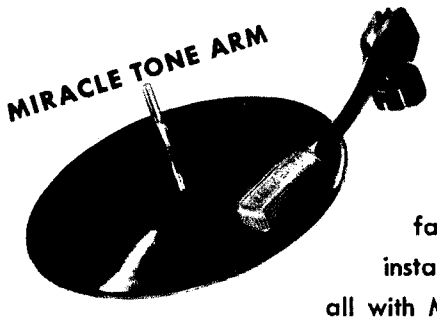
Furnishings—John A. Colby & Sons

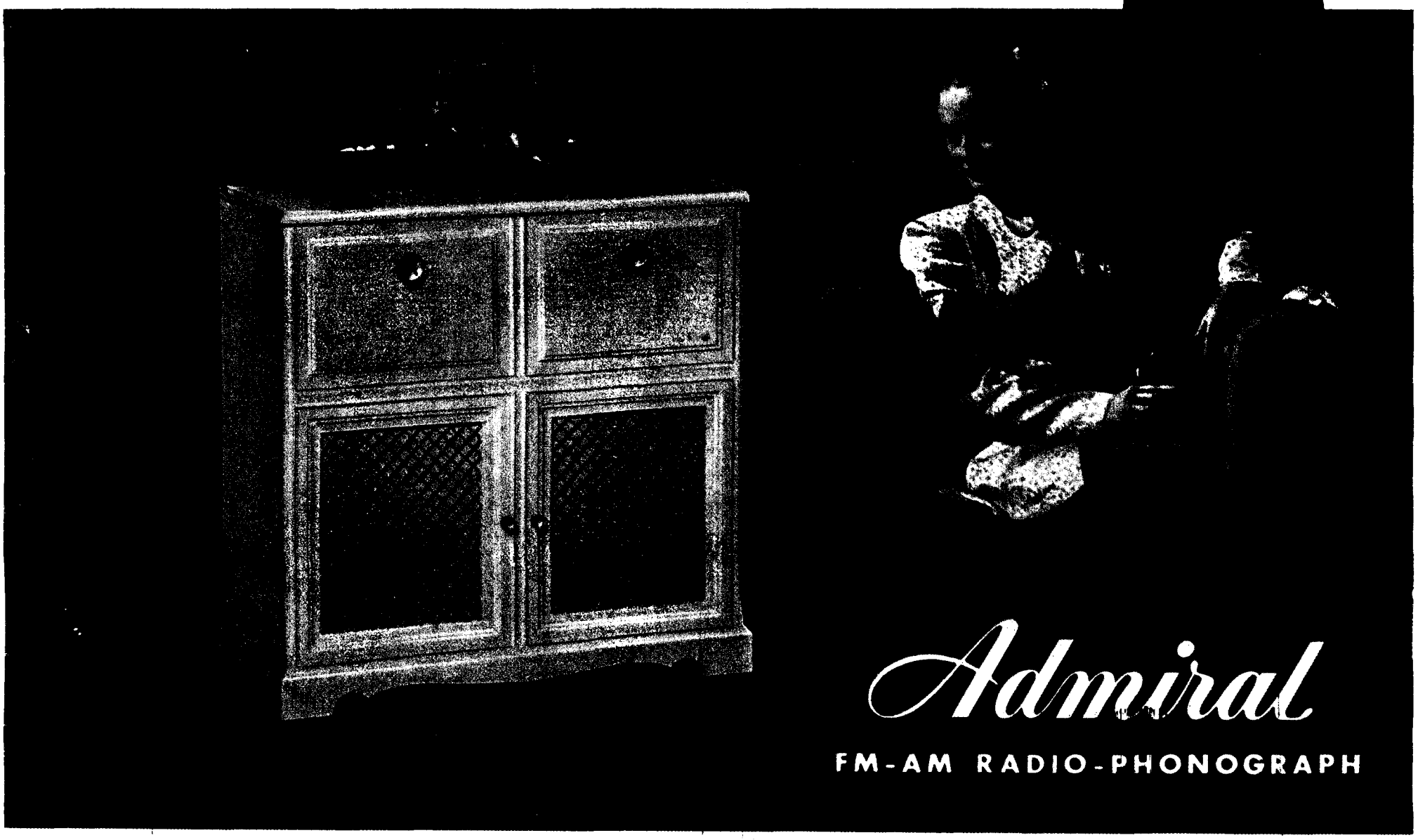
The greatest improvement IN RECORD PLAYING

since the invention of the phonograph



It's the Miracle tone arm . . . bringing a new high in record listening pleasure. This remarkable electronic invention uses no coil, crystal, filament or special tubes . . . bans needle scratch, "talk-back" and other surface noise. Bass tones are richer, fuller . . . treble tones vividly brilliant. And for static-free radio listening, you'll thrill to Admiral's famous "ratio-detector" FM . . . an engineering triumph that provides positive, instantaneous tuning and silences between-station noises. Four popular models . . . all with Miracle tone arm . . . are illustrated below. Prices quoted are for walnut cabinet . . . also available in exquisite mahogany or blonde at slightly higher prices. See! Hear! Compare! . . . and you'll choose an Admiral.

America's Smart Set



Admiral

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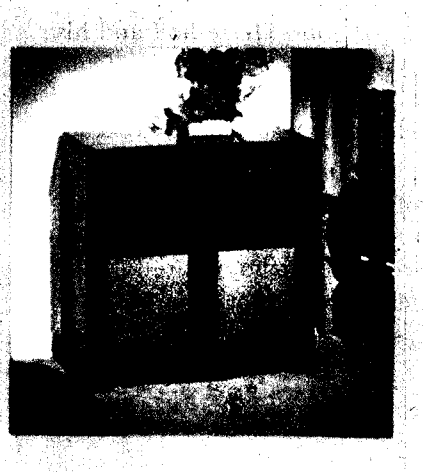
Model 64. Admiral FM-AM Radio-Phonograph in brilliant period cabinet. New pull-out panel for easy record loading. Plays up to 12 records automatically. Static-free FM-AM superhet radio. Beautiful lighted Lucite dial. A possession you'll treasure for years. $249.95

All prices slightly higher in west and south

Model 60. Automatic Radio-Phonograph. A smartly styled console at table model price. Slide-rule dial with 4 knob control. Storage space for 108 records in album. Walnut cabinet (less grille).

$99.95



Model 68. Automatic Radio-Phonograph. A sensational value in an exquisite cabinet. New pull-out panel for easy record loading. Powerful AC superhet radio. Beautiful "picture-frame" dial.

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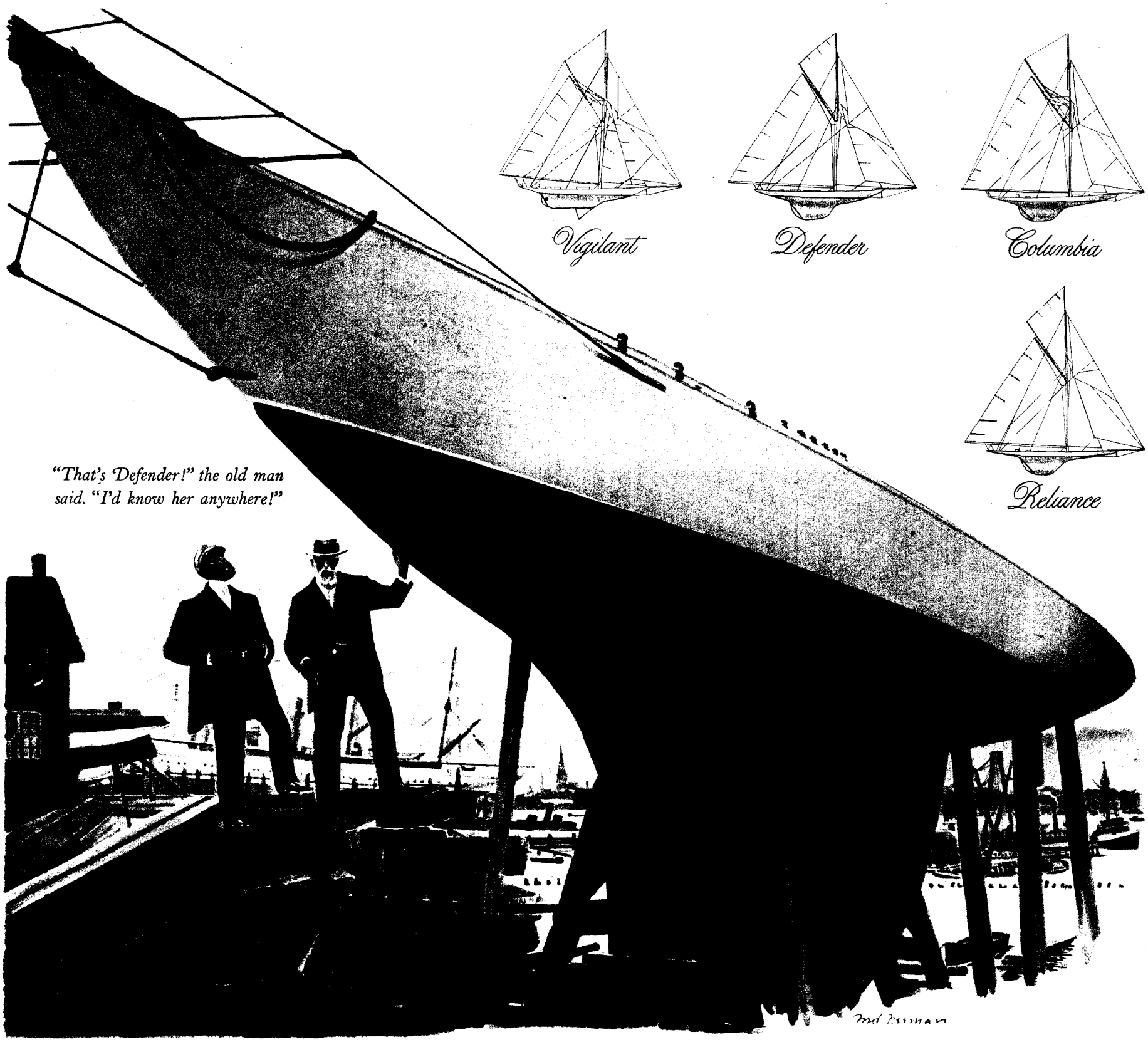

The blind man who saw ships in his head

To the Bristol, R. I. shipyard of old, blind John Herreshoff came many a worried yachtsman around 1900.

They came for racing sloops to beat off the British challengers for the America's Cup. And they came to the right man.

For old John Herreshoff had such a genius for fine shipbuilding that his blindness didn't matter. He studied them all out in his head and kept the countless details of all the vessels he had ever built, in the same place. Often he would have himself guided up to a vessel on which work was being done. Then, by putting a hand on the hull, he would give its name.

That trick amused John Herreshoff and his visitors but it was the record of the Cup defenders he built that made them customers. From 1893 to 1914, Herreshoff sloops defeated all challengers.

Every father of a family, today, needs an expert with a sure touch to help design his financial ship. He needs a man who has studied the problem of building protection for a wife and children, surely, safely, and economically; who has studied that problem so long and so hard that he has the answers in his head.

Such a man you will find in your local Travelers agent. For like John Herreshoff, he has devoted much of his life to his business . . . has thought out many improvements on the basic designs.

Your Travelers agent will be glad to come to see you—and will give you able and sincere advice. Why not give him a call?

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THE TH

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Introducing Julie Ives, a very modern young woman. Her illusions are sophisticated ones; she doesn't believe very strongly in love or in her husband. With a bright, hard passion, Julie Ives believes in unlimited emancipation—and in money

JULIE IVES first heard of the third monkey on a windy afternoon at Hollywood Park. The war had been over almost a year by then. At that time, the third monkey did not seem important. It was just one of those things which appealed to Dink's screwy sense of humor. Dink was Julie's husband. They had been married seven years—ever since she was nineteen and he was twenty-three.

"Nineteen!" Julie sometimes said. "What does a girl know at nineteen?"

"What did you want to know?" Dink would say mildly.

Somehow he did not remind her of how much they knew then, together, of love. After his kind, Dink Ives was inarticulate about such matters.

In those seven years, Julie had learned that some things which struck Dink as funny, uproariously funny, seemed only slightly amusing to her —or to anyone else for that matter.

Dink would throw back his head and give a shout of laughter, infectious as a bugle call, and then subside into chuckles which might, literally, last for hours. Or days. If Julie lifted inquiring eyebrows, he would say, "I was just thinking of that crack of Fred Allen's the time the eagle got loose in the studio," or, "Runyon's line about his old man."

Now the wind carried his joyous whoop into the next boxes; it was between races, and people turned, smiling in response. They saw a big young man, deeply tanned, with the kind of crisp, curly, close-cropped red hair which nothing can disturb, a short, straight nose, and ears protruding just a little, as though on the alert not to miss anything. He was perched easily upon one chair with his feet on another; their smiles touched him, found him oblivious, went on to the girl beside him.

In a day of tall and striking beauties, she was very little, finely made, softly colored in shades of brown and gold. After ten seconds, it was necessary to conclude that she was perhaps not beautiful. But by that time it didn't matter, the damage was done.

Other women seldom understood about Julie Ives. They said so, sharply. They said, "She's not even *pretty*. I can't imagine what you men *see* in her." Men found it difficult to admit that with Julie Ives they felt once again that men were men, the superior race, the stronger sex. Not that Julie believed any such thing. But it was a weapon as old as the stone ax and as effective still, at close range.

She, too, seemed oblivious of the smiles, the curious eyes upon her,

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but she wasn't. Now or ever. She said, "What was all that laugh about, my love?"

"That," Dink said, chuckling, "was about Bugs Baer."

"Nobody in the world but you comes to the track to read the papers."

"I come to the track because it's time I wrote a piece about horses," Dink said, "but a man has to read Bugs Baer. He is a philosopher. A humorist has to be a philosopher. If you saw how funny human beings are, and you were not a philosopher, you would have to cut your throat." He smoothed the paper, holding it firmly against the wind. "Listen to this," he said. " 'Nothing funnier has happened since the third monkey tried to get on the ark.' "

HIS wife looked at him. "It escapes me," she said, but she smiled at him fondly. She was very fond of Dink. In spite of everything.

"No, look, honey," Dink said, "can't you *see* it? There's the ark, and the waters rising, and the animals going up two by two as ordained, and Noah standing at the head of the gangplank taking tickets. Come the giraffes and the cockroaches and the ocelots and the armadillos and then the monkeys, hand in hand, very dignified. And then"—a chuckle caught up with him, held him helpless—"and then the third monkey, hoping Noah will maybe think he is seeing double. But she doesn't fool Noah, and scat—off she goes. Gotta be two by two, no more, no less, Noah says. Then she sneaks over the side and stows away, but Mrs. Noah, who is making up bunks two by two—takes a broom to her, and after a while the ark sails away and the poor little third monkey is paddling along on a piece of driftwood, trying to catch up—"

Dink looked very solemn. "But I guess she never did," he said sadly.

Julie said, "Never mind, darling; it was all a long, long time ago."

"I never thought about the ones that didn't get on the ark, did you?" Dink said. "It must have been kind of lonesome with the waters getting higher and higher, and night coming on, and she—"

"Why she?" said Julie. "Why not he? Did it have to be she?"

"Oh—sure," Dink said.

Smoke drifted from his cigarette and he looked at her through it, thoughtfully, the way he did in the press box sometimes, when he was watching an All-America end being sucked in on every play. Dink was critical of ends, as his story next day would prove. He had played a lot of end himself.

Later, much later, sitting on a stool at the Stork Club bar, Julie Ives would remember that moment. But on that afternoon nothing connected Dink's third monkey with the future, or with Julie's ambitions for the future. If the picture stuck in the restless conglomeration of her memories, bobbing up to make faces at her from the gangplank and the driftwood, she put it down to the fact that it was just afterward that Mr. Blake stopped at the box.

"Never mind about the third monkey," Julie was saying; "there's nothing you can do about her now. Don't you want to get a bet down?"

"I don't know anything about horses," Dink said. "Wrestlers and pole vaulters and heavyweights—even golf players—but horses, no."

Julie's hands were busy with small sheets of paper, pink and green, printed heavily in smudgy black type, with the Racing Form, with pencil and program. Absently she said, "I saw you talking to Mr. Mayer's trainer."

"He wanted to know what kind of a team UCLA is going to have this fall," Dink said. "What are you going to bet on?"

Figures, vast and amazing figures, piling up and up, flickered on the board and Julie stared intently. "It doesn't look—" she said. "I thought maybe Grimilkin. She was three to one on the morning line and she opened at nine—but she's six now—that's not good enough. I only play overlays."

Indulgently, Dink said, "You got a system for beating the races, Butch?"

"Not a system," Julie said; "it's a matter of percentages. If you stick to it straight through the season and play the three best overlays every day, you have to win on percentages. The trouble is people always let themselves get touted off on some hot tip."

"I should think they would," Dink said. "Doesn't sound very exciting otherwise. For two bucks I am strictly a long-shot-on-the-nose player myself."

"A nice steady profit is exciting enough for me," Julie said, her eyes still intent upon the board. The figures changed and she shook her head. "She's five to one now—I won't play anything this race."

Dink unfolded himself easily and stood up saying, "I ought to check in at the press box—I'll be back—"

Her hand gripped his shoulder tightly. In a tense whisper Julie said, "Look—there's Mr. Blake."

Dink looked into the jam that surged ceaselessly up and down the aisle to the windows, the bar, the paddock.

"There," Julie said, "the man in the gray suit—oh, Dink, you must remember him. He's head of Papa's old firm, he was Papa's best friend."

"Oh, sure," Dink said hastily, "nice guy."

ACTUALLY, the only time they'd met, he had not thought Mr. Blake a nice guy. Not but what it was interesting to know that Mr. Blake had seen him catch that long pass against Nebraska and had compared it favorably with the famous Muller pass in the Rose Bowl. Only—Mr. Blake had reached for it, to find a sports subject about which he must talk with Julie's roughneck husband. They could have talked about making money, thought Dink, but making money generates dull conversation.

—To Dink Ives.

Not to his wife Julie. Nothing in the world interested Julie so much as making money.

Now, seeking Mr. Blake's round, remembered countenance from his own crowd advantage of six feet two, it occurred to Dink that maybe he had been a little touchy. Lots of men who read the double-truck column appearing daily on the left-hand side of the first sports page—BY DINK IVES—leaped into sports talk without ulterior motive.

But—there had been such a heat of avuncular devotion directed by Mr. Blake at Julie. Apparently there was no end to the cute things Julie had said when she sat on his knee—of course she was only four then, Mr. Blake explained roguishly. All these recollections had come about when she went down to ask him for a job.

During the years after her old man shot himself, when Julie needed a winter coat and school shoes, Mr. Blake had been able to withstand these tender recollections. Liz Behanna, Julie's mother, had told Dink that, with her fine-honed irony.

Dink's one meeting with Mr. Blake had been two years ago, on a leave he'd had from his safe and loathsome desk in Washington, where even the little he knew about public relations had been outranked by the gold braid of an admiral who knew even less.

"Don't see him," Dink said.

Just then Mr. Blake glided out from behind an overstuffed dowager and saw Julie and her waving program.

"This is a most fortunate meeting," Mr. Blake said, coming over. "I tried to reach you by telephone this morning. I want you to lunch with me tomorrow, Miss Julie, if that's all right with your husband—and it ought to be, seeing I'm practically your uncle. Mrs. Hitchcock is here from New York and it's really to meet her. You see, I don't forget you; I think—we mustn't count on it—but I think something very interesting indeed may be in the wind for you."

"If you'll excuse me—" Dink said.

He left them, Mr. Blake's benevolent smile, Julie's upturned brown-velvet eyes. How well he knew that brown-velvet mood. Her eyes were not always brown-velvet. Sometimes they were hazel, and sometimes they were dark so that they looked black. Now she was giving Mr. Blake the brown-velvet.

But as for you, Ives, he said to himself, it just goes to show. Maybe you are adolescent, as Julie sometimes suggests. Who but you, he said to himself, would think instantly and only of the godmother of American polo when the name Mrs. Hitchcock was mentioned? Always placing everything in sports when obviously this Mrs. Hitchcock has something to do with Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock. Even if the golden age of sports were once more climbing the horizon of peace, even if maybe they got major-league ball on the Pacific Coast, there would never be any real dough in sports writing—real dough as measured by Mr. Blake of Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock, and probably by this Mrs. Hitchcock, and certainly by Julie Ives—unless a man went East and was syndicated, and maybe took on a radio show besides.

This Mrs. Hitchcock was from New York.

Every time New York was mentioned, Julie got excited. They'd only been there once, before the war, when the paper had sent him back to cover the Louis-Conn fight—the first one. But she'd never got over it. New York was a ten-to-one favorite over heaven in her book.

As he climbed the ladderlike stairs to the press box high up in the big grandstand, Dink wondered if Julie would ever find out about that New York offer.

There would be hell in no trump if she did, he knew that.

But he didn't suspect just how heavily it was to tell against him in the most crucial moment of his life.

OUTSIDE, the roar and clatter of the big, crowded board room began to die down.

"And just who is she?" Mrs. Hitchcock said. "Julie—Ives, did you say?"

A secretary put her head through the door of Mr. Blake's private office, took a quick, curious look at Mrs. Hitchcock and said, "Market's closed, Mr. Blake," and went away.

Mr. Blake sighed wearily. The market had been, on the whole, none too

(Continued on page 67)

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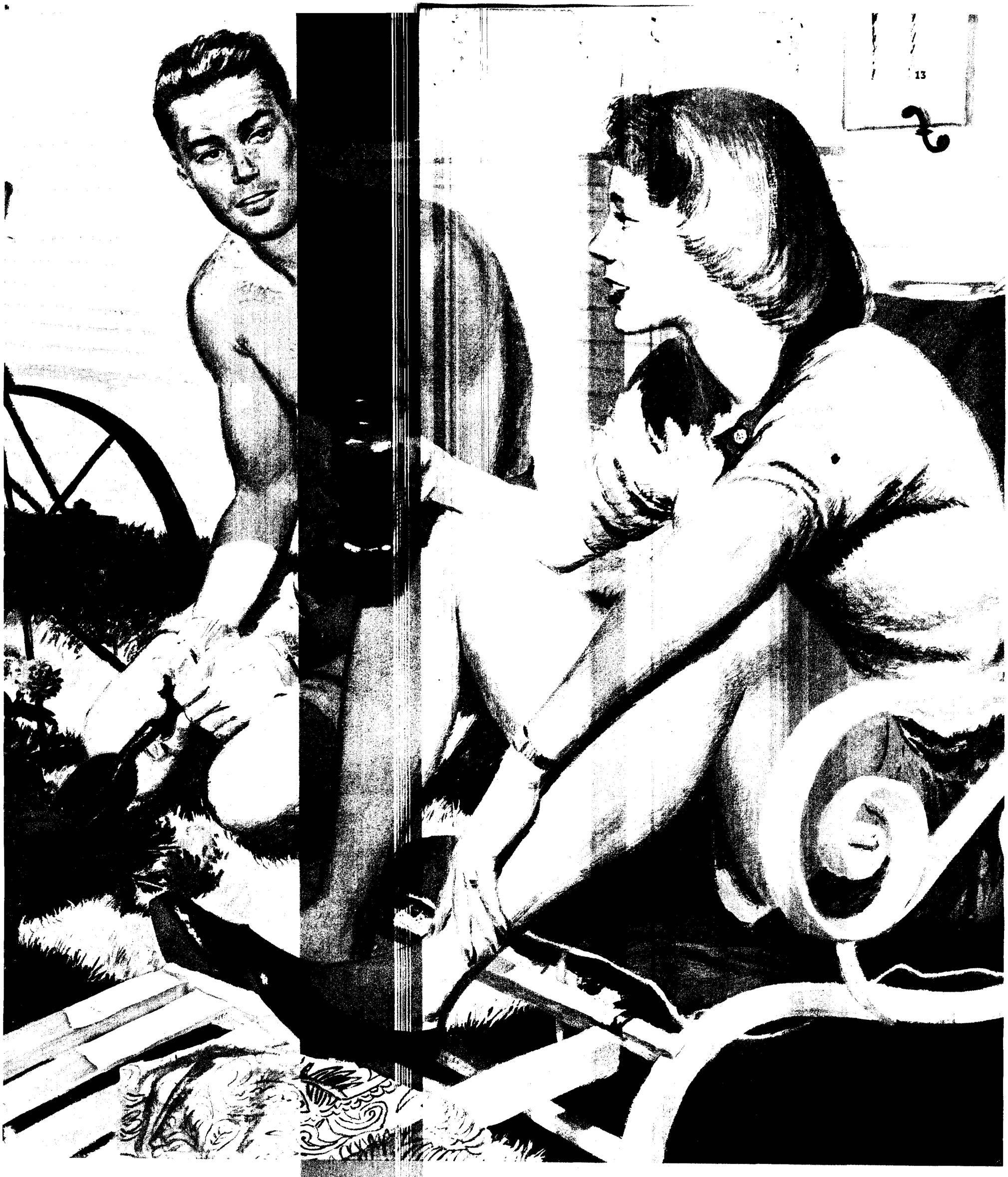

Dink's face was expressionless as he turned toward Julie. "Everybody has to have a job," he said. "You've got one. Why do you want another?"

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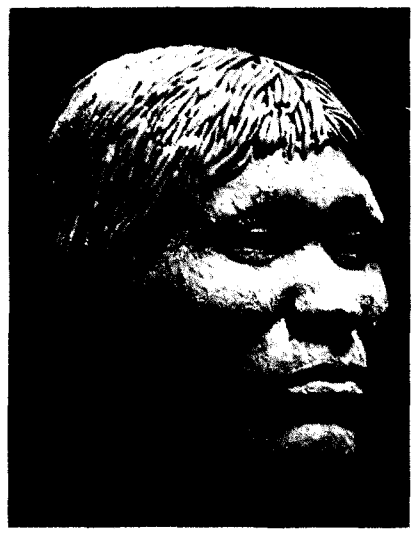
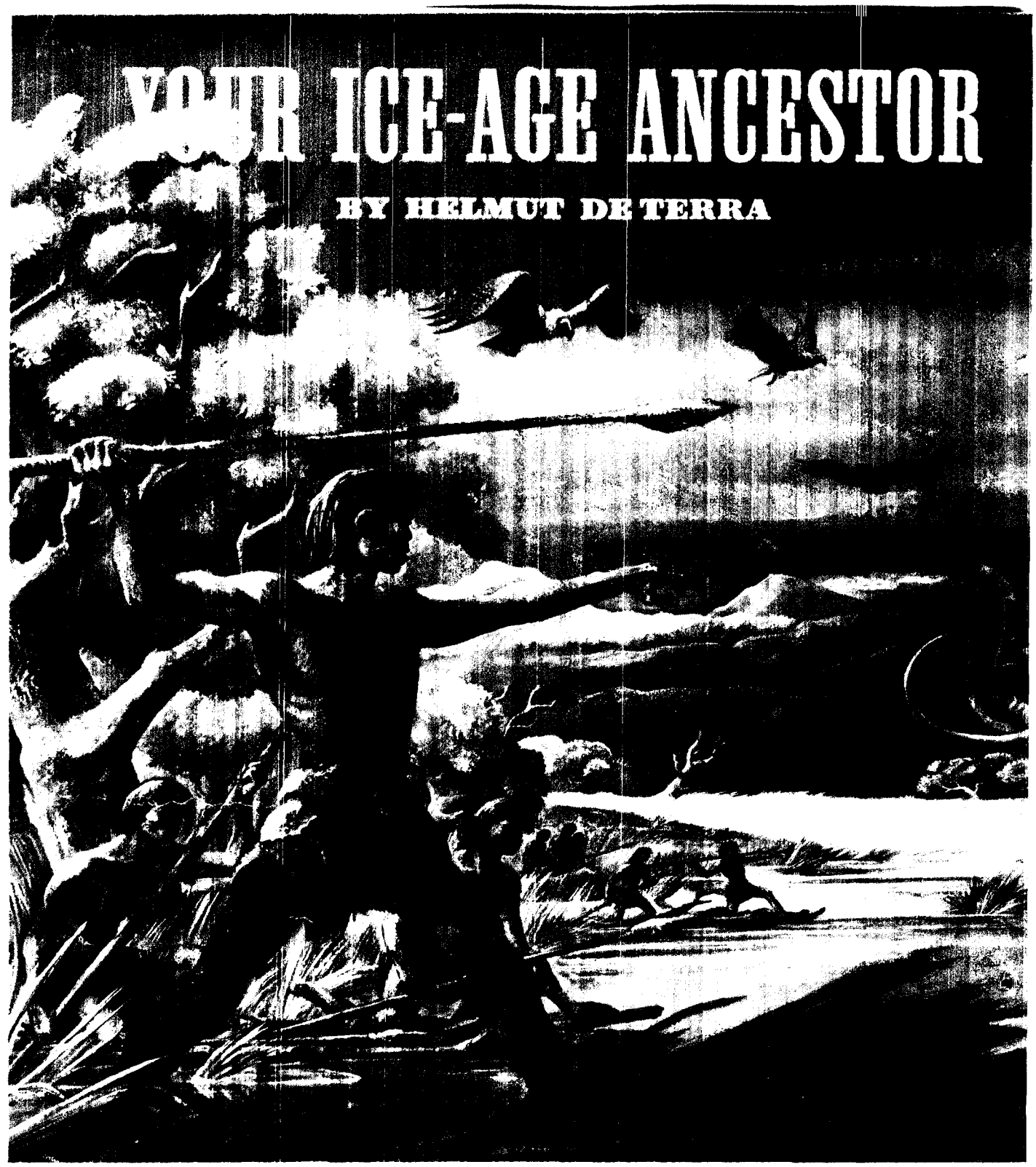
A firsthand account of the discovery of ancient man, told by the geologist who found his prehistoric fossil remains in the dry bed of a Mexican lake



PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

YOUR ICE-AGE ANCESTOR

BY HELMUT DE TERRA



ON a sunny morning in December, 1945, I first saw Tepexpan. This little Mexican village will always be important to anthropologists and archeologists because of its association with Tepexpan man, the most nearly complete human fossil out of the ice age ever to have been uncovered in the New World. As a place of human habitation Tepexpan isn't much—an ugly plaza, a few stores and a cluster of mud huts and shabby brick buildings grouped about an old church. For 400 years the bells in the weather-beaten belfry, raising their clamor in the galloping rhythm peculiar to Mexican church bells, have called the villagers to worship.

Through the village runs the main tourist road to the Pyramids of the Sun and the Moon, 25 minutes' drive away. Below it is the ancient bed of historic Lake Texcoco, the waters of which have receded with the years until now they form a thin silver streak in the brown soil of the valley. But when Cortes began the conquest of the Aztec Empire, in 1519, the lake covered the whole Valley of Mexico, about 50 miles long and 15 miles wide.

In prehistoric times, some 15,000 years ago, it was probably a great deal larger; the whole vast plain lay beneath a shallow lake with swampy patches along the shores, treacherous spots into which the huge prehistoric animals had waded for water and food. There the great beasts were trapped and slain by ancient hunters with crude weapons of stone and obsidian, a volcanic glass used by early man to make knives and arrowheads and hatchets.

I had come to Tepexpan on the trail of these prehistoric nimrods, a task upon which I had been engaged ever since, a good many months before, I had seen some mammoth bones in the national geological museum in Mexico City. I had searched elsewhere in Mexico, and had made some interesting finds; in a small canyon near the site of the Pyramids of the Sun and the Moon I had unearthed some small stone objects suggesting intentional workmanship. These I had identified as gravers and knives.

It was clear that early man had been there. But how early I could not determine. I had not yet come upon the real object of my quest—the fossil remains, or even a definite trace, of a human being who had lived in the remote time of the ice age. From the beginning I had been convinced that if such remains existed, they would be found in spots which had been frequented by mammoths and other large beasts. Where these had lived, man could not have been far away; he was as dependent upon such big game as we are today upon domesticated animals.

My Mexican colleagues joined in the search with great enthusiasm. One of them, Engineer Arellano, had come close to discovering the trail of ancient man in the deep excavation pits of a new bull ring. What he had seen there had stirred up a lot of discussion—mammoth bones, some of them bearing mysterious cuts that might have been made with a stone knife. But not even the most expert among us could decide whether the cuts were accidental. When I left Mexico I asked Engineer Arellano to watch for the next fossil pachyderm that might be uncovered. A few months later he reported that such a find had been made near Tepexpan, where extensive canal construction was under way.

When I reached Tepexpan I learned that several discoveries had been made. A farmer working at a village near Tepexpan had uncovered a mammoth skeleton while digging a well; there were so many bones that he had ground them to powder and sold the lot as fertilizer. One day laborers found some huge bones in a construction ditch near the Tepexpan Hospital. The superintendent of this institution was interested in geology. He hurried out personally to supervise the excavation, rescuing the skull of a mammoth and storing it in the nurses' social room, where I saw it.

A Prehistoric Child's Toy

In one of my own diggings I had found shells which an ancient merchant had brought from the seacoast to trade, possibly for some of the clay figurines made by the people that preceded the pyramid builders. A prehistoric family had camped here long enough to bury a child, and to deposit with the body some of its toys. I excavated the bones of its small hand, still closed over its favorite plaything, a little chameleon of clay. Surely this was ancient ground, promising in every respect.

But—and here is where my real difficulties began—how was I to locate the most likely spot for discovering a mammoth hunter? As I walked slowly up the hill to the edge of the lava cliffs, I looked over the wide lake plain. Before me lay 3,000,000 square yards of flat ground without a sign to suggest a mammoth or a human fossil. I considered the lake as it had probably appeared in the past. A rise of three yards in Lake Texcoco would bring it to the level at which Cortes saw it in 1519. A rise of twice that would bring the historic beach almost to the foot of the cliffs. Suppose I traced the old beaches along the slopes of the hills? Prehistoric man would most likely have camped on the shore of the lake.

Ordinarily it is not difficult for a geologist to locate such a beach, but here at Tepexpan the land had been plowed for more than 1,000 years by many generations of farmers. They had obliterated almost every trace of shore line except a thin band of white gravel on the slope. This I finally discovered, and it marked clearly the high lake level I had been looking for. I was certain that I was on the right track, but there were many things to

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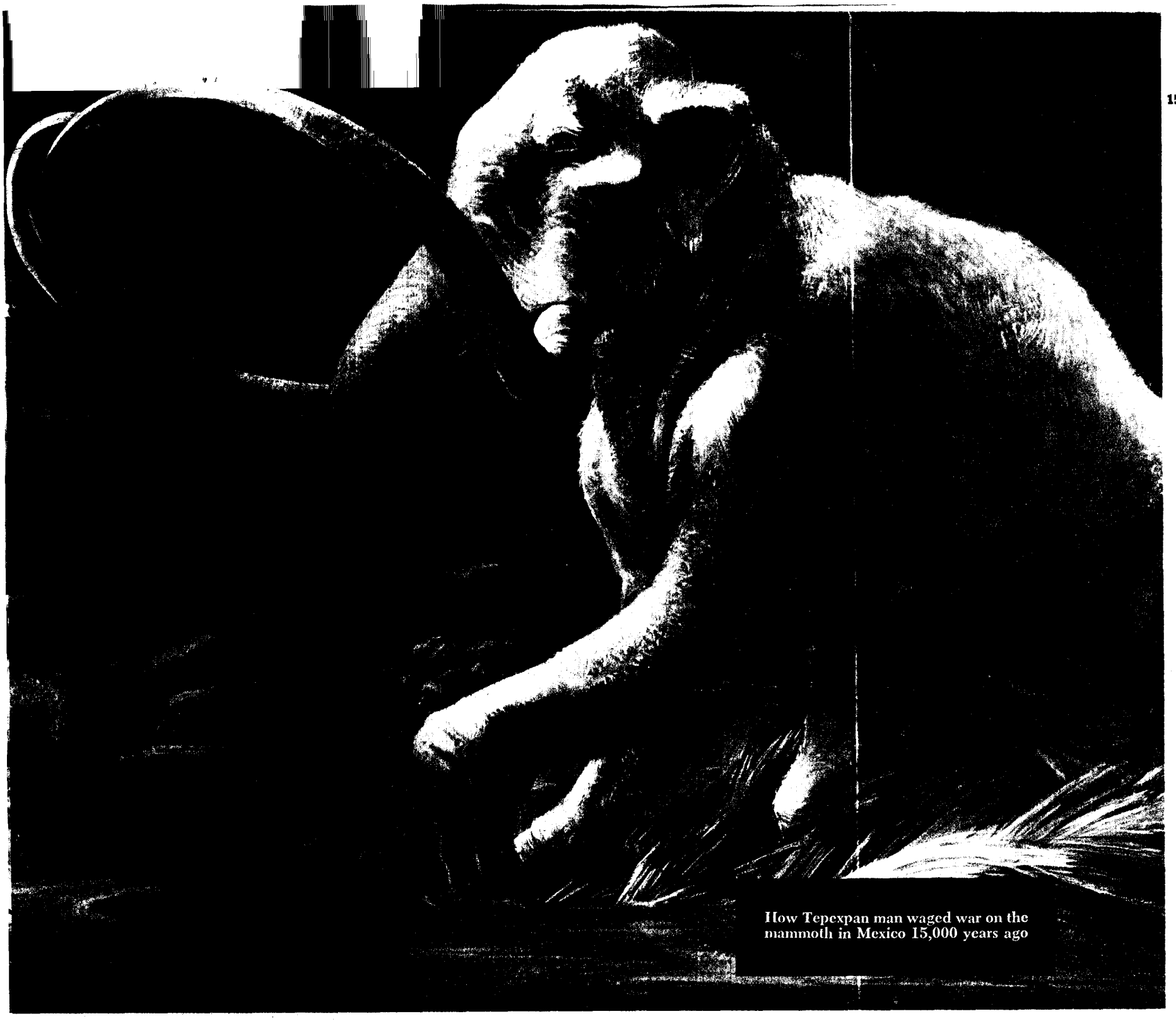

How Tepexpan man waged war on the mammoth in Mexico 15,000 years ago

be done, and many people to be seen, before the machinery of exploration could be set going full blast.

First of all I needed a good map to plot this ancient shore; a fine job was done by Kenneth Segerstrom of the United States Geological Survey. At the Viking Fund in New York, which sponsored my work, I had met Dr. Hans Lundberg, the well-known Canadian geophysicist, a scientist of vast experience in the detection of ores. I asked him whether he could suggest a way to find the fossil bones.

He looked over my geological data and decided that an experiment was worth making. Then he considered the apparatus to be used. A mine detector, such as had been used during the war, wouldn't do because its effectiveness was too limited in depth. The fossil remains at Tepexpan, if such existed, could be expected about three feet underground.

Dr. Lundberg suggested that we use an electrical method, and arranged to ship the necessary instruments from Canada and the wires from New York. No such method had ever before been tried.

I was still puzzled by the great expanse of lake plain with which we had to deal. How was I to locate a small area where mammoth or human remains might be buried? In discussing the problem with Dr. Lundberg we finally decided to proceed lengthwise across that part of the plain which lay alongside the ditch where the mammoth skull had been discovered.

Within a few days, at the farther end of the field, we found the first differences in electrical conductivity. Thus we were able to eliminate all but a few thousand yards. Walking back and forth with our searching rods, listening to the sound signals, we eventually traced a clear pattern of diverging and converging equipotential lines. This pattern covered only 240 square yards. We didn't know what had caused the curious deflection of the electrical current, but it was clear that we had hit ground with strong differences in conductivity.

During the following few days we lost considerable time demonstrating the system to our colleagues from Mexico City. They were particularly interested in the metal searching rods and in the humming sound which the current made in the earphones. The absence of sound indicated that we were on a line of equal electrical potentiality, and such points were plotted on the map.

At length we started to dig. The first two excavations were driven to the required depth, but no fossils appeared in either. The third pit, lying between the first two, should provide a decisive answer. And at this point I was left alone on the dusty field with my peons. All the visitors had left; none had said so, but it was obvious that they were convinced that the experiment had failed. Dr. Lundberg had been called back to Canada by business affairs.

Like a Prospector's Strike

The digging was hard in the last pit, and progress was slow. But at length, late in the afternoon, one of the men shouted, "Here are bones!" He pointed to a small bone which his pick had struck, and which lay exactly in the geological layer where I would have expected it! It was as thrilling a sight to me as a nugget would have been to a gold prospector. I told the peons to enlarge the pit, but not to dig below a certain depth; I feared they might injure or misplace some of the bones which might still be concealed.

They proceeded slowly and carefully. The next morning I brought Arellano to the site. A few more bones appeared, and then a human skull, and I knew that at last my search was ended. I stopped the work and replaced the skull, noting as I did so that it had certain features which the anthropologist calls "primitive." To protect my precious discovery I ran to the village and asked for soldiers to stand guard during the night. Then I hurried to Mexico City, to notify Mexican authorities and to bring witnesses to the spot.

When I returned to the excavation with my colleagues, I found that the news had spread; a large number of cars were already parked near by, and more were arriving constantly. We spent some time answering questions and re-enacting the discovery for the newsreels. Then the skull and the few bones which had been found were carefully packed in a box and sent to the national museum in Mexico City under the guardianship of Dr. Javier Romero.

At last I could sit down and relax, and try to answer some of the many questions that crowded into my mind. The most important was, "Where is the rest of the skeleton?" The position of the skull when found indicated that the body had lain face down. This meant that a considerable part of the skeleton must still be concealed in the blackish clay.

(Continued on page 65)

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UNDER A RED THUMB

BY COLLIE SMALL

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KARL W. GULLERS

HELSINKI

IT IS a curious thing, but the road to Porkkala does not go to Porkkala any more. In better days it was a prosperous highway, but now when you ask for direction, old men in the villages along the way pretend they never heard of Porkkala, and the road winds emptily through the sullen forests as though some strange force were urging it on against its will. Then, suddenly, it stops. By courtesy of the U.S.S.R., there is a stout blue-and-white pole across the road, and, behind it, a sign that says in Russian, "Entrance forbidden."

Porkkala is a naval base, a few miles outside of Helsinki, which the Russians have "leased" for fifty years. From it, Red guns reach out across the Gulf of Finland to form a wedding arch with other Russian guns on the coast of Estonia, across the water. Ostensibly, this union of arms is calculated to defend the approach to Leningrad from the sea, and, if so, the arrangement is fine for Leningrad. But by an odd and disconcerting coincidence, the Porkkala guns can also be swung around and trained on Helsinki. And that is the part of the arrangement that bothers Tauno Tainio.

Tauno Tainio is secretary of the board of directors of a large co-operative in Helsinki, where he lives with his wife and three children in a middle-class apartment at Temppelik Katu 11. There is nothing in his business that would ordinarily take him into the forbidden area. Not long ago, however, Tauno's firm sent him to Sweden, and, in taking the train to Turku to catch the boat, he had the exquisite experience of riding for more than two hours through the Porkkala fortifications.

Before he left, he was pretty excited over the whole idea. Then the Russians boarded up the train windows with heavy wooden planks (previously, curious Finns had punched peepholes through the thin plywood shutters with hat pins), and Tauno saw nothing. When he came back, he told Ilona, his wife, sadly, "I have just gone through the longest tunnel in the world."

The Russian troops at Porkkala are the only Russian troops in Finland, but they are only a few miles from Tauno's apartment, and the thought of living under Russian guns makes him apprehensive. In fact, Tauno is troubled more and more by an obsession that, wherever he moves in his house, a Russian is looking down the chimney at him.

Moreover, the Communists are everywhere, most of them denying that they are Communists, and it is hard to figure out just who is trying to do what. There is an uneasy feeling that something is always about to happen, something that will turn Finland suddenly and violently upside down, spilling people every which way, like beans out of a bottle. But somehow, the something never gets around to happening.

Helsinki, particularly, is never out of the Russian shadow. Once the gay "White City of the North," it is cold and drab now, and people like Tauno and his family have shrunk with it. There is no heat, no light, no gaiety. After eleven, the city pulls the night around its shoulders and waits, uncertainly, in the dark, for tomorrow.

Tauno feels all this, and he tries to be philosophical. Maybe things will be better. Maybe he can make his family comfortable again. Maybe there will not be another war. Tauno thinks there can be peace in his time. But if there is another war, Finland, which now enjoys only the most precarious sort of independence, will be clamped tight under the Russian boot, and the situation, which is already bad enough, will be worse than ever. Some of Tauno's friends talk about melting into the forests when the Russians invade again, but these are hearts talking instead of heads.

Tauno, a practical man, simply says, "Let's not discuss it. The outcome is too evident."

Wound in Hand Ends Career as Soldier

Like a lot of other Finns, Tauno has already felt the sting of Russian bullets. In the fall of 1941, in Karelia, he was covering a retreat with his light machine gun. Everyone else was safely across the road when Tauno made his break for it. An exploding Russian bullet whizzed into his hand, and that was the end of Tauno Tainio, the soldier.

They grafted skin from his stomach onto his hand, and in time he recovered fairly well, although there are still two mysterious lumps up near the wrist. In the winter, the cold makes his hand ache, so Tauno wears a black glove to keep it warm, and it naturally interferes with his typing at the office. However, according to the government, he is only 15 per cent disabled. At first, when he was wounded, he was considered 30 per cent disabled, but later it was officially reduced to 25 per cent, and finally, as more men suffered more wounds in fighting the Russians, Tauno's disability seemed less severe by comparison and it was revised again to 15 per cent.

When Tauno came back from the hospital, the Russians were threatening Helsinki, and he sent Ilona to the country with Jukka, their son, who is now six, and Helena, a daughter, who is now four. Marja, the other daughter, who is three now, was born in the north while Tauno stayed on in the capital. In February, 1944, there were three big Russian raids on Helsinki, one of which blew out all the windows in Tauno's apartment, but nothing more happened, and Tauno now says rather proudly that he never once went to the air-raid shelter across the street in the square. After nine months, the war of futility against Russia lost for the second time in five years, Ilona and the children came home, and the Tainios tried to pick up the thread of living again.

Tauno is forty-five now, a slight, quick man with a droll sense of humor and a capacity for minimizing his difficulties. Two years ago, he weighed only 140 pounds, but he has pulled himself up to around 165 now, and he is still gaining slightly. This is something that puzzles Tauno, because it seems to him that he is eating less now than ever before.

In any event, Tauno does rather well, everything considered. Where a lot of Finns can only stare longingly into the shop windows and do flipflaps with their stomachs at the sight of the piles of food for sale at fantastic prices, Tauno can actually buy some of it, even though it takes most of his salary to do it.

His job at the co-operative, as he puts it, is "quite important," and brings him 24,000 Finnmarks a month, or the equivalent of about $190. Nevertheless, as a member of the white-collar class, he is still not so well off as many workers. A skilled machinist in Helsinki makes 28,000 marks a month, and a common laborer in a paper mill earns 23,000. By comparison, a stenographer in an office, speaking four languages, makes around 15,000.

Inflation sent the Finnmark into a giddy spiral, and it is now worth only about 10 per cent of its prewar value. There is a national joke that the

Tauno Tainio's wife at a butcher's shop in Helsinki. Two and two-tenths pounds of ox steak will cost her about three dollars, which is a lot of money in Finland

The Tainios' children in one of the rooms of their apartment, which is fully occupied but into which the government may send another tenant, at any time

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he Finns are keeping their fingers crossed, oping their next-door neighbor, Russia, ill not move in on them permanently. ere's a vivid sample of life in Finland today

government was planning to put clothes on the 13 nudes who grace the 1,000-mark note, when parliament suddenly discovered that the budget could not stand it. As a result, they are still exposed.

Tauno Tainio wound up in much the same fix when his salary's buying power slipped so drastically that he was no longer able to feed, house and clothe his family on it. In desperation, he took a job on the side, translating books from English into Finnish and, though he finds it tiring and difficult to work at night, it boosts his income by 4,000 marks or so a month and gives him the financial edge he needs to keep going.

Food from U.S. Quakers and the Danes

Food is probably Tauno's biggest worry. Nobel prize-wininng American Quakers have done yeoman work in sending food to Lapland, which was raped by the Germans in their retreat to Norway in 1944, and Denmark has contributed some food to southern Finland, but it is still a serious problem everywhere. And, as in much of Europe, it is mainly a problem of unequal distribution. A few people get too much; most people don't get enough. Tauno, unfortunately, is in the latter group.

Several of Tauno's friends, with friends of their own in America, have received food parcels from the States and have shared the contents with him. Other friends—not quite such good friends, obviously—have sold him bits from their parcels. Jukka got a can of tooth powder in school from someone in America and was understandably disenchanted by it. His cousin, on the other hand, received candy and a necktie from school children in Colorado, and Jukka has hopes they will get around to him someday with something besides tooth powder.

The Russians, in occupying the Porkkala area, closed the main source of Helsinki's milk and butter supply, and a large part of the milk and butter that does come into the city from other sources finds its way into the black market. There have even been rumors that food ships from Denmark have been rerouted to Leningrad by the Russians. Not long ago, it was whispered that a woman in a food shop had complained that her bread was being sent to Russia and she was promptly whisked away by the Valpo, the state police. Probably neither story is true, but the fact remains that a great deal of food, which should be on the market, never appears.

So far as Tauno and Ilona are able to determine, the children get enough to eat. However, there is no way to tell for sure. There has been rationing in Finland since 1939, before any of Tauno's children were born, and they have always had restricted diets. In any event, they get most of the butter that comes to the house, and all of the milk.

For the entire family, Tauno is able to buy a pound of coffee four times a year, and 18 pounds of bread each month. A friendly shopkeeper in a village outside of Helsinki sends him butter to supplement the ration of one pound per month per person. Meat is unrationed, but it is so expensive that the Tainios have it only on Sundays, and then only if it is the kind that Ilona can stretch into stew on Monday and soup on Tuesday.

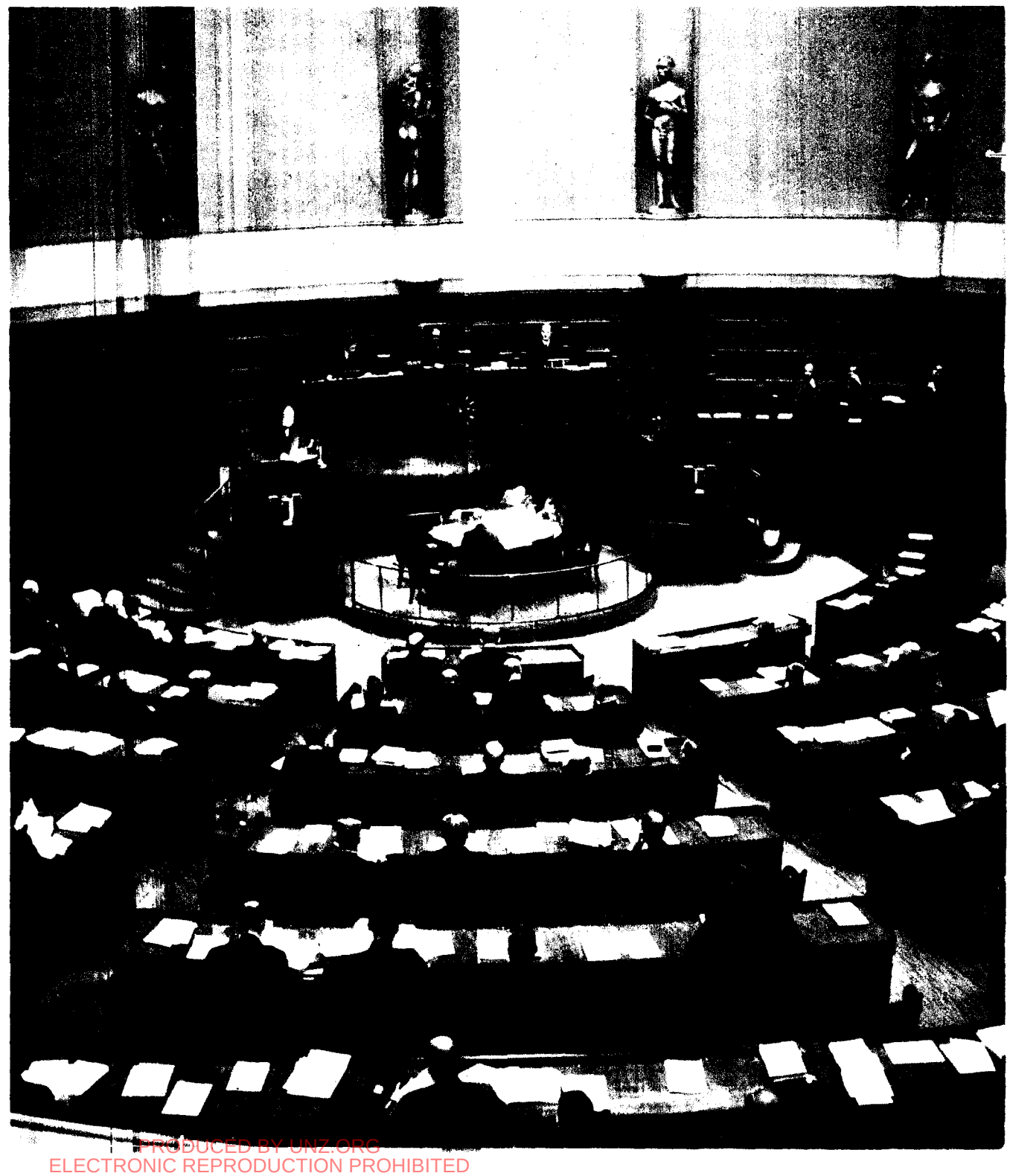
Consequently, the most important staples in the Tainio diet are potatoes and a sadly inferior Baltic herring, both of which are unrationed. The children, especially, are fond of sausage, but it costs $1.50 a pound, so Tauno waits until there is no more butter and then surprises them with sausage for their bread. Along with all Finns, the Tainios have been promised two ounces of real tea very soon, but at the moment they drink a bitter brew made from dried berries.

Tauno and Ilona used to go out for dinner a good deal, before the war, but *(Continued on page 40)*

Tainio's wife, Ilona, must go to the kitchen when she wants hot water. Heat is scarce in Helsinki

In Helsinki, movie houses' marquee lights are not lit, because of power shortage. After eleven, the city is dark

The Riksdag in session. Outwardly the government has preserved the illusion of Finnish independence, but Communists now occupy the key positions. At the next election the Reds will probably lose some important seats



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With the storm came fear, and with fear came the threat of deadly panic

SNOW IN THE

THE call began as a plain shout far up the narrow canyon. Tom Rowley paid no attention to it at first, since he was busy with the Rucker wagon—it having cast a tire. They had thickened the rim of the wheel with thin strips of oak and now they had a fire going and were mauling the heated iron tire back on the wheel. The call, fading for a moment, was caught up and cried forward by another man; it came on around the rocky turnings of the canyon and rose over the slashing racket of the swollen creek: "Meeting at the captain's wagon!"

The tire was on and could take its own time shrinking to the wheel. Tom Rowley killed the fire and turned up the canyon, passing wagons and groups of people warming themselves at rain-dampened fires. Reaching his father's wagon, he climbed into its shelter and looked down upon the elder Rowley, who, covered by patchwork quilts, shook out a strong chill. His mother sat on a pile of blankets, mending clothes; the light was very poor. She was a wonderful woman, he thought—with more patience than any man. "I'd better go see what that meeting's for," Tom said to his father.

"It's for arguing a way out of this calamity," his father said. "There's come to be too damned much quarreling in this train. But go see."

"Change your clothes first," said his mother. "You've not got a dry stitch on."

"They'd soon be wet again," said Tom Rowley. He left the wagon to pass other wagons in a crooked line, end to end. There wasn't any road through this narrow gut; it was a matter of cautiously skirting boulders awash in three feet of water, of easing by rocky shoulders which at places cramped the canyon into a throat scarcely accommodating a span of oxen. Two thousand miles lay behind them, and the great valley which was to be their home waited seventy miles forward—only five days' travel if they could escape these hills which came against them like the jaws of a vise. December's fat rain collected on the high mountain slopes and rushed down to make a raceway of the creek. In three days the hundred wagons of the train had traveled six miles along the canyon; there remained six more miles to go before they got out of it.

This rain was ice-cold and the weather not far from snow. He climbed the side of the ravine to get away from the water, noting that the grazing oxen had stripped the grass clean everywhere. Not far from the Hunt wagon, one animal lay dead, scarcely more than a skeleton covered by hide. Teresa Hunt, wrapped in a man's blue overcoat, chopped pine

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CANYON

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

limbs to feed the blaze which kept the coffeepot boiling for her family lying chilled within their wagon. Everybody seemed to have taken cold overnight; there was one new grave on the hillside. Tom Rowley said, "Now, then," and took the ax from Teresa.

A tarpaulin made a shelter from the Hunt wagon to a near-by alder tree. Teresa stepped beneath it to a camp cupboard hinged to the wagon's side, and got a cup and returned to the fire to pour him coffee. He loaded the fire with wood and, under the tarpaulin's shelter, nursed the hot cup between his hands; this was the first comfortable thing he had touched for six hours.

He was made of big bones and a thick dark skin, and six months of steady riding had trimmed him to lankness. Black wet hair glittered beneath the edge of his hat and his eyes were a lively, wonderful blue. He had a broad mouth, which, in smiling, threw warmth back into his eyes. "People," he said, "are discouraged. If we were in open country they'd feel we could run from trouble. But we're all stuck together and that's what scares 'em."

She made a gesture with her shoulder. "We can wait. We can be patient."

Of all this misery she had no part. A rain-blackened scarf covered her head and the lifted collar of the overcoat came around her face; she was as pleasant as though this were the starting day in springtime back on the Missouri. He admired her and he was somewhat afraid of her, for her people had been prosperous in Tennessee, with a big house and a good deal of land and fine furniture. He had come out of an unplastered cabin; that made a difference, at least to him. He looked at her over the coffee cup and caught the direct interest of her eyes, and a moment's rashness was like a hand at his back, shoving him forward. He finished the coffee and gave her the cup. "I had better get to that meeting," he said, and left the shelter of the tarpaulin.

The wagon tops shed a dull white glow in the mealy light. There was the smell of snow around him; by night, with the temperature dropping, it would probably come heavily in and trap the train. To make things worse there wasn't three days' bacon or flour left in the outfit. He went by the Sutter wagon and saw the two old folks sitting inside as though it were their parlor at home—old man Sutter idly scratching out a tune on his fiddle and Grandma Sutter swaying in the rocker which was the first thing out of her wagon at nightfall and the last thing in at moving time. He passed more groups around their fires and heard fretfulness in their talk; they were ready for a quarrel or a panic.

CAPTAIN WILSON was thirty wagons to the rear. A great fire burned here and a big circle of men stood around it, the captain standing very much alone in the circle's center while he listened in solemn patience to Al Ringabaugh. Tom Rowley watched Ringabaugh with instant discontent; he had heard enough of that positive voice which all across the plains had been a harp for opposition and fault-finding to play on. The man had the bully chest of an auctioneer and the cranky face of an abolitionist.

"It was bad judgment coming into this place. Too many wagons. We ought to have gone through a few at a time. Now we're stuck."

Captain Wilson was fifty, and the trials of commanding this train over the country had taught him self-restraint. Ringabaugh was a gadfly he solemnly endured. He said patiently, "It was the only way open, Al. We had to take it. We've got two things now to do—"

Rowley got his arm around Ringabaugh's neck and hauled him backward; both of them fell into the creek

"Let's hear 'em before we decide whether to do 'em or not," interrupted Ringabaugh.

"We've got to send a man ahead to the valley for some food. I've already done it."

"We ought to have talked about it first," said Ringabaugh.

"Then," said Captain Wilson mildly, "we've got to make up crews to go down to the front end and clear the road and help fix the crippled wagons. I want—"

"One good blizzard would kill the whole outfit," said Ringabaugh. "We'd never get out. When a wagon breaks down, we've got to push it aside. We can't fool with cripples."

"We started together. We got to finish together. We can't leave anybody behind."

"Let them get on somebody else's wagon then," said Ringabaugh. "Nobody's got the right, just because he wants to save his wagon, to stop the rest of us."

HE HAD a point there, Tom Rowley reluctantly decided. Each man was free to decide for himself what he wanted to do.

Captain Wilson said, "Once you start to abandon wagons you'll make everybody think we're in real trouble—and then you'll have a stampede. Let's be slow about it."

"If a storm comes tonight," said Ringabaugh, "it won't be slow."

Another man spoke: "Cap'n, maybe it might ease the strain on the food if some of the younger folks could go ahead on foot, or on horses, to the settlements."

"You'd have people straggling all over hell's half acre," said the captain. "Some would get lost. And remember, there's still Indians around here to pick off strays."

The captain had a point too, Tom Rowley thought. It was a hard thing to know when a man was free to do as he pleased and when his freedom hurt other people and couldn't be tolerated. He stood still, made uncomfortable by his thoughts.

"Appears to me," said Ringabaugh, "you don't like anybody else's notions."

"I've got two hundred people to think about," said the captain gravely. "Now then, shall we stick? I want to know."

The sentiment, coming slowly from one man and another, seemed to be to stick. The captain said, "All right, we do. We'll have another meeting tomorrow. Let's get crews down to the front end."

"I don't join any agreement," said Ringabaugh. "If I think I'm in danger, I'll drive my wagon right down this line. I take care of myself. Let others do the same."

"I suppose," said the captain, "that's your privilege."

The discomfort grew within Tom Rowley. Was it Ringabaugh's privilege or wasn't it? If the man tried to leave the line he'd sooner or later jam himself with another wagon, and then they'd all be hung up for hours. His irritation toward Ringabaugh grew stronger; rights or no rights, the man was a fool for making it so hard on everybody. He waited for the captain to say something that would pull the crowd together and make it unnecessary to argue about the matter of one man against the train; he was disappointed.

The captain said, "Let's get down to the front of the train," and turned away.

Tom Rowley moved downward, taking to the hillside to avoid the ox teams now in motion. The whole line became a jerky, creeping procession, wagons lurching over boulders and dropping into pockets of the creek bed with sudden pistol crashes of sound.

By the time he reached the Hunt wagon, the column had again halted. A call came back up the line: "Broken wheel!" His glance went to Teresa, to that calmness which struck deeper into him each time he saw it.

"You ought to wear a coat," she said.

He grinned. "It would be something else to dry out," he said. He continued down the canyon. The wagon with the broken wheel was a quarter-mile below, sagged crosswise and stoppering the canyon completely. It was Ed McDermitt's outfit and McDermitt stood on the rock which had wrecked him, looking down in hard thought to the broken wheel. A crowd gathered, and somebody said, "We can get some saplings and pry the thing high enough to prop up the axle. Bailey's got a spare front wheel."

There were men enough to handle that job, Tom Rowley decided, and moved along the creek until he came to a dozen younger men heaving away at a boulder around which the creek boiled violently. They had a chain around it and two span of oxen hooked to the chain; poking heavy oak poles under the rock, the men pried as the oxen hauled. Knee-deep in water, Tom laid his weight to the end of a pole. Somebody shouted, "Now, ahee!" He swung down full strength on the pole; the rock, giving slightly, dislodged the pole and he fell flat in the water. He came up strangling for a wind his muscles were too paralyzed to draw. He scrubbed the water from his hair and face; he had lost his hat. "She gave a little," he said, and jammed the pole in better position under the rock.

"Now—ahee!" His feet, so long water-soaked, began to burn. He tried to think of the warm Tennessee hills in which he had roamed with his gun, so comfortable, so free; that was a thousand years ago.

TOM ROWLEY came back to his father's wagon at four o'clock and changed clothes. The line had moved two miles in five hours and might move another half mile before the gray twilight closed completely down. The Hunts had stopped by a fire which somebody ahead had earlier built, and when Tom left his wagon Teresa called out to him, "Bring those wet clothes here." He reached into the wagon and got the clothes and took them to her. She had coffee boiling, and a kettle on the fire with beans and a ham hock simmering in it. Laying the clothes on the edge of the tripod near the fire, she smiled at him. "Where you going now?"

"My turn to stand guard."

She got a plate and a cup and a

Continued on page 42)

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

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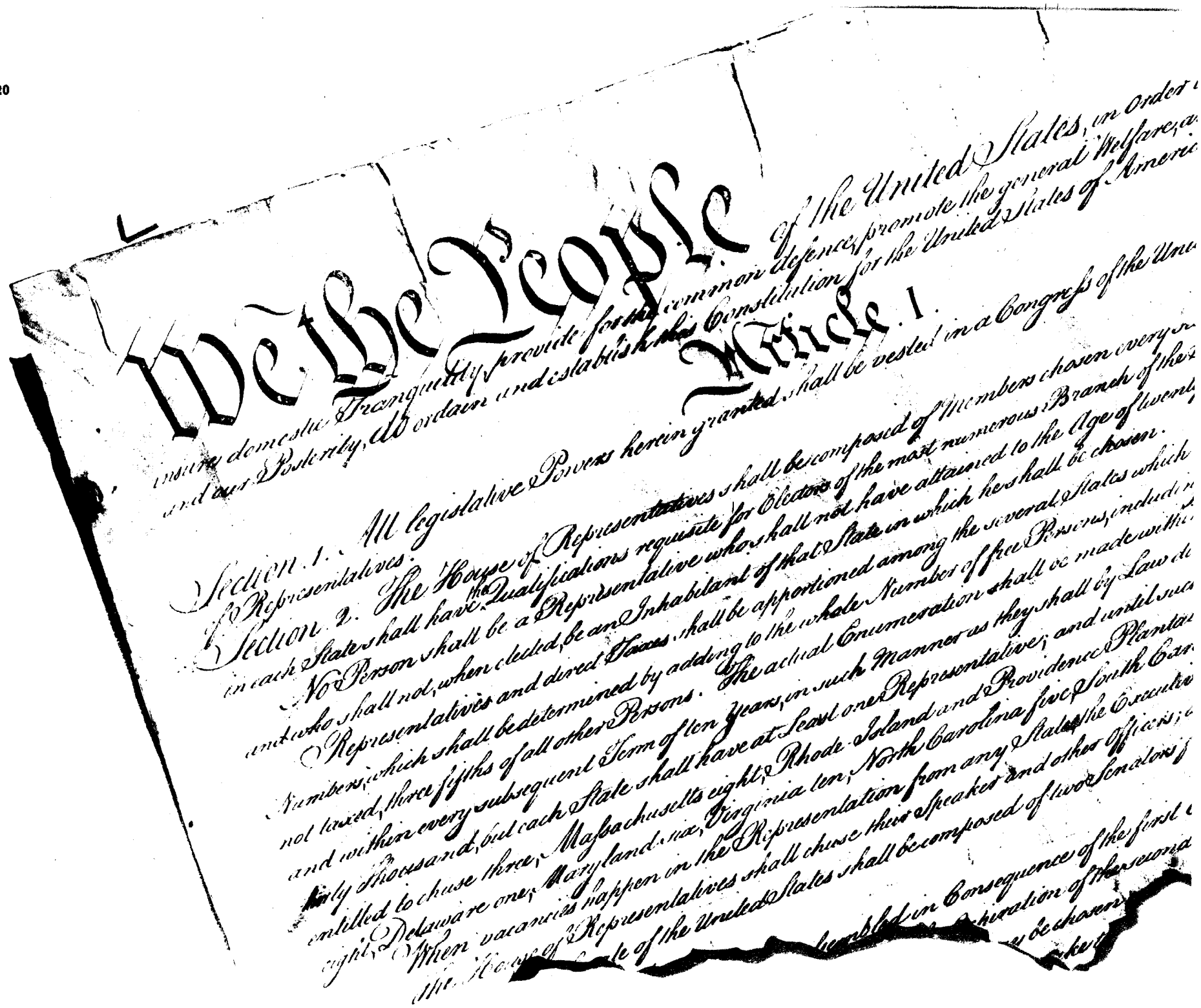
We the People
Article. I.
Section. 1. All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, in order
Section. 2. The House of Representatives shall be composed of Members chosen every
No Person shall be a Representative who shall not have attained to the Age of
Representatives and direct Taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which
Three fifths of all other Persons. The actual Enumeration shall be made
Number of Representatives; and until such
Thirty Thousand, but each State shall have at least one Representative;
entitled to chuse three, Massachusetts eight, Rhode-Island and Providence Plantations
When vacancies happen in the Representation from any State, the Executive
the House of Representatives shall chuse their Speaker and other Officers;
assembled in Consequence of the first
Section. 3. The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators

An American businessman suggests a simple way to increase the buying power of millions of customers

BUSINESS was once a simple, uncomplicated affair governed merely by the age-old principle of supply and demand. If you made something that people wanted, you were bound to succeed.

It is different today, and nothing so emphasizes that difference as the 175-page report made by the President's Committee on Civil Rights last October. There were fifteen of us on that committee and we worked ten months on our report.

In the process of investigating abuses of civil liberties we found that wherever such abuses were rampant, standards of living were lowest, property yielded a smaller return in taxes, and businessmen usually ended up in bankruptcy courts. Salesmen for national concerns avoided such territories as though they were plague spots. Yet the people in such areas wanted the commodities we manufactured. Their loss of civil liberties had been invariably followed by poverty, ignorance and ill health—three scourges which kept them from being good customers.

Big Business has a tremendous stake in securing civil liberties for every man, woman and child in the United States. Big Business, in short, should, in its own interest, come out of its shell and emerge as a fighting leader in the most liberal of all democratic causes—the preservation of our Bill of Rights. The report should not be filed away in the archives. It should be considered and acted upon by every business organization which has any vision or any desire to expand.

Civil liberties are as good for business as rain is for wheat. If such liberties are restricted and ignored, not only the individuals will suffer; business, too, will suffer. I am not talking as an impractical visionary who has never had to meet a pay roll, nor am I talking in terms of abstract theories. I'm a practical businessman and I'm talking practical economics. I'm president of a company that makes soap, dentifrices and cosmetics.

Why am I so concerned with civil liberties, with human rights?

First, I'm concerned as an American. I realize that any American businessman who starts talking ideals is usually labeled as a phony. But the fact is that I do believe fervently in our Bill of Rights, as I believe in God.

However, let's consider civil liberties on some other basis; for instance, in terms of business. It is my firm conviction that free enterprise is doomed in a country where civil liberties are ignored or forgot or legislated against. Democracy is good for business. In the perfect democratic state every citizen is able to maintain a high standard of living; every citizen, in short, is a customer eager and able to buy not only the basic necessities but the luxury products produced by industry. As a businessman I realize that no such country exists.

We have about 143,000,000 people living in this country of ours. Every one of them (even the child who arrived five minutes ago) is a potential customer. Our country is rich in soils and minerals. We have the technological knowledge and equipment to make virtually any variety of goods needed and wanted by those 143,000,000. But millions of them do not have the earning capacity to buy our products. That's why these millions are potential rather than actual customers. However, there is no basic reason why most of them should not eventually become actual customers.

It is the inescapable conclusion reached by the fifteen members of the President's Committee on Civil Rights after ten months of earnest effort, that bad Americanism is also bad business.

I've been trying to sell this idea for many years. I started life as an architect, but in the early 1930s, when I had finished my education, nobody was building anything. We were in the throes of the depression. I got myself a job as a salesman. My territory was the Negro section of Chicago. These people wanted the soap I was selling, but for the most part they couldn't afford it. I got to know the underprivileged, and some of the things I say now stem from my experience with them.

There are in this country millions like those I saw, who are members of minority groups. In their hopelessness, they may look for a panacea to improve their lot. Some turn to Fascism. Others to Communism. Many think that Communism will give them rights as individuals which they do not enjoy today. A cursory study of Communism should disabuse them of that false hope.

Communism is based on the con-

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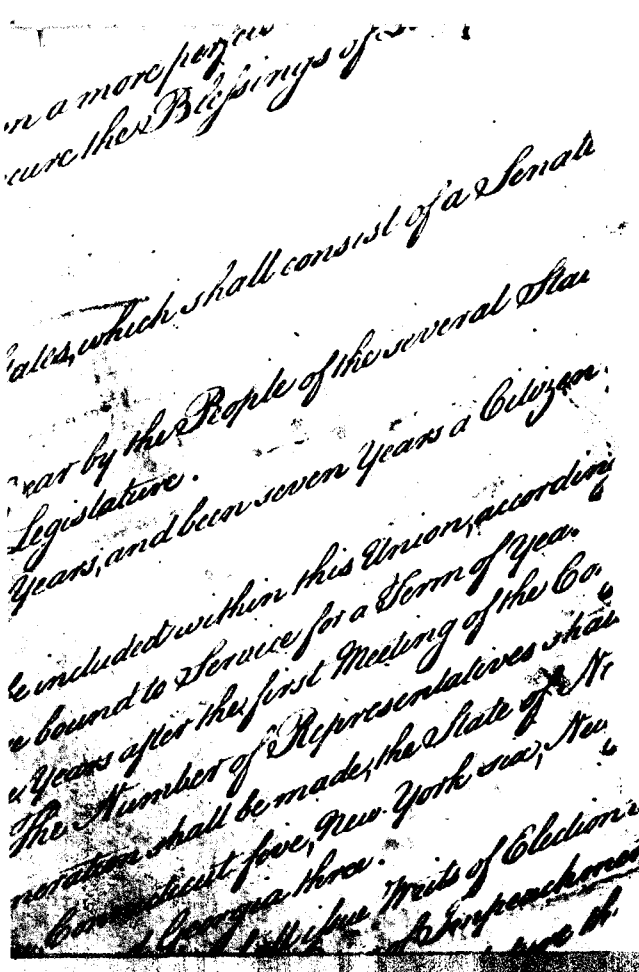


...S MEAN ...SINESS

BY CHARLES LUCKMAN

President, Lever Brothers Co. Member of the President's Committee on Civil Rights

cept of the supremacy of society over the individual. According to this theory the means of production and the fruits of production belong to the state, and the individual must look to the state for his share of the collective wealth. To establish a justification for this concept, Communists resort to Darwin's theory that the only inviolable law applicable to man is the law of Nature. From this the Communists conclude that the democratic theory of man's inalienable right to life, liberty, property and happiness, not being the outgrowth of the materialistic law of evolution, is nothing but a mere abstraction. Human rights, in short, under Communism do not exist.

Democracy says that we were born with these rights. No state gave us these rights. It was only when certain groups began to interfere with these rights that society recognized them as inalienable by incorporating them in our Constitution. The Communist doctrine, which denies the existence of natural rights and which looks upon man as merely a tiny cell in a large organism, cannot offer hope to a discouraged individual.

In the past we businessmen have been guilty of many sins. We declared war on collective bargaining. We actually opposed increased taxes for education. We fought health and safety ordinances. We frothed at the mouth and yelled bloody murder against minimum wage laws. The record proves that we actively battled child-labor legislation. We fought against unemployment insurance. We derided Social Security and currently we are kicking the hell out of proposals to provide universal sickness and accident insurance.

We did all these things without making constructive suggestions which would demonstrate our desire to achieve the same results for the people on a more businesslike and less political basis.

Some of my business colleagues will be shaking their heads at this point and saying, "This guy ought to get a soapbox."

I don't mind getting on a soapbox. To begin with, I sell soap, and the more soapboxes I see around the happier I am.

I believe in higher wages, shorter hours, bigger pensions and every possible form of health and life insurance a company can give its employees. I believe in these things not only as an American whose bible is the Bill of Rights, but as a hardheaded businessman.

Business leaders often write off men and women over sixty-five as customers. Men usually retire at that age, and in the past they retired with either nothing or just enough to maintain life. There are a great many large companies which give a pension to men who retire. We give them a pension based on a substantial average of earnings current at time of retirement.

This, plus Social Security benefits, keeps the older man as a customer for you and for me.

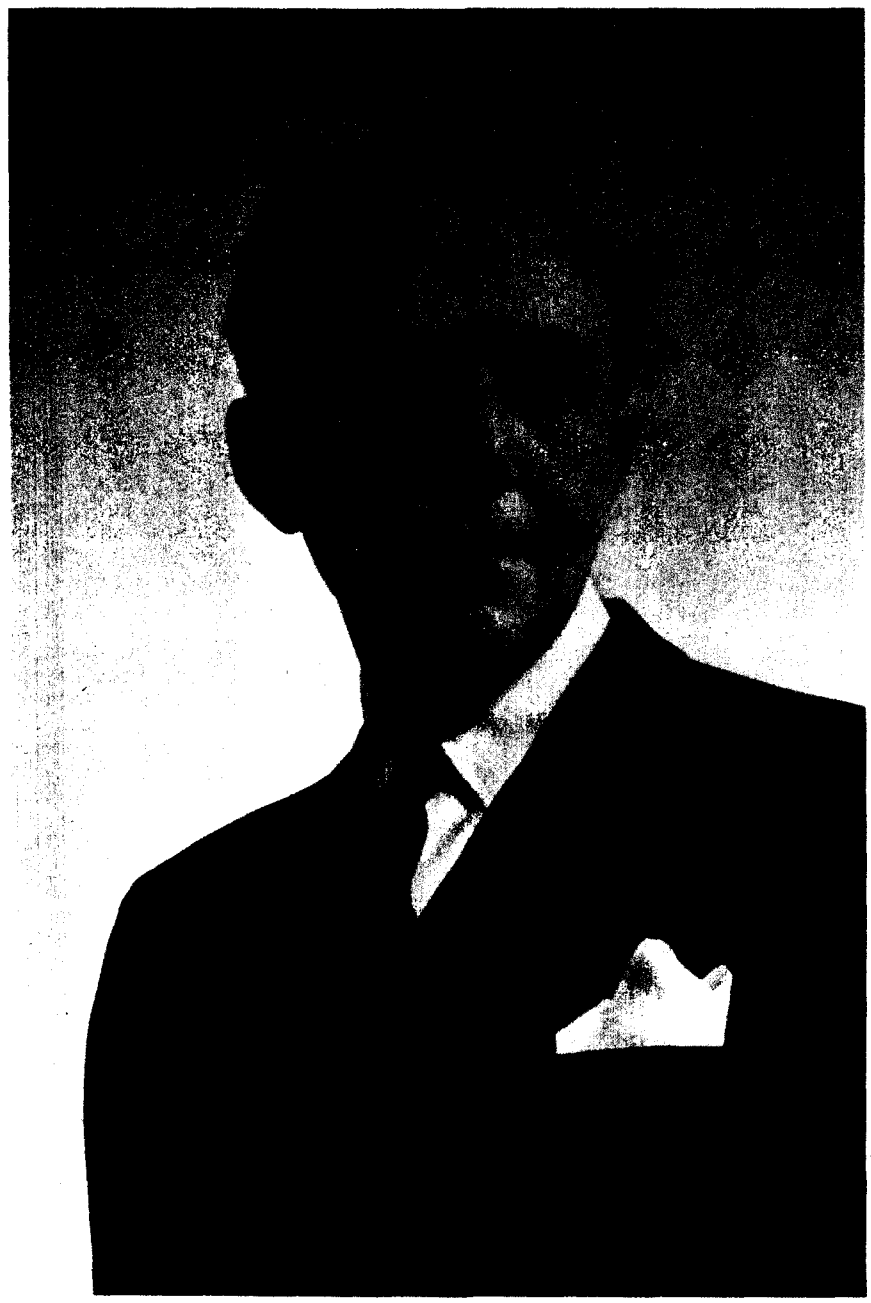
The greatest barrier to progressive business leadership today is a table; that long, heavy, shiny-topped mahogany table in the board of directors' room. Members of the board, decent human beings who are friendly with their neighbors and who give generously to Community Chest drives, too often change as soon as they sit down at the table.

What do they talk about at board meetings? They talk figures: production costs, advertising costs, salaries and the value of the common stock. They forget that the table is not held up by four mahogany legs; it's held up by people. But they seldom talk about people at such meetings. They seldom talk about Joe Doakes or the members of minority groups. They never ask themselves or one another, "Why aren't *all* of those millions of people able to buy our product? What can we do to put them in an economic position where they will be able to buy from us?"

The answer lies in universal education, Social Security, fair employment practices, decent housing and health programs.

Give Joe Doakes and all of his sisters and brothers these things; give them the good will of their neighbors; give them the civil liberties which are their heritage; remove the artificial social barriers which man has erected; give them an increasingly better standard of living—and it'll all add up to the best stroke of business you ever pulled. And you'll be helping America to realize more fully the democratic ideal. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER



Charles Luckman is prominent in American industrial life, has also been active in public affairs and served as chairman of the Citizens Food Committee

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BY HENRY BEETLE HOUGH

THE KISSING OF PATRICIA

Arley Slater neither forgave nor forgot—until Patricia admitted that she remembered

A COLD sun was setting at the foot of Main Street, and early twilight filtered through the windows of the Legion rooms, upstairs over the post office, making shadow pictures with Arley Slater's legs. The twilight was a great artist. But Arley was tilted back in his chair and did not notice that the edges of the shadows were tinged with rose.

Only a couple of minutes earlier, some guy had hollered from the head of the stairs. "Hi, Slater, coming along?" To the movies, he supposed, or bowling or something.

"No," he replied, for his mood was sad. "I just want to sit a spell."

That was his story, and there was something in it; even he did not know exactly how much. But now the sound of a smoothly functioning motor challenged the silence, and Arley drew back his legs and leaned tensely toward the window. The car which had paused on the snowy street was the only custom-built limousine known to Baddow County. It was long and ostentatiously nickel-trimmed. The sunset light shone pinkly on the single occupant.

Just as the limousine itself was old-worldly and fabulous in respect to the year 1947 and the democratic tenor of the New England coastal village of Baddow, the girl at the wheel was something of a princess. Arley could just see a bit of the red sash around the waist of her cardigan jacket, and from there up she was dove-gray with a flannel look, until you came to her slim throat, which was encircled by a puffy plaid scarf. Then a tilted chin, hesitant lips; a straight, slender nose, and hair waving back from a smooth forehead. She wore no hat.

Arley sighed and placed both elbows on the window sill.

Then the chauffeur came out of the post office, and the limousine started off. Arley sighed again, and his mood was sadder still. He knew the custom-built job belonged to Rippleton Cleves, and the girl therefore must be the Cleves daughter, Patricia. Such was the logic of circumstance, but Arley could scarce credit it against certain of his memories.

His rumination was interrupted by the arrival of Bud Herron and Alf Farland, conversing.

"Gorgeous, gorgeous," said Bud.

"Gorgeous three times," said Alf.

"She's twenty and has never been kissed," said Bud.

"It can't be true," said Alf.

"Tell him, Arley," said Bud, "you've lived around here longer than anybody. Is it true or isn't it?"

"I wouldn't know," said Arley, not troubling to conceal his distaste for the conversation.

At twenty-four, Arley was hardly the oldest inhabitant, as Bud had implied; but the Slaters had helped to found the community in 1642 and had themselves named it after another Baddow in England, whence they came. The small company of settlers had brought various things, but the Slaters had brought a cow, and they had kept cows ever since, right down to Arley as of the present moment.

Bud went on, repeating the Cleves legend and the tales of Patricia, and fretting. The tales were well known and often aired by wistful, frustrated young males. Rippleton Cleves was a plutocoon, which was a step up from the ordinary run-of-the-mill tycoon. His Baddow ancestry dated to about 1660, but he wanted no part of the village except a choice site on the harbor front, a site he had long ago triple-stockaded with high, sharp pickets, privet, and massed rugosa roses. Within these impenetrable precincts dwelt Patricia, awaiting her father's choice of callers and friends. Visitors from the town were forbidden.

"And nobody has ever called her Pat or Patsy," said Bud, in conclusion.

"Only me," remarked Arley, absently.

"What?" demanded Bud and Alf.

"I mean, 'Only I,'" said Arley contritely.

"Don't mind him," said Bud. "The guy's a card. He's an alumnus of Amherst, Camp Edwards, Saipan, and a couple of hospitals someplace, and he likes to keep company with cows. All he generally wants is to sit a spell."

"How long a spell?" asked Alf.

"Couple of years, so far," said Bud.

Arley had closed his eyes and was not listening. He was remembering one summer morning long ago when he had fooled around with a skiff in the harbor and had come ashore on the Cleves property. You could get away with it in those days. There had been a girl, younger than himself, who was bunchy and wore a gimmick on her teeth. I think she had pigtails, Arley thought to himself. Yes, I'm sure she had pigtails.

THE Cleves housekeeper had taken a fancy to Arley, and all that summer he and the girl had practiced piracy beyond the Cleves grape arbor, along the marsh and over the flats. They had stalked the unwary fish peddler and routed the Children of Hyannis picnic. Moreover, Arley's name for his companion pirate had been Pat. Just Pat.

"No one else ever calls me that," she had assured him, "and nobody else ever will."

"They better not," Arley had told her. "Remember we have a pact sealed with blood."

Then, because they had both just read Treasure Island, they had gone to tip the black spot to patriarchal Adam Bodfish, who was asleep in the sun. But near the end of the summer, Mr. Cleves had discovered what was going on and had caused Arley to be led all the way from the shore to the gate by the ear, and shamefully expelled. Arley's fingers went to his ear almost unconsciously now, but it was not the ear which still hurt. It was his pride. That too had been brought by the Slater pioneers in 1642.

It did seem impossible that the wild tomboy, Pat, was now the princess he watched these chilly evenings when he waited at the window for her return from the skating and other outdoor sports of Numuxcutit School. The school and a camp of the same name in summer were private ventures of her father's, christened by him after the Indian fashion, though their service was not to full-blooded Indians but to little boys.

Among others, Mr. Cleves employed three large-proportioned young men ostensibly to teach the arts of swimming, skating, basketball, boxing and so on, and to fill in here and there by teaching English and arithmetic.

But everyone around Baddow knew that the three manly counselors were mainly a bodyguard for Patricia. When they were not at school, they hung around the Cleves house, which made the system just about impregnable. Of course all three had fallen for Patricia and consequently watched one another with excessive zeal. Rippleton Cleves had thought of that.

"I hear," said Bud Herron, "that no news of the

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"What in the world happened?" inquired Dr. Harniss. **"Somebody—somebody—kissed me," said Patricia.** "That is, I think—well, I think somebody kissed me"

real world ever gets through to her. She thinks her pappy is a warmhearted philanthropist, and those three apes are what the advertisements in the slick-paper magazines say. She thinks she isn't attractive to men and that's why they don't come around."

"Can't something be done about it?" Alf inquired.

"If this cow keeper tells the truth about his calling the girl Pat, which I personally believe is all hooey," said Bud, "he ought to be able to do something about it."

"I could but I won't," said Arley shortly.

"Why not?"

"It's a matter of pride," said Arley.

The Slaters all had a kind of austerity in their features, and Arley had it too, right across his gray eyes and slightly accented cheekbones. The tribe had always made good crusaders, preachers, cranks and fighters, but it was not true that you couldn't change the opinion of a Slater. Without being too inquisitive concerning his past experiences, Bud and Alf worked on Arley and, at least for the time being, they got him changed around to the point where he said he'd do something about Patricia. He didn't forget his pride, but he conceded that he owed something to it besides melancholy and passivity. He walked slowly down the stairs.

"How about his quiet cows?" inquired Alf.

"I milked early tonight," said Arley without looking back.

He hunted around town for Judge Fennessy, in order to act before his resolution failed. The idea in his mind he had several times rejected because it ran against his instincts as a settled citizen and a member of the Milk Producers' Co-operative. But, he reasoned now, it just might work out to vindicate his pride. At length he *(Continued on page 48)*

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HUMAN EAGLES

"Ask the fellows in any other order who they are," says a member of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, "and they'll start telling you who they're better than. We like it better our way"

BY WADE H. NICHOLS AND IKE VERN

Eagles' initiation, pictured here, is brief, makes little point of secrecy or fetish words. Aeries are expected to replace about 14 per cent of memberships each year

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Eagles come from all lines of work. Above is Leon Gaines, 20, a farmer

Thomas J. Shaheen, a Syrian and a grocer, has been an Eagle for 9 years, never held office

Phil Stein is a French-Canadian ironworker. Fifty per cent of Eagles are skilled workers

Dr. Arthur C. Naibert, a dentist, is past president of Cedar Rapids aerie

LET'S say you're in a big room. It used to be a city auditorium. There must be six hundred other people here, dancing and drinking highballs made with a devilish invention called sweet soda and telling the one about the hillbilly and the doctor—but the place is so big that they seem lost in it.

The ruckus that's going on is a costume affair. There's a girl with patches sewn on the seat of her blue jeans to look like a face. When she dances, the effect is maybe funnier than she intended. An old gaffer goes by in a baggy suit with a string tie and a low-crowned derby. He's trying to look like an old gaffer. The fattest woman in the place has faced the facts, too: When her Aunt Jemima getup draws a laugh she enjoys it more than anybody else.

You see right away that these people are different. A curious thing is that a lot of wives are dancing with their own husbands, and liking it. Youngsters and old folks are laughing with one another, instead of at one another. Nobody is acting superior.

What's being accomplished is a thing called fun.

This particular package of fun is a dance at the Aerie No. 2272, Fraternal Order of Eagles, on First Street in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. It is called a Hard Times Party, and plenty of the Eagles at this shindig could be wearing dinner jackets on a big week end in Chicago without wrecking the budget.

A lot of these Iowa Eagles are farmers. Even more are laborers, skilled or unskilled, and the rest are shopkeepers and professional men and salesmen. All of them are generally well off right now, but they still wear plaid shirts and clodhoppers on Saturday night. Why? Because they want to. They like it that way. They don't go in for much that's fancy and they don't like anything that's phony.

"Sure," one of them said, "things aren't so bad right now, but we like to remember that when times *do* get tough, Eagles are the kind of birds who catch it in the neck like turkeys at Thanksgiving."

From the Ranks of the Plain People

"You want to know who the Eagles are?" another said. "I'll tell you. We're the crowd—the one everybody else gets lost in."

An Eagle in Minneapolis made it even clearer. "Ask the fellows in any other order who they are," he said, "and they'll start telling you who they're better than. Take the Elks. They're proud of being a white-collar outfit. Well, we know half of 'em have to wear their collars two days! Or Rotary. They're the real big shots in every town. But we like it better our way."

That idea—that a brotherhood can be a good thing for everybody if all kinds of people are allowed to join—is unusual. And it, along with some lesser inspirations, has given the Fraternal Order of Eagles a unique success. In a few weeks—on February 6th, to be exact—when the order celebrates its fiftieth anniversary, a lot of Eagles will be chattering about that success.

The F.O.E. is the country's largest, if not its best-known, benefit-paying fraternal order. It has about 1,490,000 members, including a few thousand who have paid initiation fees but haven't gone through the ritual, and some 150,000 others whose dues are up to six months in arrears but who may be just absent-minded rather than in the process of quitting.

There are 1,531 lodge homes, called aeries. The largest (and first) aerie, in Seattle, Washington, has over 18,000 members. Over 60 per cent of the aeries own their buildings.

Some 72,000 women belong to 540 Ladies' Auxiliaries. In most aeries, though, there is a hard-headed notion that women are nice to have around when there's a dance on or some cooking to be done, and that's all, brother.

At the theoretical top of this heap is a group called the Grand Aerie. Everyone who has ever been president of a local is automatically a member —which lets in so many thousands of people that the group exists only on paper except at annual conventions.

The twelve officers of this Grand Aerie serve for one-year terms, live at scattered points and appear at national headquarters in Kansas City only infrequently. Raymond P. McElroy, a likable, overweight Irishman from Providence, Rhode Island, is this year's Grand Worthy President. He concedes that he is mostly "a good-will emissary to the members." In his first four months in office he spoke at 72 aeries and visited 77 others, "hitting the road" three weeks out of four. Between times he is Rhode Island's Supervisor of Racing.

The real business of the order is the job of a handful of paid officials. Matthew L. Brown, managing organizer, is the kingpin in this setup. A strictly business gent, since taking over in 1943 Brown has introduced a technique of brotherly huckstering that's the envy of most similar organizations.

Brown promotes new members with color movies and radio transcriptions and operates with the aid of a Manhattan public-relations counsel. His organizational charts, cross-checks on audits, system of incentives and ratings of local aeries would gladden any sales manager's heart. He is probably the only man in the history of fraternalism to put a membership application on the inside of a matchbook.

"The selling principle's the same as in any insurance company," he says candidly.

However hard-boiled this operation may seem to the outsider, Brown is revered by Eagles all over the place. And this feeling apparently goes deeper than a realization that somebody has to be business-like about the treasury's millions.

One of the brightest influences among the top-limb professional Eagles is Bob Hansen, who turned pro at the age of 32, after serving as Grand Worthy President in 1943-44. A former Milwaukee labor lawyer, Hansen is an active and informed liberal who carries his scrappiness into the pages of the Eagle publications which he edits.

These publications put heavy emphasis on service to the local officers' needs and they constitute the most complex publishing setup in the brotherhood league.

The monthly magazine, the Eagle, is sent to all members. But aside from that, the Eagle Leader, a monthly tabloid newspaper of 20 pages, reaches the 140,000 most active local officers and committee chairmen, to give recognition and impetus to their various efforts; the quarterly Eagle Digest gives 22,000 state and local officers up-to-date organizational guidance; and the monthly Eagle Newsletter, Eagle Clipper and Eagle Speaker are sent to local presidents and secretaries with ready-made articles, editorials and even jokes for local publications, and information for members who might have to make speeches supporting Eagle projects.

Finally, a new bulletin, Mrs. Eagle, is being started this month; its initial circulation among active ladies' auxiliaries will be about 10,000.

Benefits—an Inducement to Membership

The F.O.E.'s big selling point in its recruiting campaigns is its benefit status. The order pays a dollar a day to sick members and $100 at death. Since the outfit's founding in 1898, sick benefits have totaled $63,859,851.82, and funeral payments $18,458,388.69.

So—suppose all this sounds good to you. Suppose you feel that you want to be one of the boys. What then?

All you have to do is stand still for not more than four minutes and look slightly available. By then an Eagle will be around telling you this is the greatest opportunity you've had since the time when Lana Turner was sitting on a stool in a drugstore and the moment arrived for someone to discover her.

Can you get in? You can if you're between 18 and 50, "of sound body and mind," white, male, and "believe in the existence of a Supreme Being." If you're over 50 you can join as a nonbenefit member. That leaves the doors fairly wide open. Eagles get pretty chesty about having accepted people that other orders wouldn't touch.

A lot of progressive Eagles sincerely regret their order's one exception to this attitude—its exclusion of Negroes. They concede that since the F.O.E. has made such a point of social equality, its race barrier is a more conspicuous inconsistency than it would be in orders that are limited to specific racial, religious or national groups. The F.O.E. as a whole, however, has never formally considered revising this stipulation.

If you decide the setup sounds good, and you can qualify, your initiation fee will be $7. Out of that, $2 will go to the man who brought you in; $2 to the local's organization fund; $1 to the state Organization Board; and $2 to the Grand Aerie's organization fund. The Grand Aerie's allotment pays for publicity, the salaries of six fieldmen, etc. Matthew Brown gets 25 cents out of that chunk—out of

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN

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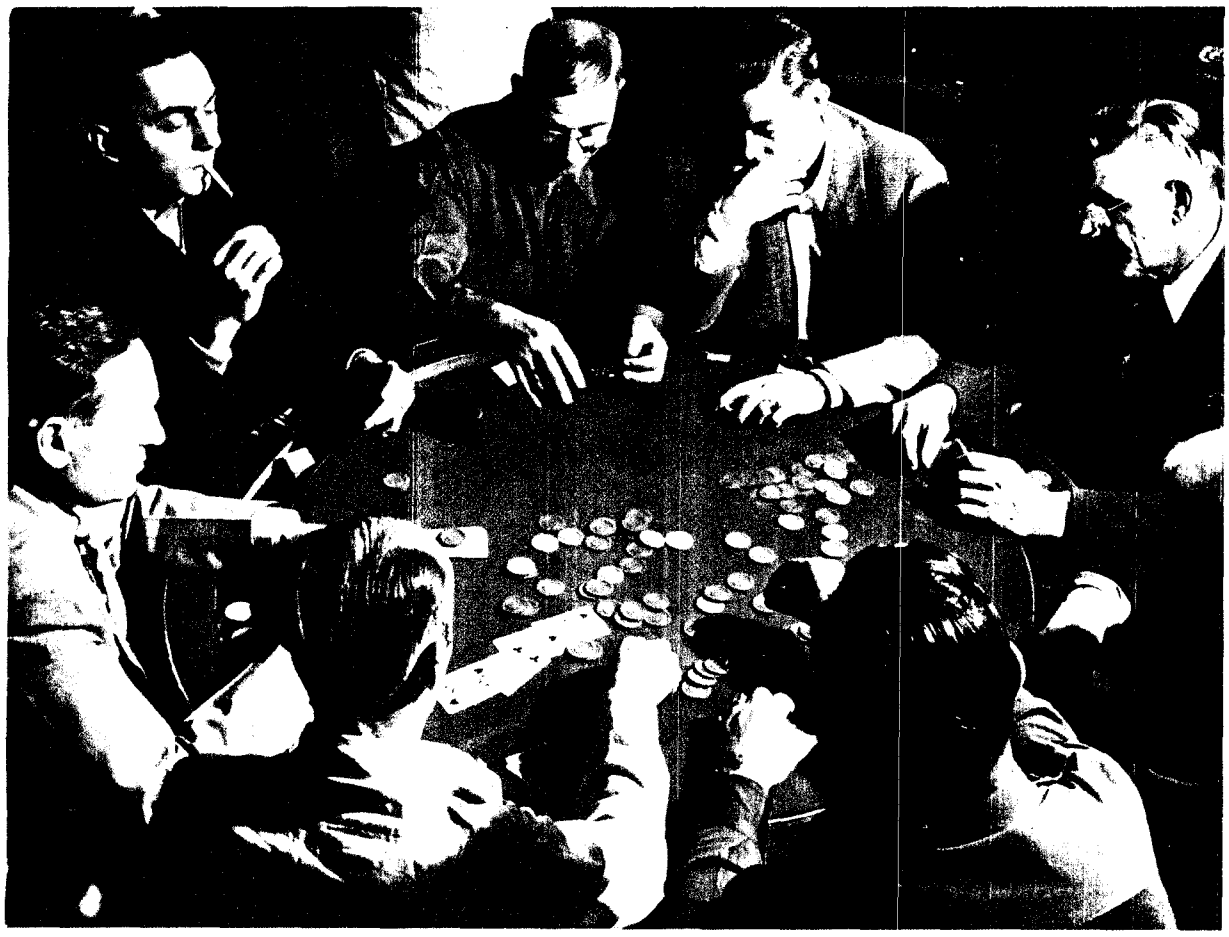

Membership in the Eagles is "as personal as sitting in a poker game in the clubroom with three aces before the draw—and knowing the dealer is honest." Cedar Rapids room has pool, billiard tables

First patient for Well Baby Clinic, Sharon Ferguson, is checked by Dr. T. F. Hersch and nurse Mrs. Albert Cours

which he pays his own expenses and those of some 35 part-time field organizers—and keeps enough to get by on.

Your dues will be $13 to $16 a year. In 95 per cent of the aeries, $13 will do the trick. You'll be paying $5 into the local benefit fund; $1 to the Grand Aerie; $4.80 to the local's general fund; $1.20 to the local's building and maintenance fund; 60 cents for a subscription to the Eagle Magazine; and 40 cents to cover the local's youth-guidance activities. The costs of welfare activities will come out of profits from the bar and the kitchen, and from bingo parties and assorted other functions.

You want to know a little more about those benefits?

Well, the benefit funds are administered locally. An insurance man we talked to just went all to pieces when we mentioned that.

"What if an epidemic comes along—or a catastrophe or something?" he said. "What if it wipes out the whole community?"

So we asked Bob Hansen the same thing. It seems that when all hell breaks loose somewhere, the Grand Aerie springs into the breach with money contributions, and other locals help out too.

A Reserve Fund for Security

The Eagles, however, decided to make this system more formal at their 1946 convention. So they set up a plan that now siphons off one per cent of each aerie's benefit collections for a Grand Aerie Benefit Security Fund. It will eventually be stabilized at about a million dollars. The operation will still be local, but in a pinch everybody will know where the money's coming from to backstop the local treasuries.

"Yeah," you complain, "but those benefits. Pretty puny, aren't they? What's a buck a day going to get me?"

Matty Brown heard us repeating that one. Because of that, he said, national headquarters is trying to organize a legal-reserve insurance company to offer one-policy life and health coverage both to members and their families.

"All right," you say grudgingly, "we'll see. Now, what's all the fast talk about the Eagles being such hotshots in politics?"

You don't pick up the whole answer to that from any one Eagle. It comes in bits and pieces.

The way we get it, the F.O.E. is generally strong in towns and small cities; not too potent in metropolitan centers. In Wilkerson, Washington, for example, there are literally "more Eagles than people"—a statistical oddity that we finally figured out. The town's population is only 365, but there are enough Eagle farmers from outside of town to bring Aerie 1409's membership up to 484. But in Manhattan, on the other hand, there is not even one aerie, and in all the five boroughs of New York City, there are only seven or eight thousand Eagles.

It usually works out that a fellow with his eye on an elective office—if he has the intelligence of a gnat—manages to join. The number of Eagles who are mayors and state officials has gotten beyond counting, but as a matter of record, 116 Eagles from 32 states are members of the present Congress. Four Presidents—Theodore Roosevelt, Warren G. Harding, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry S. Truman—have been members.

A politician's Eagle affiliation is not necessarily based on pure self-interest. The Eagles' legislative objectives and Franklin Roosevelt's, for example, were in remarkable accord. The order's slant has always been that of the workingman, and not many people have been in the dark about it. Drew Pearson once reported an incident proving that at least one man who was no stranger in office knew where the Eagles stood.

When Franklin Roosevelt was running for governor of New York, one stunt in the campaign was a motorcade through Buffalo. In front of the snooty Athletic Club building, only two people were on hand to cheer as he passed. They were the doorman and a waiter.

"Wait'll we get to the Eagles hall," F.D.R. reassured his companion in the back seat.

He was right. The crowd was there cheering for him, as it did at every election he was ever in after that.

"You've got to know your lodges," Roosevelt remarked later.

High Praise from F.D.R.

He did know them, too. After signing New York State's old-age pension bill in 1930, Roosevelt said, "Most of the credit for showing the need of old-age pensions is due—and will be given—to the F.O.E."

Later, as President, he gave the Eagles the pen with which he had signed the Social Security Act in 1935.

"Our countrymen owe the Eagles much good will for their unselfish services," he said.

The order also received the flag flown over the Capitol on the day that bill was enacted.

Those accolades culminated a campaign that the Eagles had waged for 14 years. The country's first pension bill was introduced in the Montana legislature in 1921 by an Eagle, Lester H. Loble, and was steered through hearings by other Eagles. Governor Joseph M. Dixon, signing that pioneer act in 1923, said, "You Eagles have planted this seed." According to Hansen, 32 states and two territories had passed Eagle-sponsored pension bills by the time Roosevelt approved the federal Social Security Act.

Probably the Eagle's second-greatest political achievement was sponsorship in Wisconsin of the nation's first workmen's compensation act—of which the author of the bill, Milwaukee's Socialist ex-mayor Dan Hoan, once said, "Nobody but organized labor and the Eagles were for it, but with a little help from the Lord God Almighty—that was enough!"

The order also sponsored in Missouri the nation's first mothers' pension law. Eagles get a different kind of kick out of remembering that the late Frank Hering, a former Grand Worthy President, made in 1904 the first known public plea for observance of Mother's Day, and that the day was accorded fraternal observation for years before it became, by Act of Congress in 1914, a day of national devotion.

"So," you may say, being fully as hard to convince as we were, "what're they doing now? Are the boys still in there pitching?"

President McElroy hems and haws on that one, and finally changes the subject when you try to get too specific. Brown looks a little vague, too, and after a time says, "Don't forget this is primarily a benefit order. Politics aren't too important."

Hansen levels with you. He lists the Eagles' present projects: extension of Social Security, enactment of a kind of federal health insurance that would not alter the relationship between doctor and patient, and passage of state youth-guidance bills.

If you decide that the Eagles' political energy is slacking off, that they're playing it safe now as compared with their truly titanic undertakings of yesteryear, nobody gives you much of an argument. But you won't get away from these fellows without hearing about the Eagles' philanthropies.

"Nobody joins the Eagles in the first place to give his money away," Hansen says, "but after they're in, all of the boys get a real, down-deep pride out of knowing they're in an order that has done these things."

The list they give you is long. A good example is the $160,000 dormitory which the Eagles built for Father Flanagan's Boys Town in 1941. Another is the Eagle Memorial Foundation. With an original goal of

(Continued on page 66)

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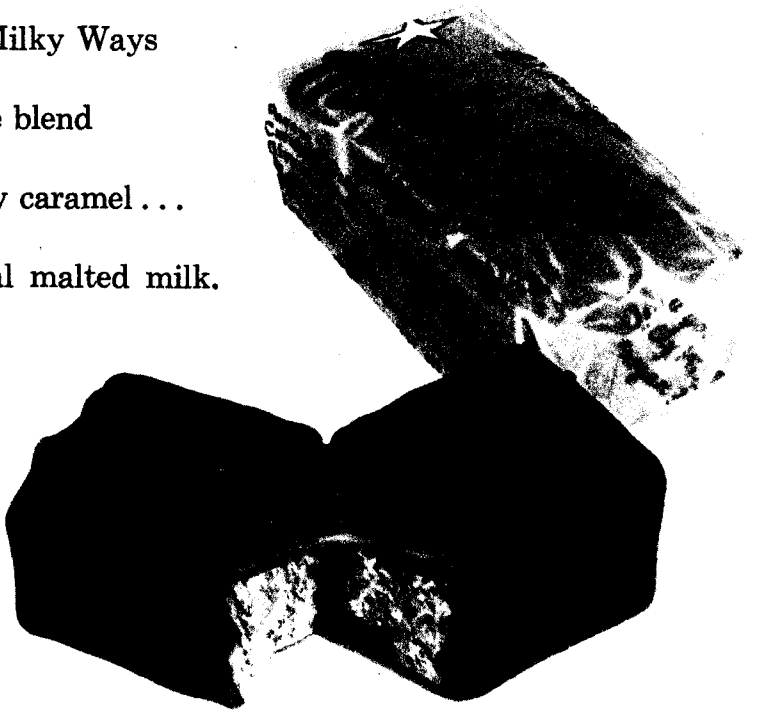
TASTE TREAT TO SHARE...

What a treat to taste! What a pleasure to share . . . Milky Ways for two . . . or three . . . or more! For, everyone enjoys that rare taste blend of the thick, milk chocolate coating . . . the golden layer of smooth, creamy caramel . . . and the soft, chocolate nougat center, richly flavored with real malted milk. Here is a truly thrilling candy treat, right down to the last delightful flavor that lingers in your mouth.



When you crave good candy, eat a

Milky Way

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Firesto Introduces The NEW

FEATURED BY LEADING CAR MANUFACTURERS ON THEIR *1948* MODELS

HERE'S the newest in tires to match the newest in cars!

The new Firestone Super-Balloon is a revolutionary new KIND of tire that gives you a revolutionary new KIND of ride. Yet, the idea back of it was conceived by Firestone a quarter of a century ago.

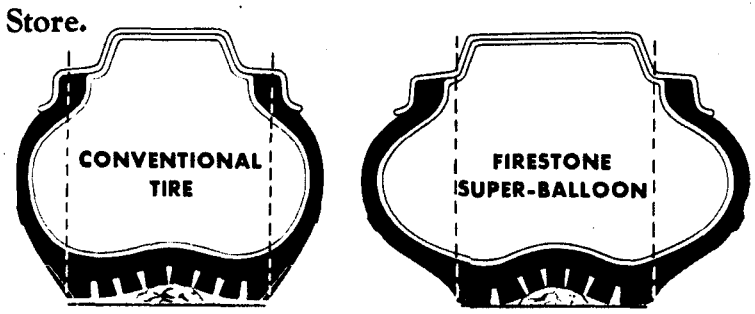
Back in 1922, Firestone developed the FIRST balloon tire, which set completely new and different standards of safety, comfort and long mileage. Now, Firestone gives the car owners of America a new sensation in riding and driving luxury with the new Firestone Super-Balloon.

PROVED QUALITY and PERFORMANCE

Exhaustive tests prove that you can drive more miles at higher speeds with less fatigue. You can stop more safely on any road in any weather . . . even with sudden stops on rough roads there is no chatter or wheel-bounce. This remarkable new tire absorbs the shock of hitting rocks, bumps and other objects instead of transmitting the shock to you and your car. It provides amazingly greater stability and enables your car to hug the road on curves. It keeps your car young, too . . . you save money on car maintenance because there are fewer trips to the repair shop to get rid of annoying squeaks and rattles.

MORE RIDING COMFORT and SAFETY

The new Firestone Super-Balloon is truly the tire of tomorrow, a wholly new sensation in restful riding, in non-skid safety, in blowout protection and in longer, more comfortable mileage. Many of the most famous automobile manufacturers will feature it on their 1948 models. And soon you will be able to put new Firestone Super-Balloons on your present car. Watch for them at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.



Cross sections show how more air volume and lower pressure permit greater flexing action when Firestone Super-Balloons go over bumps and rough roads

Listen to the Voice of Firestone every Monday evening over NBC

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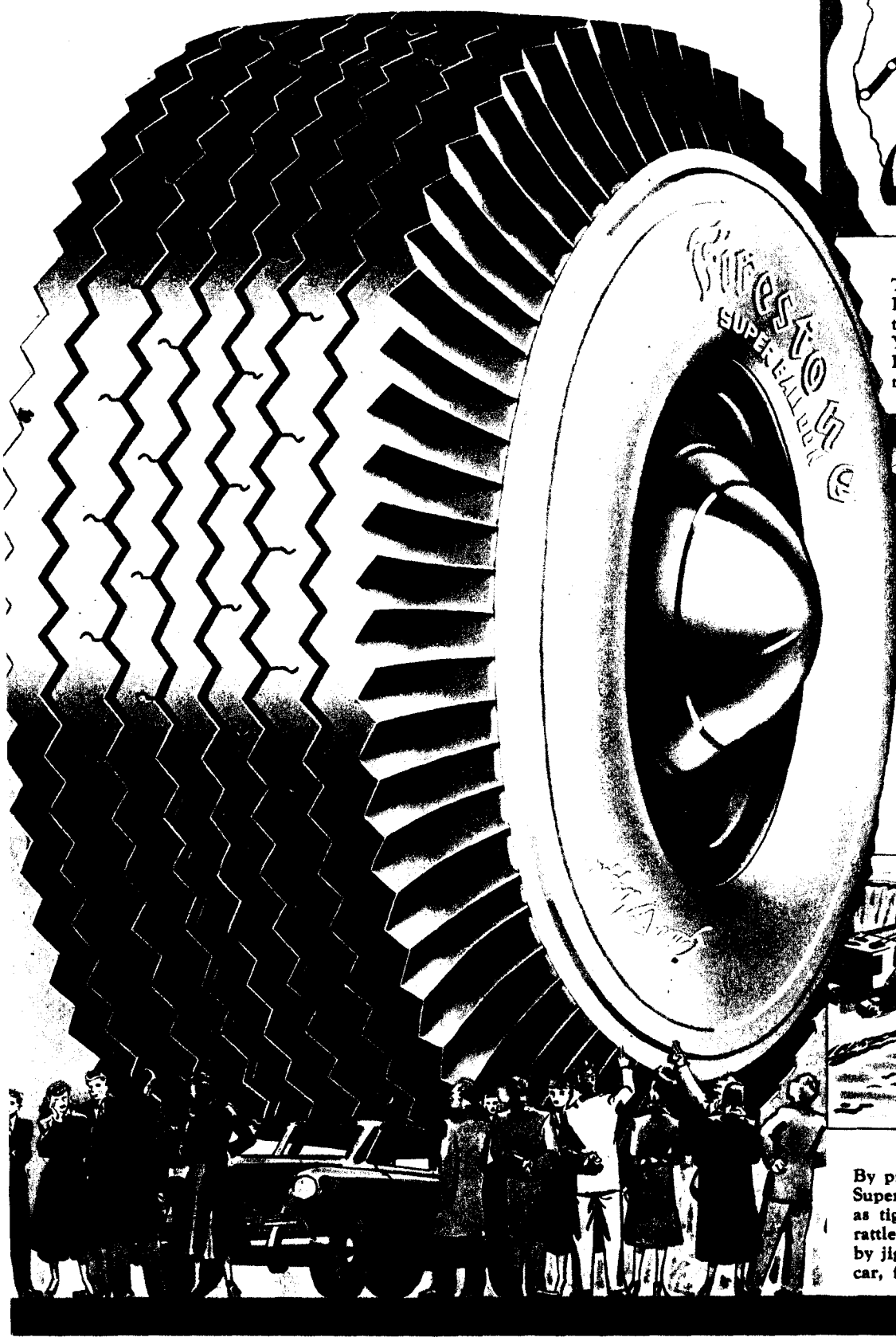
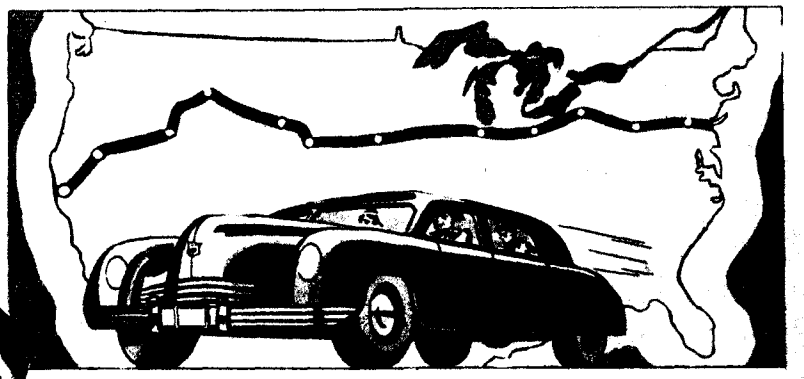
ORIGINATOR OF THE BALLOON TIRE

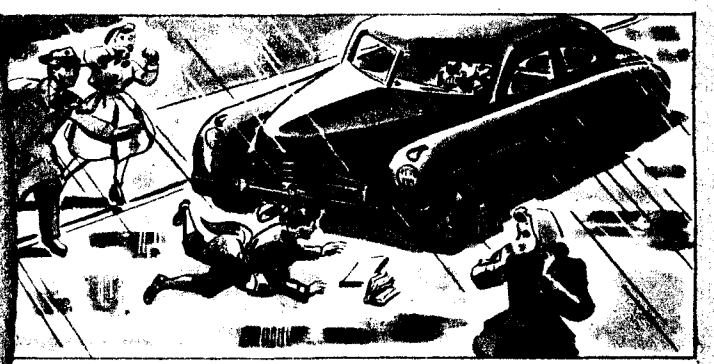
Super-Balloon





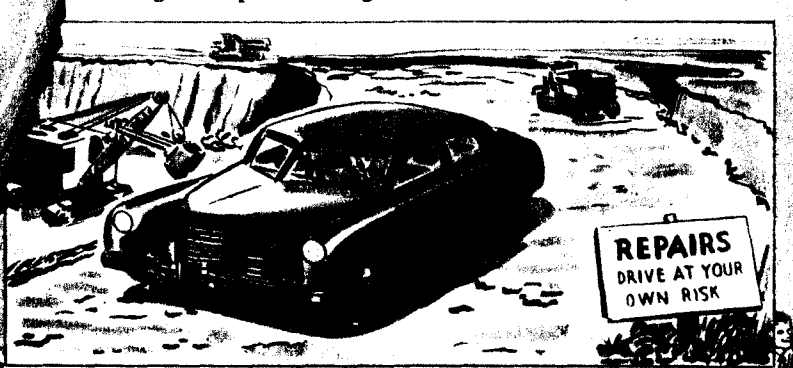
LESS FATIGUE . . . LONGER COMFORTABLE MILEAGE

This tire takes the punishment instead of you and your car. It absorbs road shocks instead of transmitting them because the tire body is larger and holds more air at lower pressure. You can drive farther, faster and longer without becoming tired. Reduced vibration results in the quietest, smoothest, easiest ride you have ever experienced.



SAFER STOPPING . . . GREATER BLOWOUT PROTECTION

The combination of new Skid-Resistors molded into the tread and more area in contact with the road provide sure-footed stops and sure-footed starts on any road in any weather. The Safti-Sured Gum-Dipped cord body and cooler-running resulting from the larger volume of air at lower pressure provide the greatest protection against blowouts ever built into a tire.



KEEPS YOUR CAR YOUNG . . . SAVES YOU MONEY

By preventing road shocks from reaching your car, the Firestone Super-Balloon helps to keep the body, chassis and running gear as tight as new. Many of the irritating and annoying squeaks, rattles and vibrations which occur when parts become loosened by jiggling and jouncing are eliminated. There is less wear on the car, fewer repair bills, longer car life.

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ON MORE FIVE TO CROSS

Mr. Ned Whately was a hard man to live with, deal with, or talk sense to: Until he bit off more potatoes than he could chew

BY PHILIP CLARK

ME, I'M in favor of the family as an institution, not to mention a convenience. But with some people, like Mr. Ned Whately, for example, it's a miracle just to hold one together, let alone get a new one started.

Mr. Ned Whately is short and stocky, and year in and year out he markets more cotton, potatoes, prime cabbages and pure bad temper than any other planter between Princetown and the Savannah River. Luther Simmons, who works for me off and on when the fish aren't biting, says that when the cotton crop is slow coming, Mr. Ned just walks up and down between the cotton rows in the dark of the moon, talking. Talking and cussing. Luther says it's a thoughtful sight to see the cotton breaking out like a little white wave on either side of Mr. Ned as he walks. Scared white in the boll and prime for picking. Which may be just one of Luther's tales, but on the other hand . . .

Like this time in the afternoon. We were sitting on my porch, four of us, looking out through the gas pumps at the heat shimmering on the highway. Me and Luther Simmons and Mr. Ned Whately and Mr. Ned's son, Bubber Whately. We sat there watching the cars zip by, coming into sight just this side of where Gadsden's Bridge crosses over to Waccamaw and disappearing again where the road bends off into Mr. Ned Whately's stand of pine. It was hot, and I could tell

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL WEHR

"You can choose right now," Mr. Ned said, "between your poor old ruined father and that girl"

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"They always did get a smart crowd here!"

It's the smart folks who are switching to Calvert . . .
because Calvert is smoother and milder. Good taste
demands good-mannered whiskey like this—light,
flavorful, matchlessly mellow. Try Calvert yourself.
You'll *like* the agreeable reasons why . . .

Clear Heads Choose Calvert

Calvert Reserve
CHOICE BLENDED WHISKEY

86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City

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without even turning my head that the tide was licking up in the salt creek behind the house, and that down at the inlet it was just about set for fishing. I mentioned as much to Mr. Ned Whately. I could have saved my breath.

"Fishin'!" Mr. Ned said. "Don't talk to me about fishin'. I've got work to do."

But of course he was sitting right there on my porch, and probably still would be, come sundown. Bubber Whately said, "You might just as well go, Papa. Luther here can take care of Mr. Bob's pumps, and if anything comes up over at the house I'll look after it."

Mr. Ned Whately looked at him. "You," he said. "You always talk so big for your birthdays."

MR. NED always talks to Bubber like that, as if he still hadn't worn pants, and I guess he always will. Bubber is twenty-six and the image of Mr. Ned, except for being twice as tall, not even a little bit fat, and nice-natured. He was in North Africa and Sicily and then France and Germany with the Engineers, and it's often a puzzle to me why he puts up with Mr. Ned at all. Sometimes I suspect against all nature that he must actually like the old rip. If blood could be thicker than vinegar.

Mr. Ned rocked little short rocks in his chair and fanned himself, and he said to Bubber, "Besides, where would you watch the work from? From over on Waccamaw?"

Bubber got a little red under the tan, and that was the first I knew he was courting. But he only said, "When I've got farming to do, I farm. Which is more than anyone is doing on this porch this minute."

Mr. Ned rocked a little quicker, and I thought: Oh, my, here we go. And wished I was fishing. Mr. Ned said, "You'll have to go a long ways, if ever, before you're even half the planter your father is."

"Which half do you mean?" Bubber said, getting mad too. "The gambling half, or the shut-your-eyes-and-pray half?"

By which I knew that they'd been at it again over Mr. Ned putting his whole, big, huge acreage in potatoes. Mr. Ned stopped rocking and looked at Bubber hard.

"Farmin's always a gamble," he said. "What separates the men from the shirt-tail boys is knowin' what to gamble on." He started to rock again, and then stopped like he was shot. "Bubber," he said, "you haven't been talkin' over Waccamaw side about what I've got my acreage in? Not where George Stevens would just maybe hear about it?"

Bubber got a little red. He said, "Papa, you know I wouldn't do that. I—that's purely social. I don't talk crops."

Mr. Ned snorted. "You're girl-foolish, which means you probably don't have any idea *what* you talk about. The good Lord alone knows what that girl pries out of you."

Bubber got really red. "Papa," he said, "you shouldn't talk like that. You've hardly ever seen her. You don't know anything about her."

Mr. Ned rocked harder. "I know she's a Waccamaw Stevens, and I don't like the Waccamaw Stevenses."

I thought it was time to break it up. I said, "Which Stevens is she, Bubber?"

"Marylee," Bubber said. His jaw set and he began to rock, too. Slower than Mr. Ned, but just as stubborn.

"Well," I said, "congratulations. You couldn't do better." I meant it, too. There aren't any prettier girls than Marylee Stevens. "But," I said, "I see the trouble. Her Uncle George Stevens kind of got the edge on Mr. Ned here in a cabbage deal, back in '27."

Which was only the very small half of it. Those two had spent a long life trying to outguess and outsmart each other. I certainly hated to see Bubber's future happiness caught in the middle of that thing.

"George Stevens!" Mr. Ned said. "George Stevens never beat me on a deal in his life. But he sure knows *I* can smell out a market. He sure knows who to tag onto in this neighborhood."

There was a car coming down the road from the Waccamaw side. You could tell by the way it was slowing down it was going to stop. Luther Simmons has got wonderful eyesight. He said, "Speak of the shark and you see the fin. Yonder comes Mr. George Stevens."

It was, too. Mr. Ned looked at Bubber. "See what I mean," he said. "Snoopin' around. Just you watch."

Mr. George Stevens didn't get out of the car. He just pulled up close to the

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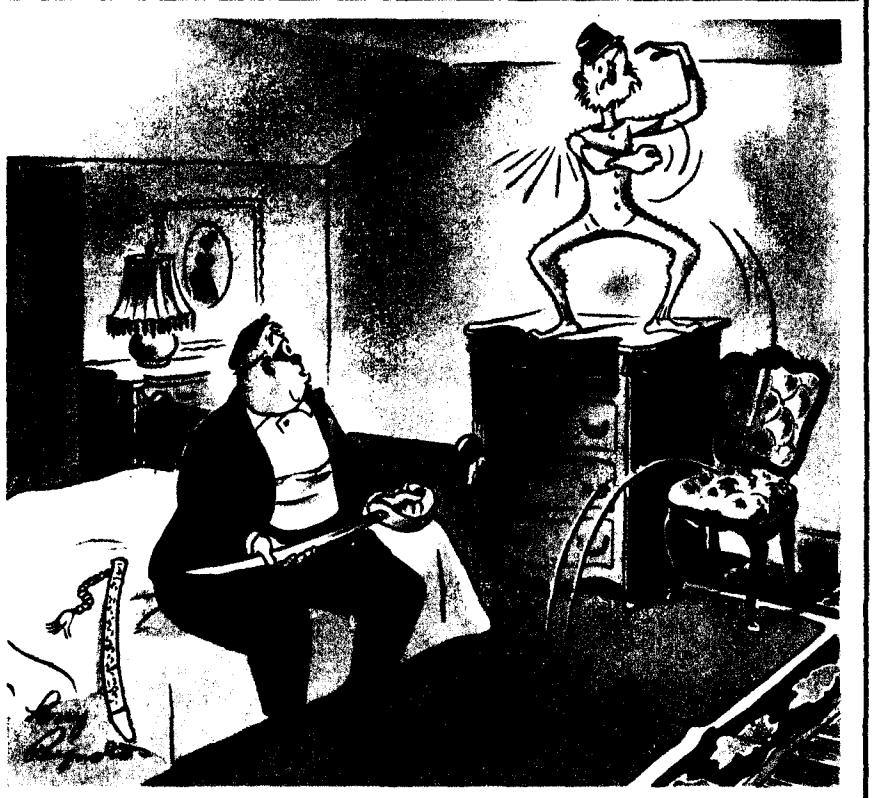

COLLIER'S

"Gosh! Wasn't you scared, mister?"

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COLLIER'S "Perhaps you'd better see it on the model again" REAMER KELLER

steps and leaned out at us on the car window sill. He's kind of long and leathery and I've never seen him smile. But he always seems to be grinning inside when he talks to Mr. Ned Whately. He said, "Evenin', gentlemen. How's things this side?"

Mr. Ned fanned himself sort of slow and careful. Him and Mr. George Stevens were like two old tomcats sparring for range. "Poor," Mr. Ned said. "Pretty poor. Cutworms just about to carry us away."

"Now that's a shame," Mr. George Stevens said, and his inside grin seemed to get broader. "Me, I ain't foolin' much with cabbage this season."

"That so?" Mr. Ned said. Then his curiosity got away with him. "What you bankin' on most, George?"

George Stevens' grin got practically into plain sight.

"Potatoes," he said. "Just potatoes."

Mr. Ned's fan missed a beat. George Stevens said, "You ought to follow me, Ned, if you ain't lost too much time."

"*Follow* you!"

But Mr. Ned choked on the rest of it. And Mr. George Stevens was driving away, looking back over his shoulder with that invisible grin. Mr. Ned was looking at Bubber, and Bubber was looking down the road. Mr. Ned said, "*I* happen to know that George Stevens was three days behind me even to break ground."

Bubber didn't say anything. Mr. Ned said, "*I* smelt the biggest potato market in twenty years."

He got up, walked ten steps toward his car and turned around. "And now!" he hollered, "now I'm *following* George Stevens!"

BUBBER stopped in to see me next evening, on his way to Waccamaw. He said, "Mr. Bob, I'm worried about Papa."

I said, "Bubber, I've been worried about Mr. Ned for fifty years. It don't do no good. You just got to take him like he is."

Bubber said, "He really thinks I told Marylee what we were planting, and she told her Uncle George."

I said, "He's sure got funny ideas for what young people talk about."

"It's not funny to me," Bubber said. "We had kind of a fuss about it. So I told him I was going to marry Marylee if she had a hundred Uncle Georges and they *all* planted potatoes."

"Well," I said, "what'd he say?"

"Plenty," Bubber said. "He said I could marry fifty Stevenses, one at a time or concurrently. But not to expect him to live with 'em. He said the first Stevens foot that crosses his threshold, he'd move out bag and baggage to Pine Point. He says it'd do him for his last few lonely years. Mr. Bob," Bubber said, "there isn't even a roof on that old wreck of a house, but he'd do it. And probably fly a ten-foot flag saying, 'Stevenses, Don't Tread On Me.'"

Knowing Mr. Ned, he probably would. Bubber said, "I was at Cherbourg and Metz, and they were just butter for the old outfit. But Papa'd stop even the combat Engineers."

"Let him move into Pine Point," I said, "roof or no roof. Maybe the rain'd cool him off a little."

"Sure," Bubber said, "and how do you think Marylee'd like that?"

I could see he had a point there. He looked down the road toward Waccamaw, and he said, "She's a wonderful girl, but there's some things that are just too much to ask of anyone. Papa for example. Besides," he said, "he's up to something. He went off to Princetown early this morning without even waiting for breakfast."

I said, "What could he do?"

"Knowing Papa," Bubber said, "it's trying to figure what he couldn't do that worries me."

But it was quite a while before we found out. The growing season began to get along, and the further it got, the worse it made Mr. Ned Whately's temper. I'd swear he had spies out at night, holding yardsticks to George Stevens' potato plants. And vice versa. You wouldn't think there'd be much difference between our island and Waccamaw, just across the river there, but there can be, the way the rain squalls divide off at the river. And just a couple of days can make a big difference when a really big crop hits the market. First George Stevens' crop was ahead and then Mr. Ned's. Mr. Ned got jumpier and jumpier and then all of a sudden he got perfectly calm and happy. For no reason at all, except that it was after about his fifth trip to Princetown.

We were sitting on my porch, the four of us, and I was mostly feeling sorry for Bubber. He looked a little sadder each time I saw him, and I figured he must be having a hard time explaining Mr. Ned to Marylee Stevens. As who wouldn't? Mr. Ned was rocking and looking up at the sky and grinning to himself. He looked so smug I figured it might be a good time, and I said, "Bubber, how's Marylee these days?"

"She's all right," Bubber said, but he certainly didn't sound like it. Mr. Ned didn't change expression at all. He just

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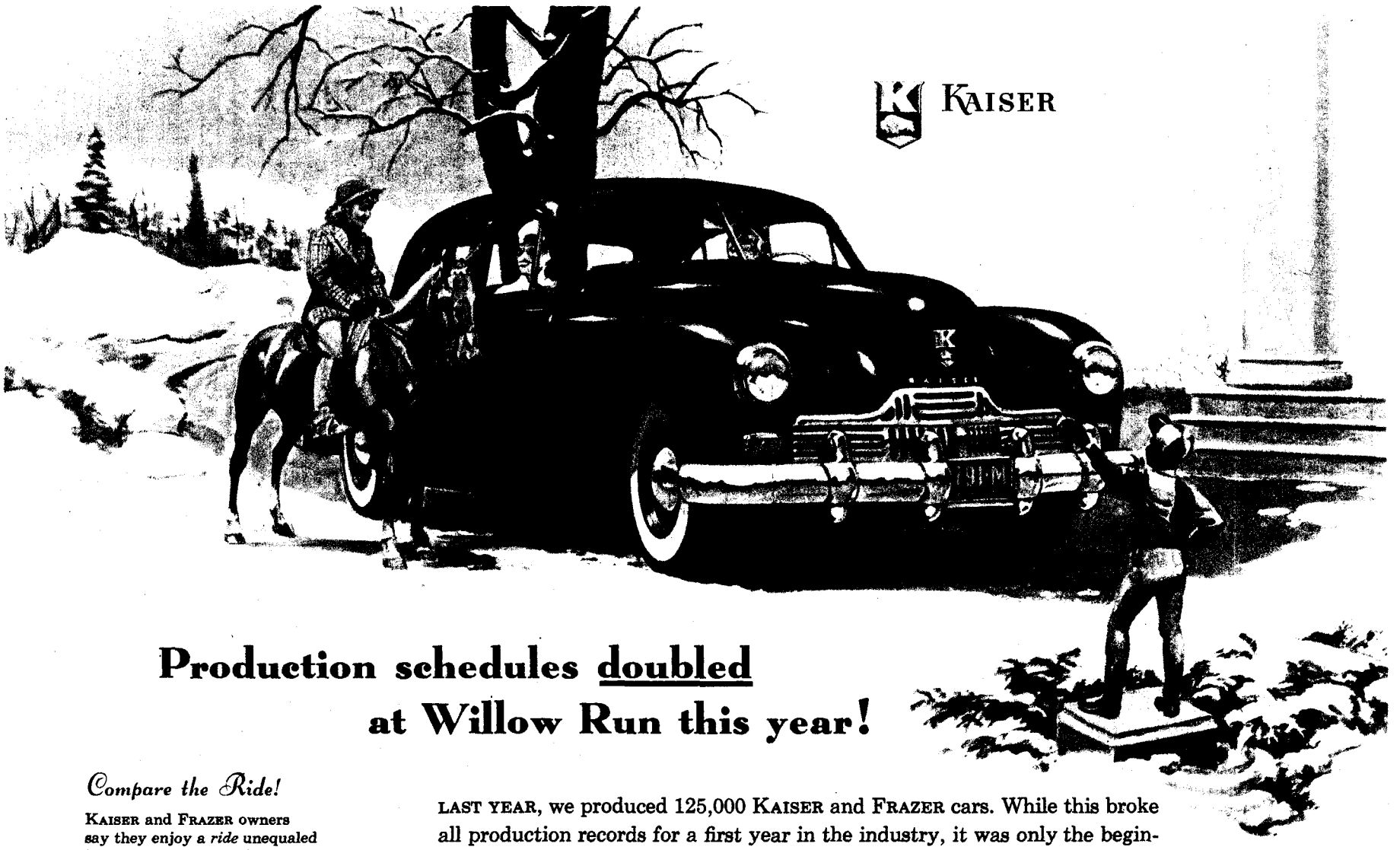

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kept rocking and smiling. I thought: He's coming around, he actually heard her name without turning a handspring. Only then a car came down the road again, and of all the bad luck it had to be George Stevens. But it was still like a dream, because even then Mr. Ned didn't stop smiling. George Stevens wasn't grinning this time, inside *or* out. He seemed to have something on his mind. But of course he didn't come right to it. He leaned on the window sill of his car, and said, "Ned, I figure we ought to have a meeting about Gadsden's Bridge."

"What's the matter with the bridge?" Mr. Ned asked. They're both road commissioners, and I guess that's one of the reasons the commission can never make up its mind about anything.

"The guard rails," George Stevens said. "They're getting a little shaky this side of the draw."

"That bridge is all right," Mr. Ned said, "for all I want of it."

It seemed to sort of point to what George Stevens had on his mind. He said, "You be truckin' out soon?"

"Could be," Mr. Ned said, smiling and looking at the sky. "Could be any day now."

George Stevens sort of licked his upper lip, and it seemed to taste dry to him. "You figure to have any trouble gettin' freight cars to stand by for your crop?"

"Freight cars?" Mr. Ned said. "Why, no, I haven't given 'em much mind."

The railroad's on Waccamaw, which was one reason I knew Mr. Ned was good and damn' sure the bridge was sound. He wouldn't be just sitting there if there was a weak bridge between him and the siding.

GEORGE STEVENS licked his lip again, and it was even drier. "They do say," he said, "that cars are awful tight."

Mr. Ned just smiled at the sky. "Railroad's always done right by us."

George Stevens opened his mouth and then closed it again. Whatever it was, he didn't say it. He drove off toward Waccamaw, and Mr. Ned just sat there smiling at the sky. Ben Barnes, the highway patrolman, went by on his motorcycle toward the bridge, and waved at us, and Mr. Ned waved back. Still smiling. Bubber Whately said, "Papa, what's this about freight cars?"

"Why, son," Mr. Ned said, "what's *what* about freight cars?"

"Mr. George Stevens said they might be hard to get."

"They might be," Mr. Ned said, "for George Stevens."

Bubber said, "Papa—"

"Bubber," Mr. Ned said, "when do you figure we start digging the crop?"

Bubber looked up at the sky. "With no rain, about the 26th."

"The 24th," Mr. Ned said, "and it won't rain. You still got a few things to learn about planting, son. George Stevens, too."

"Papa," Bubber said, "what have you done now!"

Mr. Ned gave him a kind of an injured smile. "Why, nothing. Nothing at all a smart farmer wouldn't do. *I* knew freight cars would be tight long before George Stevens thought of it. *I* been up to Princetown talking to the Seacoast Line. George Stevens'll probably be on his way there right now."

"What," Bubber said, and he seemed to be holding his breath, "will he find out?"

"Why," Mr. Ned said, "he'll find out that freight cars *are* tight. He'll find that ten cars is the absolute most that the Seacoast can spare for the Waccamaw loading. He'll find those ten cars have already been contracted for, for the 24th."

Bubber said, "*Contracted* for?"

"By me," Mr. Ned said. "Cash on the line. In advance. Of course," he said, "ten's maybe a bit more than we need. I'm no grudge holder. George Stevens can have the leftover empties—*after* I'm loaded and gone."

Bubber said, "And suppose the crop's held back?"

"It won't be," Mr. Ned said.

Bubber said, "Suppose—"

Mr. Ned said, "Bubber, you suppose too much. What you need is confidence. Confidence in me." He rocked a little, and then he said, all of a sudden, "Now, about that Stevens girl—"

I swear, I think he was going to come around right then. It was a day for miracles, all right. But just then there was a funny sort of noise. From up toward Gadsden's Bridge. A real loud noise. I said, "What's that?"

"Kind of a bang," Luther Simmons said. "Kind of a bang and a holler."

We all looked up the road, but it didn't happen again. But it wasn't more than a couple of minutes before Ben Barnes came tearing back down the road with his motorcycle wide open. He swerved in toward us, and Bubber went out to the edge of the pavement to see what it was. They stood there for just a minute, and Ben talked and waved his arm. Bubber didn't seem to be talking. From behind, he looked like a man being struck by lightning, slowly. Then Ben rushed off down the road, and Bubber came back to the porch. He sat down without looking at Mr. Ned, or Luther, or me, or anybody. Mr. Ned said, "Well, for goodness sake. Say something."

"That noise you just heard," Bubber said, "that was the bridge."

Mr. Ned said, "How do you mean, the bridge?"

"Gadsden's Bridge," Bubber said. "Only it's not there any more. A tug and two barges just busted through it. Missed the channel. Missed the draw. Two hundred feet of the bridge just gone. Planks, pilings and footings."

Mr. Ned sat perfectly, absolutely still. And then he got red, and then purple. He said bitterly, "George Stevens wasn't *on* the bridge, I hope?"

"No," Bubber said. "He'd just that minute got across."

"He would," Mr. Ned said. "A Stevens would!"

I said, "Mr. Ned, you've still got some time. Maybe they can fix—"

"Fix it!" he said, breathing hard. "You remember how long it took 'em even to find a footing in that pluff mud when they built the thing?"

"Well," I said. "Long enough."

"Three months!" Mr. Ned hollered. "Three mortal months! And I got ten thousand dollars' worth of potatoes just getting ready to dig!"

I said, "Don't forget the freight cars. But maybe George Stevens'll take 'em off your hands."

He jumped at that, in pure, leaping agony. Because he would have to let those cars go to George Stevens, and he knew it. He walked around his chair twice, fighting for breath to yell with, and then he gave up and just stamped off to his car. When he got there, he turned around and waved his arms at Bubber.

"Anyhow!" he yelled. "Anyhow, it's a damn' long swim now to Waccamaw!"

Maybe Bubber really did swim it. He must have kept contact with Marylee somehow, but I kind of lost track. The next couple of days were a fog of Mr. Ned Whately. Of Mr. Ned deviling the highway engineers direct, and congressmen, senators and governors by telephone and telegraph. But you can't build a bridge with telegrams. And all the time the potatoes kept coming.

THE third day, I went down to the bridge, just to see what was going on. Mr. Ned was standing on what was left of our end of the bridge with Bubber and Jarvis, the highway engineer.

"Mr. Ned," Jarvis was saying, and you could tell he'd already said the same thing a number of times, "I can't build no bridge without pilings. The very closest pile-driving equipment we could use is at Wilmington. They're starting it down the inland waterway right now."

"How long?" Mr. Ned said. "How long to get here?"

Jarvis mopped his face. "'Bout a week, if they don't run into no trouble."

And just then a railroad engine hooted, over Waccamaw side. That would be the first of Mr. Ned's cars, moving into the siding. Mr. Ned sort of groaned and waved his arms at that two hundred feet of open water. There was a little bunch of people on the Waccamaw end of the bridge, and somebody over there waved back. A girl in a white dress, but it was too far to see good. Mr. Ned stamped on the boards and shook his fist. "Go on!" he hollered. "Make a mock of it! *You got* a railroad! *You* can dig your potatoes! Laugh, damn you, laugh!"

He jerked around, and there was Bubber Whately right behind him, waving too. He dropped his hand quick, but Mr. Ned saw him. "You," he said. "Who *you* waving at?"

"Marylee Stevens," Bubber said.

MR. NED jerked around again. The girl was still waving, and so was somebody else—George Stevens, way out on the end. He cupped his hands and hollered at Mr. Ned. The wind took it away, but you could just catch "take over your cars for you."

"Ahh," Mr. Ned said, shaking his fist.

Then he shook his fist at Bubber. "You can choose, then! You can choose right here and now this very minute. Between your poor old ruined father and a girl who would make a public mock and derision of him."

"Now wait a minute," Bubber said. "She's just trying to be friendly."

"You be friendly then," Mr. Ned said. "Just as friendly as you want with all the Stevenses on Waccamaw. Me, I'm going to start moving. I'm going to start moving my things to Pine Point this very minute."

And he went stamping off the bridge and slammed himself into his car. Bubber said, "And he will. Now what?"

I said, "Bubber, the crop's got to be saved. Think hard, boy. Think like you was in the combat Engineers again."

"My good Lord," Bubber said, "I can't think ten carloads of potatoes across a river."

"For Marylee's sake," I said. "Work on it. I got to look after your father."

Because from then on, Mr. Ned purely needed a guardian. The next day his crop really began to come in. Acres and acres of potatoes practically crawling out of the ground by themselves. Mr. Ned began running in circles, like a dog in a galloping fit. From the fields to the packing sheds to the house, and back around again. He couldn't bear to tell the hands to stop digging, and he couldn't bear to look at those mountains of potatoes after they were dug. If he left 'em, they'd rot; if he dug 'em, they'd spoil. If he stopped to rest, a switch engine on Waccamaw would hoot at him, and he'd be off again. He couldn't keep those cars away from George Stevens much longer.

I said, "Bubber, we've got to do something."

Mr. Ned was up on his porch, listening to the market reports on the radio. I'd talked him out of moving to Pine Point, but he had his bags all packed and he swore he'd go when the first Stevens foot crossed the doorsill. He sat there listening to the market report and groaning in agony. Because the crop all over the rest of the country was either late or early, and there was a great big hole in the market that the Carolina crop had fallen right into the middle of. When Mr. Ned heard that, he gave up. He just dropped his head on his chest and sat there. He didn't even twitch when an engine whistled on Waccamaw.

I said, "Bubber, do something."

He said, "Mr. Bob, do you think I'm not trying?"

I shook my head and walked away. Bubber just stood there, looking at the ground and shaking his head, and Mr. Ned sitting there and the radio blatting. I'd got almost to my car when I heard

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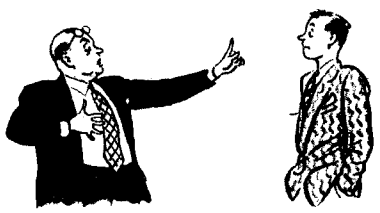
"Marriage is a serious step, my boy!"



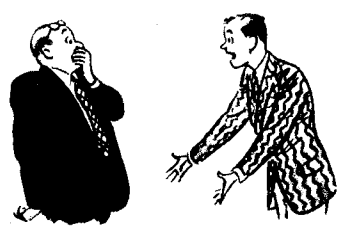
SR: It has many pitfalls. Women—particularly *young* women—expect a great deal of a man. They expect courtesy, kindness, neatness. *Especially* neatness! You've got to spend more time on yourself, Edward. Just *look* at your shirt collar! Then look at *mine*.

JR: Yeah—that's a honey, Dad! I know mine isn't—

SR: This is the famous Arrow Collar, son. Your mother made me wear them, starting years ago. She was wise. Note how this cut follows my—er, my body lines. It's the body tapered fit—MITOGA. Now take *your* shirt—

JR: Yeah—that's a swell cut, Dad! I know mine hasn't got—

SR: Arrow Shirts flatter ALL men, my boy! Keep you looking your best—at home and in the office. Yes, keep your young lady *proud* of you. Another thing: smart women *hate* waste. Waste like shrinkage in things you wear. Arrow Shirts are *Sanforized* (fabric shrinkage less than 1%!) Now take *your* shirt—



JR: WAIT A MINUTE, will you, Dad! This isn't *my* shirt! It's my dumb brother's! I've been trying to say that I ALWAYS wear Arrows! *Always! Always!* See?

SR: Well, my goodness—why didn't you SAY SO in the first place, my boy? Letting me run on and on like this! I must say—my goodness, he's *gone!*

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Bubber holler. I turned around. There was a wild kind of look in his eye. He said, "Papa—"

Mr. Ned groaned. "Just leave me be."

Bubber said, "Papa, listen."

"Go away," Mr. Ned said. "I'm ruined. Go live with the Stevenses."

"Papa," Bubber said, "listen to me. I've got a proposition. If there's traffic rolling over that bridge in forty-eight hours, will you—"

"You're crazy," Mr. Ned said. "Go away and leave me alone."

"Listen to me," Bubber said. "If there's traffic rolling on that bridge in forty-eight hours, will you unpack your bags and *stay* here—no matter what?"

"I'm humoring you," Mr. Ned said, "because you're crazy. If you can move even a wheelbarrow load of potatoes over that bridge, and keep it moving, you can do any damn'-blame thing you damn'-blame please."

Bubber took a deep breath. "You heard him, Mr. Bob?"

I said, "I heard him plain."

"You all heard me," Mr. Ned said. "Now you can all go away and be crazy somewhere else."

But I thought I'd better stay with him. Bubber said, "Mr. Bob, I want to go over and borrow the use of your phone. I'll fix the charges up with you later."

There was that look in his eye, and I figured it was no time for logic. I said, "I think you're crazy too, but if you can do it, you can call Kamchatka, and I'll give you the call for a wedding present."

HE DIDN'T come back that night, or the next day even. I sat up with Mr. Ned, and it was several times worse than a funeral. He didn't run any more. He just sat there on the porch, staring in front of him, and every once in a while he'd give a kind of a twitch and a shiver. Luther Simmons came by and tried to talk to him, but he wouldn't even listen to Luther. And then Bubber came back. It was the second day, and Bubber's time was about out, too. He came up on the porch and said, "Come on, Papa. Let's go."

"Leave me be," Mr. Ned said. "Leave me alone in the ruin."

I said, "Don't bother him, Bubber."

But Bubber just took him by the shoulders and heaved him up. Luther Simmons took one side of him, and they got him into the car, and Bubber headed straight for the bridge. He said, "Papa, I've got those boxcars all iced up and waiting, on the Waccamaw siding."

Mr. Ned cackled. "And wings," he said. "A nice, cute pair of wings for each and every potato."

He cackled again, and I said, "Bubber, you oughtn't to do this to him."

And then we were at the bridge, and Bubber was stopping the car. I took one look and I said, "Great God, Bubber! What's that?"

And Luther said, "It's the war again!"

There was a whole slew of monster trucks and kinds of rolling stuff I'd never seen before on the Waccamaw side, with a gang of men running around them like mad, and the whole population of Waccamaw there watching. On our end there was a big heavy rig with cables running back across that two hundred feet of open water. Only now it wasn't two hundred feet. Not even fifty. Because riding the cables, coming right toward us, was the damnedest contraption you ever saw, side panels and bracings, a whole bridge just riding at us over the open water. With soldiers running all over it laying down planking.

Bubber said, offhanded but proud, "They've been at it most all day."

Mr. Ned was just standing and staring. Bubber said, "I knew I could count on two friends. The senator in Washington, and him yonder."

The latter was a big, burly, redheaded individual balancing out on the end of the contraption and yelling orders. I didn't know him, but I knew the senator's mother was a Waccamaw Stevens. I said, "Bubber, what is it?"

"Why," Bubber said, like I was plain silly, "that's a Bailey Bridge. We threw 'em over the Rapido and the Volturno in Italy, and the Rhine above Mulhouse. And that's my old outfit. I heard yesterday on the radio, right after that market report, that they were at Fort Bragg, and the senator worked up a deal with the War Department. To give 'em practice and relieve this emergency. But they're a little rusty."

Only they didn't look rusty to me. That gap was inching closed all the time. The big redhead whooped to Bubber, "Sergeant, how're we doing?"

"Colonel, sir," Bubber yelled, "you're doing just fine."

"Don't butter-nose me," the colonel hollered. "They stink. When we had

"Stop complaining! You're going to be talented and that's all there is to it!"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

you, we could really run out a Bailey!"

He was close enough now to jump, and he did. And then he turned and yelled, "Where's the young lady?"

She was there all right. Marylee Stevens in a white dress, and all the Stevenses there ever were on Waccamaw. And Mr. George Stevens in the forefront of the foremost. Bubber said, "Colonel, sir, did you bring the chaplain?"

Mr. Ned Whately jumped a foot straight up. "Now wait!" he hollered. "Now just hold everything!"

Bubber grabbed him by one arm and I grabbed him by the other.

"Papa," Bubber said, "you gave your word."

"You did," I said, holding tight.

Mr. Ned Whately just stood there glaring. He glared at Marylee Stevens, and she was a very pretty girl. I could feel Mr. Ned go down just a little. And then he saw George Stevens and went right up again. George Stevens said, "Ned, about those freight cars—"

"Freight cars!" Mr. Ned said.

I hung on hard, and he looked at Marylee again. "Later, George, later," he said, "maybe we'll talk about them."

Bubber said, "And, Papa, will you unpack your bags?"

Mr. Ned jumped straight up again, in spite of both of us.

"Bags!" he hollered. "Bags! Don't stand there talking to me about bags! I got ten thousand dollars' worth of potatoes to move! Let's get on with this!"

THE END

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

You have played directly into the hands of the landlords who want to destroy the character of the Village by tearing down our most interesting buildings to construct new skyscrapers.

EARL LEAF, New York, N. Y.

THE NUDE LOOK

DEAR EDITOR: After reading Mrs. Smith's and Mrs. Sexton's letters complaining about nude illustrations (The Week's Mail, Dec. 6th), I stopped abruptly at page 14 (again a good page) and laughed out loud picturing the faces of the two narrow-minded females. I can't see anything wrong with either picture. It's art and good. I have two children and when they look through Collier's these pictures are just pictures. They don't mean a thing because nothing is said to emphasize them.

MRS. J. KOSHIAL, Chicago, Ill.

. . . I see no wrong in showing the body as no one was born with clothes on. I challenge the two women to name one case where nude pictures or cigarettes have been even remotely responsible for a delinquent, adult or juvenile.

MR. D. L. STROUSE, Burlington, N. C.

. . . They say that this is the modern age, but why do parents never blame themselves when their children go out of the home to learn what their parents should have told them in a way they would understand?

MRS. E. E. ROBINSON, British Columbia, Canada

. . . I would like to join the side on which Mrs. Sexton and Mrs. Smith now stand. There will be two sides on Judgment Day too—which side would you like to be on then?

ED HOHMAN, Bellevue, Pa.

. . . art and good

FOR PRESIDENT, M. SNERD!

DEAR SIRS: Methinks Mr. Gervasi had his ear so close to the grass roots that he mistook the chirp of a cricket for the voice of the people (Say The Word, Ike!, Nov. 29th). Certainly we Oregonians love "Ike"—but not for President. Warren is our choice now. Naturally we don't expect him to become President, since the effete East couldn't possibly concede that anyone west of the Rockies might have an ounce of brains. Furthermore, if our self-styled Republican "leaders" continue to disgust their constituents with their blind stupidity, the Democrats could nominate Mortimer Snerd and win in '48.

MRS. ETHEL GABRIO, Cottage Grove, Ore.

FASHION IS SPINACH

GENTLEMEN: Mr. Jackson's article Black Tie, Nov. 29th, had me worried because I have a midnight-blue double-breasted tuxedo and wear a tie with pointed ends. After seeing quite a few of same in shops along Fifth and Madison, New York, I wore mine without apprehension.

STEERE MATHEW, New York, N. Y.

UMPTEES

DEAR EDITOR: Re Can Soldiers Be Gentlemen? (Dec. 6th), I would like to say for hundreds of us here at Fort Knox that live and work comparatively close to the "gentlemen Umptees," that the article presents a gross misrepresentation of the true program and its moral environment. The Umptees when away from their unit are every bit as normal as the Regular Army man when it comes to smoking, drinking and the use of profane language. That is the Army and the UMT will never change it.

SERGEANT CHARLES C. CRAWFORD, Fort Knox, Kentucky

. . . Mr. Landman evidently met a disorderly soldier during his extensive five-day research for this article, and, therefore, as is the custom of all narrow-minded men, he has come to the brilliant conclusion that all soldiers are the dregs of society.

T/5 JOHN B. HALL, T/4 DONALD NEPDEGROFF, T/4 KENNETH P. HARTY, Fort Knox, Kentucky

. . . Mr. Landman's long Army service should qualify him to discuss the experimental unit at Fort Knox. But I object to the title. Has it already been so long since the war, that a magazine should ask, Can Soldiers Be Gentlemen?—seeming to imply that they are not but can perhaps be trained to be at Fort Knox?

ROBERT E. LATIMER, Kenmore, N. Y.

. . . Can Soldiers Be Gentlemen? That is a very hard question to answer. But all Marines are gentlemen. Thank you.

CPL. M. K. FLEMING, USMCR, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . The Army will always be the Army until a general overhauling and house cleaning is begun—at the Pentagon Building, and not at an isolated camp somewhere. With the Army's system of promotion, the still evident caste system, and the idea that no enlisted man has a brain of his own, you can't expect young Americans, schooled in democratic principles, to like the present Army setup.

ELROY M. NEEDHAM, Cincinnati, Ohio

HUH?

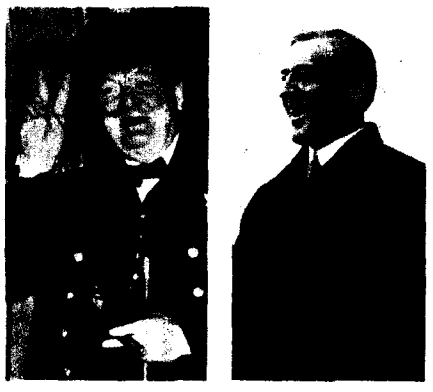
GENTLEMEN: Get rid of that artist. Collier's doesn't have to put up with that do they. He's for 20 years ago. Please.

MRS. ARTHUR W. DRAUT, Middletown, Ohio

OPENMOUTHED STATESMEN

TO THE EDITOR: It would be a fine thing if we could have men in public office who were not always showing their teeth in a silly grin—the trade-mark of the politician. Statesmen, never! Imagine seeing a Wilson or a Churchill in a jackass yawn.

JOHN MYERS, Portland, Ore.



INTERNATIONAL BROWN BROTHERS

Well, well, what happened here?

Independent Laboratory Test Proves Amazing Brightening Power of Calox

That's right! A group of people from all walks of life changed from their old dentifrices to Calox. **In 7 days their teeth averaged 38% brighter.**

An independent, trustworthy laboratory actually measured the brightness with a scientifically constructed Reflection Meter. Remember these measurements were taken on living people! Here's what happened:

In some cases there was improvement after only 2 brushings with Calox. And average improvement for the group was 38% brighter teeth — in just 7 days!

Magic? No, just the brilliant work of Calox Tooth Powder, which contains *five* cleansing and polishing ingredients...that brighten as they clean your teeth, revealing their natural lustre.

A dentifrice that has been proved 38% more efficient in brightening power than other leading brands tested is certainly a good bet for you. Start using efficient, *grand-tasting* Calox Tooth Powder today...so your teeth can start looking brighter tomorrow!

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

A McKESSON PRODUCT

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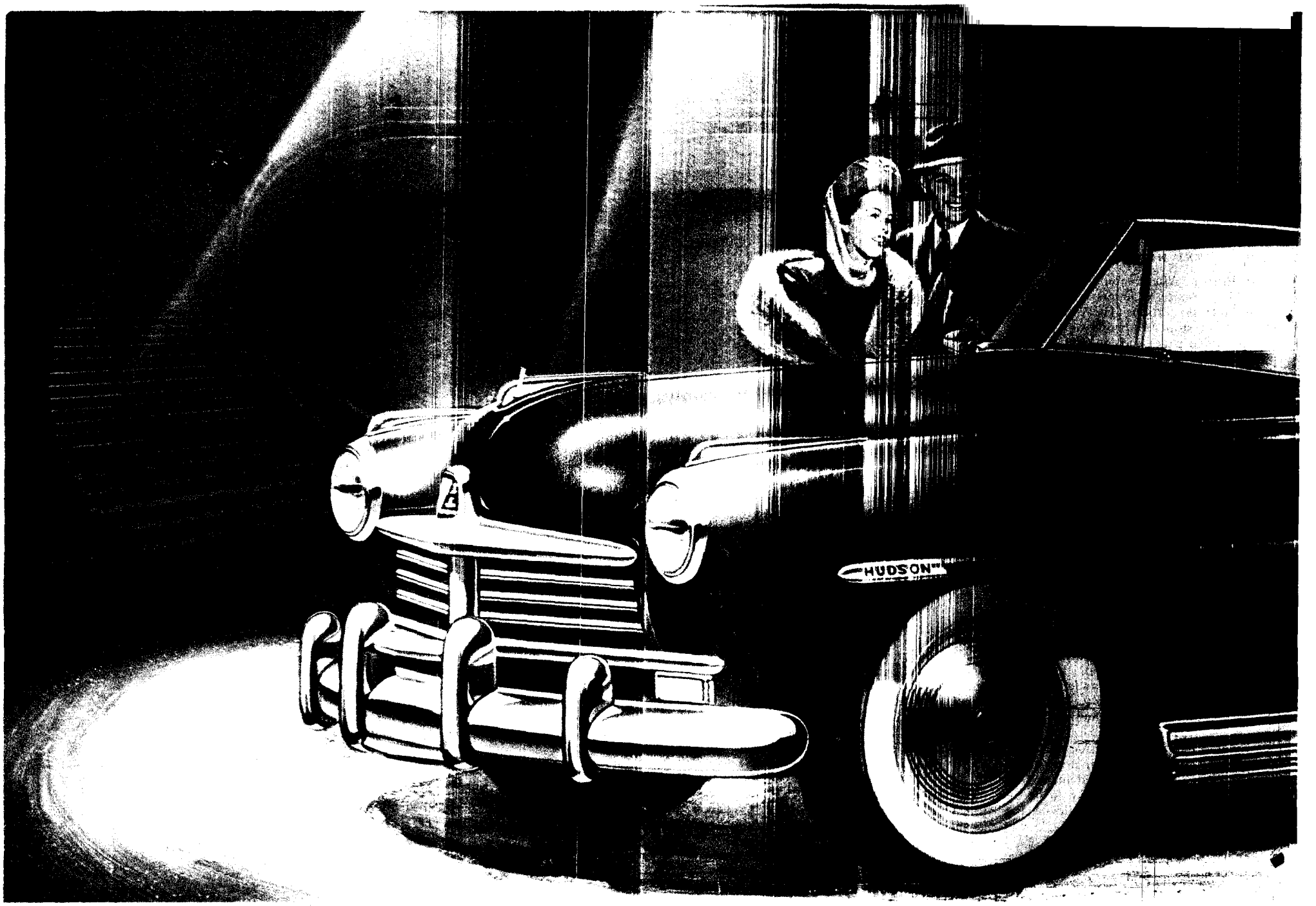

Now...you're face to

Hudson announces the style-setting motor car you've been told was years away; the lowest, most beautiful car on the highway, with more inside head room than any other car built today; a car with the roomiest seats ever designed for any American automobile; a motor car that offers you, among many other features, tested and proved completely automatic gear shifting in forward speeds.

This time it's Hudson

GET yourself set for a whole series of pleasant surprises when you see this Hudson. It's a thrilling symphony of rich color and clean, graceful line that will fascinate you. It's a *new kind* of automobile!

This long, gleaming beauty is only five feet from ground to top! Yet Hudson's new all steel Monobilt body-and-frame provides *more* inside head room than any other car built today, because seats and floor have been lowered to harmonize with the lower top. You step *down* into this new Hudson when entering, not *up* on it . . . yet this car maintains road clearance!

As you ride cradled *between* axles, Hudson's unique low-built construction gives you a sensation of snug safety, a pleasing feeling of serene, smooth going unlike anything you've known before! New type Super-Cushion, low-pressure tires mounted on wide safety rims, help level off even the roughest roads. This new car gives you plenty of leg room, and the roomiest seats ever built into an American automobile!

And when you gently nudge the accelerator, an all-new Super-Six engine . . . the *most powerful six* built today —or a masterful Super-Eight—instantly responds with power and pep beyond your best expectations!

The motor car of tomorrow is gorgeously upholstered; its interior chrome handles and hardware are recessed into side panels; it is *generously* equipped with beauty, comfort and convenience features inside and out. The new Hudson is a type of car *no one else* in the world is prepared to build today!

This car is something to see . . . and the nearest Hudson dealer is ready to show it to you now! Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit 14, Michigan.

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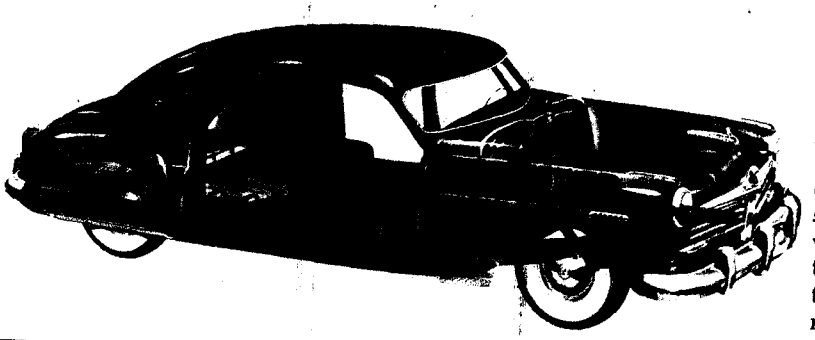
face with Tomorrow!

A CAR YOU RIDE IN . . . NOT ON!



Hudson is *the* only motor car that completely encircles you, even outside the rear wheels, with a rigid box-steel frame. **You ride within this new frame, instead of on top of it as in other cars.** And with Hudson's new all steel Monobilt body-and-frame you have the safety of girder protection front, sides and rear — every unit welded into **one solid structure** that minimizes service attention, and provides unusual rigidity and stability. Hudson could have compromised—simply lowered the top at a sacrifice of room and comfort, but this new kind of car **does not compromise.** Seats and floor have been moved down to harmonize with the new lower top, giving you low, sleek beauty *plus* the head room so necessary to real comfort!

There's more about the **newest** new car in the world in a full-color brochure which is yours for the asking at the nearest Hudson's dealer's.

The New Hudson

All yours, but only in Hudson!

Your choice, new Super-Six engine, the most powerful six built today, or masterful Super-Eight, each with long-lasting chrome alloy cylinder blocks, so durable they minimize the need for valve grinding.

Wide curved glass windshield and rear window plus generous side windows, **2,300** to **2,500** square inches of safety glass for improved vision front, sides and rear.

Hudson Drive-Master, no clutch pushing, no gear shifting in forward speeds; this is the easiest of all ways to drive.

Triple-Safe Brakes, finest hydraulics with mechanical reserve system operating from same brake pedal if hydraulics should ever fail (as they can in any car) through accident or neglect, plus finger-tip release parking brake.

Weather-Control, constantly changing, conditioned air; no steamed up or frosted winter windows.

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Husband's hint puts dancer on toes

7 A. M. "Oh! Our try-out is at nine," groaned the distaff half of the dance team, "and I feel awful. My head aches, I'm logy... and I need a laxative."

"But, honey!" says hubby. "We've *got* to get that spot in the show! Let me fix you a glass of Sal Hepatica. It will fix you up fast!"

9 A. M. Look at those flashing feet! The job's in the bag!

As usual, Sal Hepatica, the sparkling saline laxative, brought quick, gentle relief. Taken first thing in the morning, it usually acts within an hour.

It also aids in counteracting excess gastric acidity and helps sweeten a sour stomach. So always keep a bottle of Sal Hepatica handy.

In a national survey, *more than half* the doctors recommended Sal Hepatica. Why not try Sal Hepatica next time *you* need a laxative?

Ask your doctor why Sal Hepatica works so fast. He knows that because Sal Hepatica is a *fluid bulk laxative,* soft pressure is exerted to stimulate gentle, speedy action.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy*

SAL HEPATICA

TUNE IN: { "MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY"—Wednesday night, NBC Network
"BREAK THE BANK"—Friday night, ABC Network

UNDER A RED THUMB

Continued from page 17

now the prices are too steep. The last time they dined in a restaurant was last summer, when they were invited out by friends, and Tauno's eyes are still popping at the variety of foods he saw listed, right down to caviar and reindeer tongues. But he still gets weak when he remembers how much it all cost.

There is a flourishing black market in butter, sugar, flour and coffee, but the prices there, too, are beyond the limited reach of Tauno's wallet. A pound of butter on the black market costs nearly $10, compared to the legal price of around 90 cents. Besides, Tauno feels a revulsion toward black-market trading, and his only indiscretion is to accept the occasional shipment of butter that comes from his friend in the village. That is illegal too, but somehow it doesn't seem immoral, like the black market.

Old Clothes Are Serviceable

Although they can seldom buy new things, the Tainios are quite well off for clothes. The children wear hand-me-downs exclusively, but they are warm and serviceable. Tauno's overcoat is eight years old and a little frayed, but, as he says, "If I get embarrassed over the ragged cuffs, Ilona can remove the pocket flaps and put on new cuffs, and no one except the Tainios will know the difference."

Tauno bought his last pair of new shoes in 1941. He has five pairs now, but under the law he can't get any more because he has more than one pair that can still be mended. Ilona bought a new pair of shoes in 1943, but they were Swedish shoes of an inferior quality and they quickly wore out. As a result, she was forced to retrieve some shoes she got in 1938 to wear for good. With luck, they should last another year.

There was a sale of United States Army surplus in Helsinki last winter, and out of that the Tainios came away with some canned meat and two Army hospital robes. From one of the robes, Ilona made woolen pants for the children. The second one went for a pair of slacks for herself.

Fortunately, Tauno owns his own apartment, which is in a co-operative building, so he is relieved of the rent problem. But there are other complications. For one thing, the law requires that each room have an occupant. When Karelia was ceded to Russia at the end of the Winter War, in 1940, literally hundreds of thousands of Karelians poured north across the new Finnish border, creating a housing shortage. This shortage is still so critical that travelers staying in Finnish hotels are frequently surprised to discover that their bathrooms have been rented out to strangers as sleeping quarters.

Counting the kitchen and maid's room, Tauno's apartment has six rooms, and there are only five Tainios. Consequently, he has deemed it practical to keep a maid to fill up the extra room in preference to getting stuck with a stranger. With all his rooms thus occupied, Tauno feels fairly secure, but the government could step in at any time and send him a tenant, unannounced.

Ilona's parents, for example, live in a two-room apartment with a large kitchen, and were distressed about a year ago to find that the government had suddenly introduced another married couple into the flat. In due time, the strangers had a baby, and there are now five people where there should be two. It is hardly surprising then that the housing regulations, by throwing strangers together willy-nilly and upsetting homes, have contributed to the rising divorce rate in Finland.

Fuel and electricity constitute another headache for Tauno. There is a pile of logs outside his building which he helped buy, with the other tenants, for heating purposes. They will not last out the long winter, and, at the moment, there is no great prospect of getting more. What little coal comes into Finland from Poland and America goes straight to the factories, so Tauno will take the logs and be happy, even though his apartment will be cold a good part of the winter.

Tauno has not shaved in hot water since 1939, nor has he had a hot bath at home in that time. Instead, he and Ilona go once a week to the public *sauna* for a steam bath. The children get their baths from a bucket warmed by the precious little kitchen fuel that Tauno has been able to buy.

As for electricity, the Tainios are allowed 30 kilowatt-hours a month, after which they must pay a penalty rate for extras. Last winter, Tauno found that they were using about 300 kilowatt-hours a month and he has determined to do better this winter. His first step was to disconnect the refrigerator, which was consuming 90 K.W.H. a month all by itself, and he has now reduced total household consumption to around 70 K.W.H., which is only 40 K.W.H. over the limit.

Tauno's biggest joy, outside of his family, is his job. Finland has made tremendous progress in labor reform and in social benefits, and Tauno's firm takes good care of him. He works 40 hours a week and gets a month's vacation with pay each summer. The co-operative serves him a hot lunch for 25 Finnmarks, and there is a department in the office that will, if he asks, pay his electricity bills, taxes, insurance or anything else he prescribes, in return for which he repays the company, out of his salary, in regular installments.

If he gets sick, he will be cared for by a company doctor and will be paid his full salary for a period of three months. After that, if he is still not well, he will get disability payments. His long and faithful service will be further rewarded with periodic bonuses, and when Tauno retires, the co-operative will set up an old-age pension for him.

Government by Illusion

With the co-operative serving him so well, Tauno seldom looks past it to the government. When he does, he finds a discouraging, bewildering mass of contradictions.

Outwardly, the government has preserved the illusion of Finnish independence. The courts are still strong and independent. Parliament functions in a thoroughly democratic way. There is no suggestion that the elections are anything but free.

The press is also free and can criticize the government or the Finnish Communists at will, though it is not considered prudent to cast stones at Moscow or at Russian Communists. Anti-Russian stories are published frequently, but always under foreign date lines.

Each Finn is likewise permitted to vent his displeasure over conditions without fear of arrest, though here again he exercises a certain amount of caution. Many Finns, for example, used to refer to the Russians as *Ryssä,* a nickname with much the same connotation that Kraut carries in the case of the Germans. Recently, however, the careful Finn has been avoiding the word *Ryssä* in favor of the more decorous *Venäläinen,* the proper word for Russian. No one has told him that he must, but he does, anyway, just for insurance. Obviously, all of his liberties accrue only by the tacit consent of the U.S.S.R., and the

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U.S.S.R. holds a formidable club in case Tauno Tainio and democracy appear to be getting out of hand.

Russia has followed its familiar pattern of political infiltration by equipping a small, energetic minority of Communists with ammunition in the form of money and propaganda supplied from Moscow. A number of Finnish quislings, who fled to Russia when Finland outlawed the Communist party in the early '30s, are back at their old stands, and are particularly active.

Armas Äikiä, the Finnish Lord Haw Haw, who broadcast over the Leningrad radio during the war, has returned to Helsinki as a strike organizer for the Communists. Hellä Wuolijoki, who allegedly was found harboring Russian spies in her home at the same time, is head of the Finnish radio. Recently, a member of parliament was asked why quislings were not taken out and shot. "It is not the season," he said. "But wait."

The Communists, typically, have occupied the key positions in the government. Mauno Pekkala, the prime minister, is a member of the tiny Socialist Union party, which, for all practical purposes, is the same as the Communist party since it has aligned itself with the Communists in a coalition called the People's Democratic Union. The ministers of justice, interior, education, social affairs, and food and supply are all Communists or are Communist-directed.

Yrjö Leino, the minister of interior and, thus, the head of the state police, is a particularly notorious Communist whose wife, Hertta Kuusinen, is chairman of the People's Democratic Union and the top Communist in Finland. As boss of the Valpo, Leino has theoretically unlimited powers to arrest and confine, but so far he has used the state police principally to round up a small group of Estonians who fled to Finland from Russian-occupied Estonia and were promptly labeled traitors by the Soviet Union. In this move, the police obviously operated on instructions from Moscow, but the exact relationship of the Valpo with Russia's infamous NKVD is a titillating question that no one has been able to answer with certainty.

At the moment, the Communists and their allies in the People's Democratic Union hold 51 parliamentary seats out of a total of 200.

For all their energy, money and propaganda, however, it is likely that the Communists will lose some of their seats in the next election. One reason is that the government has failed to live up to promise despite the presence of a strong bloc of Communists in it. It is also becoming increasingly evident to people in Finland, as well as to people all over Europe, that Communism is less a beautiful ideology than it is an iron link binding the user to Moscow. Moreover, in trying to sell Communism to the Finns, the Russians are offering a secondhand product when they offer social reforms, for the Finns are already away ahead of them both in quantity and quality.

The Great Communist Equalizer

Communist strength in Finland, however, will not be affected one way or the other by the mere loss of a few seats in parliament. The Red Army on the Finnish border is still the great equalizer. In addition, the opposition, which is chiefly Socialist, is divided into right and left wings, and suffers from a lack of leadership, though it does survive, miraculously enough. An additional complication is that the Socialists are hoist by their own split personality, which attempts to support certain economic principles of Communism while repudiating the political concepts of Communism.

With the threat of a general strike, which they can exercise in the Trade Union Congress, the Communists hold the most formidable political weapon in Finland. Many of the services, such as the railways and the telegraph, are already nationalized. A general strike would invite complete paralysis, and it would further mean, if it lasted any time at all, that Finland would fall behind in her reparations payments to Russia, a delinquency that could prove fatal in view of the Soviet's tendency to fine Finland for delays in the delivery of goods.

However, with eight years to pay a total of $300,000,000 in reparations, Finland has already paid off more than 42 per cent of the total in a little more than three years. This was done despite the fact that her economy was badly upset by excessive Russian demands for machinery and heavy metal products, none of which she had ever produced before in any quantity.

Reparations is apparently the key to why Russia chose not to occupy Finland. In her present "free" state, Finland is an asset nation, capable of heroic production for the U.S.S.R. Occupied, she might be something less than co-operative. Under the circumstances, Russia is content to give Tauno Tainio his liberty in return for production, and Finland becomes a convenient showcase, behind a velvet curtain.

THE END

"Dear—I have an idea for a novel. Could I drop in and dictate it to your secretary afternoons?"

COLLIER'S — JEFFERSON MACHAMER

DESSERT DE LUXE

By way of displaying the astonishing variety of its talents, Pillsbury Pancake Mix stars here in a dainty, deliciously out-of-the-ordinary Ann Pillsbury dessert. If you know how light and delicate Pillsbury pancakes are, your mouth will water at the very *thought* of this confection, flavored with chocolate and nuts and topped with melting, creamy, foamy sauce. Better make sure there's some Pillsbury Pancake Mix on your shelf, so you can try this recipe right soon:

Pillsbury's CHOCOLATE-NUT PA

Makes twenty-four 3-inch pancakes.

Combine . . 1½ cups **Pillsbury Pancake Mix**
½ cup **sugar**
½ cup chopped **nuts**

Blend together . . 1½ cups **milk**
1 **egg**, well beaten

Add . . . . . one half of liquid to dry ingredients; mix well.

Blend in . . . . 1 square (1 oz.) **chocolate**, melted

Add . . . . . remaining liquid.

Bake . . . . . on hot, lightly greased griddle; turn only once. Serve with Foamy Sauce.

Foamy Sauce

Beat . . . . . 3 **egg yolks** until thick and creamy.

Add gradually . . ¾ cup sifted **confectioners' sugar**

Add . . . . . ½ teaspoon **vanilla**
¼ teaspoon **salt**

Fold in . . . . . 1 cup **cream**, whipped. Chill thoroughly.

VARIATIONS: Serve warm instead of hot, with a hard sauce or cream cheese sauce . . . or serve a circle of small 3-inch pancakes topped with a bit of rum-flavored or mint-flavored ice cream.

Ready-prepared . . . plain or with buckwheat

Pillsbury Pancake Mix

The Blend with no end of uses

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SNOW IN THE CANYON

Continued from page 19

spoon from the wagon closet and dipped him out a helping of beans. "It'll be cold up there." She poured him his coffee, and stood against the sheltered side of the wagon to watch him with a pleasant thought in her eyes. "Six months ago, when we started, you were a wild young man."

"I have had a little sense beat into me," he said. "And no doubt will have more." He laid the back of his hand toward the sky and felt the sharp sting of the rain's coldness. "Snow before morning." There were people walking down from the upper canyon—half a dozen men on foot. He watched them come forward and recognized Lane Kerwood. "Where you going, Lane?"

"For the settlements," said Lane. "We'll make it before you do a hell of a ways."

"Cold walking," said Tom Rowley. He offered no other comment; they could stay or go, live or die—it was their business. But he had his fear for the wagon train. This was the beginning of breakup and if things got worse there would be other people running ahead to escape trouble; they'd be strung out for seventy miles along an entirely strange land and some of them wouldn't make it through. He remembered the expression of care in the captain's eyes, and suddenly understood it; he finished his meal, went back to his wagon to get his gun and climbed the hillside.

FIVE hundred feet up, he turned; the train had disappeared in the rain mists below. The hillside rose directly into a belt of timber and when he reached this timber he stepped into it. The wind still got at him and coldness crept up his feet. He walked a hundred yards in one direction inside the trees; retracing his path, he walked a hundred yards in the other direction. When he swung from this last leg of his journey he paused and came to the margin of the timber and, looking along the canyon slope, he saw a buck deer—skinny from winter—standing no more than a hundred feet away, no doubt bound to the creek for water but warned by the soft sounds rising from the wagon train.

The wind was with him. He brought up his gun and, though he had done this a thousand times and scarcely could have missed the target, an urgent sense of caution came to him and caused him to steady the barrel beside a tree. The explosion made a little clap of rolling thunder along the ravine; the buck dropped.

He walked over, got the buck under his shoulder and packed it to a sapling tree, hanging it with its horns caught in the crotch of the tree's limbs. He dressed it out with his knife and let it bleed for a few minutes, using the time to reload his gun. Then he put the buck on his shoulder and started down the hill. Half a dozen men, warned by the shot, came up through the mists searching for him. The train had moved on a little, and Rowley walked a quarter mile before he reached his wagon and got a rope and suspended the buck to the wagon box. Then he turned around to find a crowd of thirty men watching him.

He looked closely from face to face, greatly surprised and greatly wondering. They all wore the same look. It was a very close and attentive expression, not unfriendly but not generous; it was thoughtful, it was even a little greedy.

Bill Castro said, "You shot it, Tom. Pick your chunk. We'll divide the rest."

"That's fair," said Tom Rowley. "How'll you divide it?"

"Hungriest first."

He said, "Everybody's hungry. You can't walk up and down this train finding the hungriest. Start here with my wagon and give a chunk to each wagon, up and down the line, till the meat gives out."

He saw them study the deer; they were calculating how far it would reach along the wagon line. It was a slow moment and a long one. He expected opposition from those who saw themselves too far away to receive meat, but Bill Castro said gently, "I guess that's good enough." Nobody spoke against the notion.

"You cut it up," he said to Castro. "I'll take whatever chunk you butcher out first." He stood back, watching Castro go at the carcass, and as he looked around at the crowd an odd, gusty warmth went through him. These were damned good people. He took his chunk of meat from Castro and gave it to his mother; then he waited until Castro had laid out a few more pieces in their exact shares, and carried one share to Teresa. "One day less to starve," he said, and returned up the hill to finish his guard duty.

He came down in full darkness to have his slice of bacon and bread and his coffee. Laying out his canvas bedroll under the wagon, he staked the oxen far up the slope for grass and returned to crouch beside what was left of the fire. A pair of riders came down the canyon, running away from trouble. He watched the rain strike and freckle the hot coals and he listened to the train settle down, to the last calling from fire to fire, to the murmuring of people inside their wagons, the strained coughing of his father, and his mother's quiet words. Teresa sat alone before her fire, two wagons away. She had the tarp's shelter above; the firelight flickered across her face. He walked over and crouched beside her. He worried the half-burnt sticks of wood into the fire's heart. He said, "What's in your mind?"

"How long it will take to put up the first cabin when we get a claim; how big it ought to be. What we can live on till the first crop's up. If there's fish—if there's game."

"If there's game I'll get it," he said.

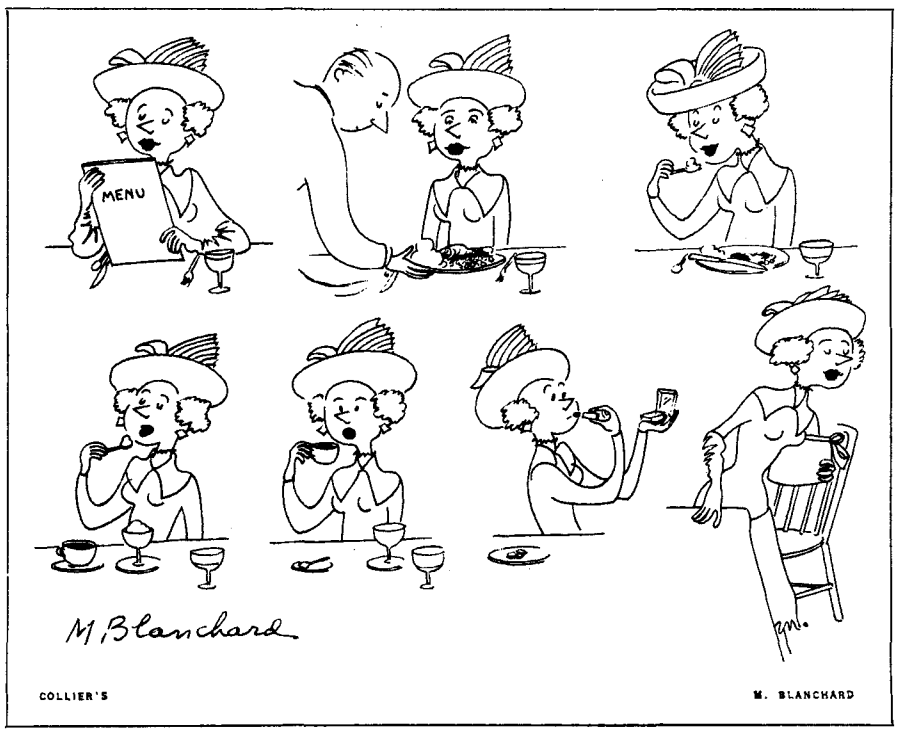
She was silent a moment. Her face stilled and smoothed with dreaming. "Will you be settling with your people? Or will you roam as you did back home?"

"It was a fine thing to run. I was just as crazy for it as my hounds. Men that have not stood on a ridge listening for daylight to come, waitin' for a buck to walk down the run—they don't know. I never thought I'd want to live different, but good things change, and now the good thing's to settle. I want my land on a good creek. I want flat meadows. But I have got to have some hills near by. Couldn't live too far from timber."

She said, "I watched you go by the farm, and sometimes I heard your rifle up the ravine. You always came back with meat. It's comfortable to have meat in the smokehouse and a full pantry and the crocks bubbling and potatoes covered down."

He spread his hands before the fire and its light was brilliant in his eyes as he watched her. His mouth had pressure on it, the pressure of a fine rising excitement. She noticed his attention and held it with a direct but cautious and covered expression. His rashness, so swiftly rising, went only so far and died on doubt. Remembering her place in Tennessee—and his own—he was still afraid of her. He rose and turned to his bedroll and was at once asleep. Somewhere during the night the sound of rain ceased and he opened his eyes and saw snow falling.

There was a foot of it on the ground by daylight and still it came on in a waving, whirling smother. He built fire, brought in the oxen and yoked them. He had his slice of bread and bacon, and his coffee. Fear had come with the snow; he felt it around him and he saw it in the trickling stream of people moving down the canyon, on horse and on foot; the train was near to breaking up—and if this thing grew worse a lot of foolish people would walk straight on to dying. He heard the captain's call come along the canyon and he started upgrade for the meeting.



In overcoat, muffler and round coonskin hat, the captain stood beside his dying fire with a circle of men around him. The captain seemed a smaller man to Tom Rowley than before; his shoulders were rounded, his manner was subdued and his face had depression upon it. "It's not wise for people to break away," he said. "This snow won't last."

Ringabaugh said, "It's December. What the hell you mean it won't last?"

"It's not a blizzard country. Now think. We've sent ahead for food. Inside those wagons, with food, we can stand storm for a month. It won't come to that, but we could if we had to. Keep your people with you—don't let them go ahead. We made almost two miles yesterday. We'll do better today. The lead wagons will be almost out. Tomorrow we'll be on our way."

Ringabaugh said, "You made a bad guess, comin' into this canyon. You're makin' a bad guess now. I'm for everybody getting out of here that can get out of here. Cut and run."

Tom Rowley stared at the rankling, irritated Ringabaugh, and he waited for the captain to make an answer which would not only jab through Ringabaugh's side but would lift up the spirits of the men around him. Cold and a touch of hunger had weakened their usual stiffness. This canyon pinched them harder each hour and the snow was a growing wall around them. The captain needed to square his shoulders and fill his voice and speak. He was the captain. Tom Rowley waited, conscious of his anxiety for the captain to do well.

The captain said, most gently, "I can't vote your minds for you. If men want to walk out, that's their business."

"I'm not talking about that," said Ringabaugh. "I mean pull away with the wagons."

"We can't have wagons trying to pass."

"I'll pass if I take the idea," said Ringabaugh.

"I want a vote on that," said the captain.

"Vote, hell," said Ringabaugh. "Nobody can vote another man's rights."

The crowd was confused, and Ringabaugh's voice was positive. It had a push which the captain's voice lacked. Tom Rowley couldn't let the silence go on.

"First wagons in the line have got to get out of the canyon first, and last wagons last. Otherwise you'll have a jam that powder couldn't blast loose. We're talkin' too much. Let's get down to the front of this line and clear trail."

"I'll pass if I take the notion," said Ringabaugh, slapping the words against Rowley.

THERE was a time when Tom Rowley would have raised his fur and laid back his ears; but he had grown a little bit older—very suddenly. He remembered the captain's patience and held his tongue. He turned from the group, walking downgrade with a hand lifted before his face to screen his eyes from the beating snow. Everybody was on edge, like a band of horses stiffened against strange shadows and ready to bolt. He had never seen fear stand so near the surface of people's faces. When he passed the wagon of the old couple he noticed they had closed the canvas opening and were silent inside; that was a bad sign.

The wagon line moved forward as he continued along the creek; it moved by jolting fits and starts, and gaps between wagons closed up and widened again. A steady calling and cursing ran along the column, and single riders rattled by him on the creek stones. Then the line stopped, and a mile down the canyon he found a wagon which, swinging to clear two narrow points standing like gates in the defile, had jammed itself against one of the points. A group of men worked here, lifting the wagon around by main strength and sending it on. That half hour's delay, Tom Rowley thought, might stretch into longer delay if other wagons got into the same trouble here.

He said, "Let's get some shovels and break that damned point down." Seeing a shovel bracketed outside the bed of a passing wagon, he took it without question and climbed the point. Ewing Purvis located a log chunk and began to batter away at the projecting rock, and in a little while there was a crew working there.

The train moved on with its painful slowness. He counted the wagons as they passed the point, he watched them die out behind the oatmeal wall of snow. His feet burned steadily. Ten men tore

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the point away foot by foot and the creek turned yellow with the mud falling into it. Rowley steadied himself a moment against a small fir standing on the point's edge; he rammed the shovel into the soil covering and heaved at it, and saw soil and rocks roll away.

Ewing Purvis, in the creek bottom, shouted up, "Watch that, Tom!" Then the ground beneath Tom Rowley broke and he went tumbling downward with the slide and hit the creek on his hands and knees. A cry came again, and a sharp explosion, and the gritty sound of something falling; he was struck hard on the shoulders and knocked under the water. He straightened his back and got his head out of the water. He couldn't move his legs. Ewing Purvis jumped into the creek and got an arm under his chest and held him up. Looking around, Tom Rowley saw that the tree had fallen across his legs and had wedged them.

"Broken?" shouted Purvis.

"Don't feel a thing."

Men came swarming along the creek and laid their hands to the log, rolling it back. Purvis pulled him up, and he stood on his feet and tried them. "No," he said. "Not broken."

"Well," said Purvis, "that's the end of that point."

A call came up the canyon. "Broken wheel down here!"

Tom Rowley turned that way with the other men. He was wet through again, and shaking.

HE RETURNED from the lower canyon in the day's strange twilight, with the snow still densely driven in by an unchanged wind. The hillsides were covered by a rippling white blanket two feet thick and the snow along the margins of the creek was scarred and dirty from all the feet that had tramped down the canyon during the daylight hours; fifty people that day had left the train and now were floundering somewhere ahead in the darkness of an empty land. Quietness lay inside the wagons; it was not a quietness he liked.

He reached his wagon and changed into dry clothes. He ate his bread and venison and drank his black coffee. He rolled his blankets under the wagon but his feet flamed from their five-day exposure in water and he had no desire to turn in, cold as he was and weary as he was. The Hunt fire blazed brighter than any other along the line. Teresa stood by it. Walking over to her, he crowded against the heat until his clothes began to scorch.

"Can't soak up enough of this stuff," he said.

She said, "Do you remember the heat and the dust in Wyoming?"

He said, thoughtfully, "When we're inside a house, fed and warm, it's hard to remember that we've got a mighty thin wall to protect us."

She watched him with a steadiness as warm as the fire. She listened and seemed to want to hear him. "We make the fire, Tom. We make the house, and all that's in it. We make our own comfort." She got a cup and poured him coffee from the pot hanging over the blaze.

He said, "Never saw you but what you didn't have something boiling or cooking."

"When there's something bubbling," she said, "everything's all right. I hear a tree fell on you."

He smiled. "Didn't fall hard enough."

"It's an omen. We were born to reach the valley."

He saw the good feeling in her eyes; the closeness came on and his rash instincts rose. "Born to do other things, too."

Her silence pulled at him to say more, but he thought of nothing to say. He had gone as far, this one time, as he felt safe in going. She smiled at him, not a whole smile, but a soft and mysterious thing that provoked and invited him to guess; she held his eyes, and for a little while camp and wagons and snow fell away. He struggled with his courage—and turned and walked back to his blankets under the wagon.

He was up before daylight. He started his fire and went over to start Teresa's, and saw her come from the wagon. She was quick, she was sure-moving, filling the coffeepot at the creek, laying on the skillets; she was a woman certain of her chores and of her mind, and for a moment he had a most clear idea of how she would look in a cabin, morning upon morning. He went back to his own breakfast and ate it standing, the wind hard enough to shake him on his feet and the snow thicker than before. He got a shovel from the wagon and started toward the head of the line; this was the touch-and-go day. This was the day to get out, or the day panic would come.

"Now when they start lauding your work in nuclear fission, please try to look intelligent!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

He recruited his crowd as he went, a sluggish, sleep-sullen crowd, flinching at the fresh miseries of water and wind and rough rocks on the trail. Half a mile onward Tom Rowley came to the Benson wagon and saw a group around it, bareheaded in the snow-clogged light. A woman was singing and people were crying. Somebody said, "Benson died." Another half mile brought him to the capsized wagon of Lake Sturdevant, which had been suddenly caught in one of the rocky falls of the creek. The group stopped here and stood a moment in weary reluctance.

"Well," said Tom Rowley, "let's get at the damned thing."

IT WAS an hour's job to pull the wagon up by team and tackle; it was another hour's work to shovel the rock falls into a more shallow roadway. The head of the line moved on; the following wagons came slowly by, slamming down over the flinty break. Tom Rowley watched closely, and a strange uncomfortable feeling got into him, an apprehension of coming disaster. A call came up from the bottom of the line, through the snow and slashing wind: "First wagon's out of the canyon!"

He swung back, traveling up the grade with his group straggling after him. He called at the wagons when he passed them, "First wagon's out of the canyon. Watch now—drive easy. We're in the clear. Come on now—slow and sure."

He grew more and more anxious as he talked, and he could not quit listening for trouble. He drew deep for wind as he scrambled along the rocks, and he was irritated at his slow muscles. One by one the wagons appeared through the driving snow and slowly lumbered by him and vanished below. He thought he heard a shout in the higher parts of the canyon, and stiffness went through him. The call came again: "Broken wheel!"

He stopped and swore out his terrible disappointment, and for an instant he gave up hope and didn't care. His feet were in the creek, so cold that the incessant burning had quit. He drew a deep breath and started on. Ten wagons went by him. His father's wagon went by, and Caldwell's, and Hunt's. He looked at Teresa on the wagon seat as he passed. That was the last wagon. The moving stream had petered out again. At the bend—at the spot where he had been caught by the log—he saw Connoyer's wagon tilted down on one hub, the tire gone and the spokes crushed.

Connoyer said, "I've got to hunt a spare front wheel, Tom."

"We've used the last one." The wagons behind Connoyer were in Tom Rowley's mind. They made a pressure pushing against Connoyer. It wouldn't take long now for that pressure to break through. Somebody'd bolt. He knew it for dead certain; it was the trouble he had expected all morning. "We've got to push it over, Bill, and keep the road clear."

Connoyer snapped back his angry answer: "Don't be so damned loose with other people's wagons. It's mine and I won't have it pushed over."

Tom Rowley heard the slow and nearing rumble of other wagons behind the snow screen. Weight built up against Connoyer's outfit—and there was the answer to all this freedom business. A man was free until he got in the main road and blocked it for others; then he wasn't his own man any more. He looked around at the crowd and he saw they were thinking this same thing. He shook his head at Connoyer. "It's got to be done, Bill. We'll help you unhitch. We'll shift some of your goods over to other wagons when they pass. Then we've got to tip this thing out of the way."

The shouting grew greater in the higher part of the canyon and one wagon, unseen in the snow, came on with a reckless racket. Tom Rowley went by Connoyer's outfit; suddenly he began to trot through the snow over the rocks. He passed three other wagons and at once saw what he had half expected. Ringabaugh had pulled out from his place higher in the line. Ringabaugh was coming on, he was squeezing by, he was shouting at others to draw aside. Ringabaugh's whip slashed out across the ears of his oxen, and he cursed as he came, scraping the hubs of the other wagons and bulling his way through. It was exactly the match that could light the powder and turn this canyon into a splintered jam of wagons and teams that a month of praying and sweating couldn't untangle. Ringabaugh saw Tom Rowley. He rolled his whip over Tom's head. "Stay there, let me alone. I'm going through."

Rowley ducked in, avoiding the whip as it whistled by him again. He reached the wagon's front wheel hub and jumped it and went up to the seat. He got his arm around Ringabaugh's neck and hauled him backward; both of them fell into the creek and a rock gouged Tom Rowley's ribs and he rose straining for breath. Ringabaugh rose with him and swung at him. Tom Rowley stepped aside and plunged against the man. He hit him on the side of the neck and struck him in the belly twice; he saw the man suffering, but he remembered that this was a bull who had to be hurt in order to learn anything. Balancing himself, he stunned Ringabaugh with the best blow he had, landing hard against the man's sulky jaw. Ringabaugh fell back into the creek, sinking under.

Tom Rowley said, "Neil, you drive the damned fool's wagon down to that bend and hold it there. He won't march another foot till his place in line shows up." He bent down and hauled Ringabaugh upright.

Ringabaugh said, "I'll use a gun on you, by God. I'll do what I please."

"Be quiet, you fool Dutchman or I'll show you how free it is to get a lickin'. You can do what you please when it don't cost too much, but it costs too much now. Shut up."

The line was moving on again, slowly, the wagons rising and falling over the rocks. Tom Rowley listened for the sounds of trouble, for a sharp call to tumble down the canyon. It would come, no doubt, for he knew now that trouble was a steady thing that would always come. But the wagons, at the moment, were rolling on. He began to walk upward, calling as he went.

"We're almost out of it. Steady and careful. We're over the mountain."

HE CAME out of the foot of the canyon in the pitch-black night and saw campfires in the meadow ahead of him. The wagons still moved a yard at a time out of the narrow gut—and men were calling across the flats, "Keep going till you clear the road." He stumbled over a rock and stopped to raise his hand against the snow; he saw a fire over to the left—the brightest fire in this camp—and he turned that way, quite certain that it would be Teresa's.

He came up to it and spread his feet, and watched her go to the side box on the wagon. She had something bubbling in the stewpot, and the coffee belched out its fragrant steam. She filled a plate and a cup. She said, "You come under the tarp to eat."

He said, "Well, we're out."

"Why, of course," she said. She smiled at him. She gave him a most direct look. "You eat and go change your clothes. You're a most careless man."

"Careless, no doubt. But I have at least lost some foolishness in that canyon."

"Don't lose it all," she said. "It's nice to have a little left."

He said, "I shall tell you about that, in the valley."

"I'd like to hear it," she said and stood near him while he ate, smiling at him. There could be no question about it, he thought. That was the girl. He might have a minute of fright when he came to talk about it—but he'd push through it. This was the girl. He knew it. She in her own way had said so.

THE END

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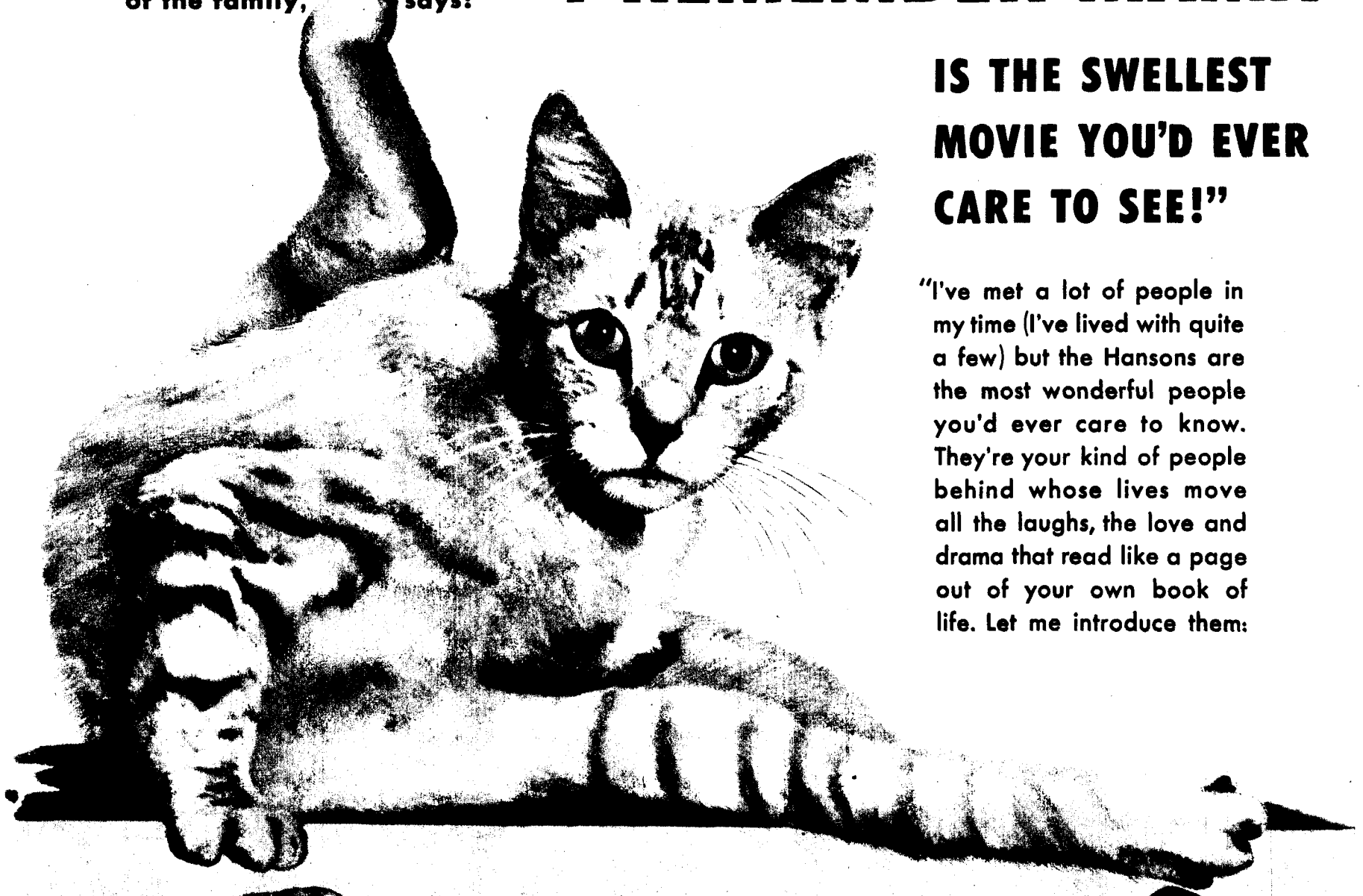
"Uncle" ELIZABETH,
the cat and "man-about-town"
of the family, says:

'I REMEMBER MAMA'

IS THE SWELLEST MOVIE YOU'D EVER CARE TO SEE!"

"I've met a lot of people in my time (I've lived with quite a few) but the Hansons are the most wonderful people you'd ever care to know. They're your kind of people behind whose lives move all the laughs, the love and drama that read like a page out of your own book of life. Let me introduce them:



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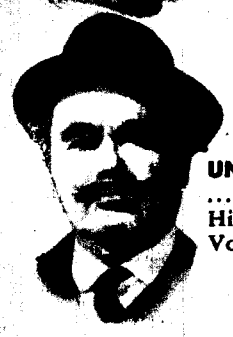
Screen Play by DeWITT BODEEN · Based Upon the Play by JOHN VAN DRUTEN



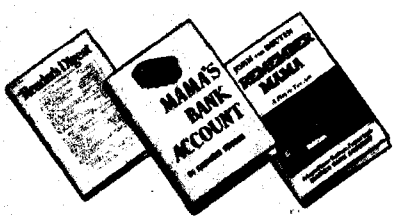
UNCLE CHRIS
...blustering. His creed: Vomen! Pff!

MR. HYDE...he's proper, cultured and somewhat of a fraud!

KATRIN...Barbara Bel Geddes ...dreamer, romantic...she's at that adolescent age!

MR. THORKELSON
...it's Edgar Bergen! He's w-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l!

PAPA...a grand guy. Knows what's going on...seldom mentions it!



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Each month—there are 51 separate prizes awarded in each state and the District of Columbia—a monthly total of 2,499 cash prizes. Contestants in each state compete *only* with entries from that state.

Each month—there are three national prizes, awarded to the best three of the 49 State First-Prize winners. These monthly national prizes are $1,000, $500 and $250 respectively.

At the close of the six months' contest period, 40 Family Sweepstakes Prizes, (*1st Prize*, $25,000 *Cash*), will be awarded. Here's how it works: Every time you enter you will receive a 100 point Treasure Certificate. Also, every entry winning a monthly prize will receive an additional 100 point Treasure Certificate. At the end of the contest, the 100 families with the greatest number of Treasure Points will qualify for the Family Sweepstakes Finals (read rule 8 on facing page)! Remember, you may enter these contests as many times as you wish. Don't wait! Read the contest rules carefully—get your family started NOW in these big Pepsi-Cola "Treasure Top" Sweepstakes and Contests!

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35 PRIZES: $100.00 each

Monthly National Prizes:

1st PRIZE: $1,000.00

2nd PRIZE: $500.00 — **3rd PRIZE: $250.00**

Monthly Prizes in Every State:

1st PRIZE: $100.00

2nd PRIZE: $50.00 — **4th to 10th PRIZES: each $10.00**

3rd PRIZE: $25.00 — **NEXT 41 PRIZES: each $5.00**

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"Treasure Tops" are Pepsi-Cola bottle tops with hidden designs under the cork lining. To find the design, simply remove the cork from inside the bottle top. At present, there are 48 different designs—symbols of branches of the U. S. Armed Forces, like those shown above. At intervals during the contest, new designs will be added. That makes these big Pepsi-Cola "Treasure Top" Sweepstakes and Contests even more fun. Look for them! Collect them!

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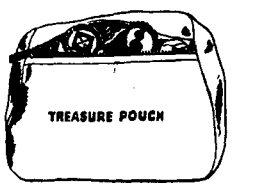

★ HERE ARE THE OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES ★

1. On your entry blank or a sheet of paper, complete this statement in 25 words or less—"Pepsi-Cola hits the spot because . . .". Then write down your own name and address, the name of the head of your family, the name and address of the Pepsi-Cola dealer who helped you, and the total number of different designs on Pepsi-Cola "Treasure Tops" you have collected. Then mail your entry, together with one Pepsi-Cola "Treasure Top" with cork removed to show hidden design, to:

Pepsi-Cola, "Treasure Top" Contests,
P. O. Box 74
New York 8, N. Y.

Entries with insufficient postage will not be accepted.

2. **The number of different designs you have collected will not be a factor in the awarding of the prizes.** However, when you win a monthly prize, you must be able to show your total collection of different designs reported in the winning entry. Also, it's fun to collect and swap "Treasure Tops". Do *not* send your collection of "Treasure Tops" with your entry. Send in only one top with each entry.

3. You may enter these contests as many times each month as you wish, but no entry post-marked after June 30, 1948 will be accepted. Each time you enter, whether you win a cash prize or not, we will mail you a Treasure Certificate good for 100 points toward the $37,000.00 Family Sweepstakes Prizes. If you win any one of the monthly prizes, you will receive 100 additional Treasure Certificate points.

4. All entries received during each calendar month will be judged in that month's contest. Entries from each state (and from the District of Columbia) will be judged separately, and will compete for the monthly state prizes only with other entries from that state.

5. Monthly cash prizes as listed on the opposite page will be awarded on the basis of aptness, originality and interest of the statements submitted (see Rule 1). Each month's national prizes will be awarded to the three best entries of the 49 state first-prize winners in each monthly contest. All entries will be judged by the impartial judging staff of The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, an independent, nationally-known contest judging organization. Decisions of the judges will be final.

6. All entries must be prepared by the contestant. Elaborate or fancy entries will not count extra. All entries and statements become the property of the Pepsi-Cola Company and none will be returned. In case of ties, the prize tied for will be awarded to each tied contestant, except for the sweepstakes prizes, procedure for which is listed under Rule 8.

7. Only contestants living within the 48 states or the District of Columbia will be eligible. Anyone may enter these contests except the employees of the Pepsi-Cola Company, Pepsi-Cola bottling companies or their advertising agencies. Members of the families of these employees are also excluded.

8. HUGE NATIONAL SWEEPSTAKES PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED AS FOLLOWS:

(a) Each Treasure Certificate received by you or members of your family (see Rule 3) counts 100 Sweepstakes Points for your family. *Save them!* (For the purpose of this contest, a "family" shall be considered as only persons related by blood, marriage or adoption living in the same household under one family head.)

(b) The 100 families, plus families tying with any of them, who have received the greatest number of Sweepstakes Points in the competition, qualify for the Sweepstakes Finals. Each family thus qualifying must be prepared to show the total number of Treasure Certificates received by the family and also to show the total number of "Treasure Top" designs reported in the family's entries (see Rule 1). Both the number of Treasure Certificates and the number of "Treasure Top" designs must agree with official contest records of the judging staff and these records will be considered final where any discrepancy occurs.

(c) The qualifying families will then be promptly notified and each family will be required to submit one statement of fifty words or less on the subject "How the Sales of Pepsi-Cola Can Be Increased". They must get the help of their Pepsi-Cola dealer in preparing this statement and must submit that dealer's name and address. The Sweepstakes Prizes will then be awarded by the impartial judging staff, mentioned in Rule 5, on the basis of aptness, originality and sincerity of the statements thus submitted.

These contests are subject to all state and local laws and regulations.

Facts about Pepsi-Cola to help you win!

TASTE—Your own taste tells you that flavor comes first with good good Pepsi. It's the swell-tasting drink that "hits the spot."

QUALITY—Finest of ingredients, utmost care and skill in blending and bottling, make Pepsi-Cola *tops* for quality.

SIZE—Every big bottle holds 12 full ounces of pleasant drinking. That means Pepsi goes farther—makes entertaining more economical.

VALUE—Bigger, better Pepsi-Cola sets the pace for value. Compare Pepsi by any standard you choose . . . for quality, size or taste. It's your best buy.

ENTER HERE AND NOW!!!

PEPSI-COLA "TREASURE TOP" CONTESTS,
P. O. BOX 74, NEW YORK 8, N. Y.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

_____
NAME OF HEAD OF FAMILY

PEPSI-COLA HITS THE SPOT BECAUSE _____
(25 ADDITIONAL WORDS OR LESS)

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_____

I have, so far, collected and am holding "Treasure Tops" with a total of _____ different designs, not including the one enclosed herewith. I have received assistance and advice in preparation of my entry from the following dealer:

DEALER'S NAME _____
and *(Your dealer may win a special prize if he has assisted you.)*
ADDRESS _____
(Be sure to enclose one "Treasure Top" with this entry.)

(Not necessary to use this blank. Use any sheet of paper but be sure your entry is complete in every detail.)

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ONLY PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS OFFERS YOU THIS PROOF!

Smoother, More Comfortable Shaves for 3 Men out of every 4
BEARDS EASIER TO CUT—Said 79%
LESS RAZOR PULL—Said 75%
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SMOOTHER FEELING SKIN—Said 82%
And this way really works—
no matter how you shaved before!
THE PROOF! 1297 men tested the new, different Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Way, and—no matter how they shaved before—3 out of 4 reported more comfortable, actually smoother shaves! Here's all you do:
1. Wash face with soap and water. Rinse!
2. Soap face again. Do not rinse!
3. Apply Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream immediately, smoothing it upward into beard. This way, you get the full benefit of Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream's beard-conditioning effect! Then, shave!
PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS
PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS SHAVE
Get a Giant Tube or Big 9-oz. Jar Today!

A SAFETY LANE* CHECK .. MAY SAVE YOUR NECK
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How are your *brakes, headlights* and *steering?* It doesn't pay to guess about the condition of these vital safety factors on *your* car.

Complete Weaver Safety Lane checking and correction service not only adds to driving safety but also helps maintain proper wheel balance and alignment for minimum wear on car *and tires.*

A Safety Lane test takes only a few minutes, and if corrective work is necessary, your Weaver-equipped serviceman can do it quickly at minimum cost.

Weaver equipment is endorsed by leading car manufacturers and insurance companies—and is used by most Official Motor Vehicle Inspection Stations operated by states and cities.

DRIVE IN to your local automotive service shop displaying this Weaver Safety Service sign.

Authorized WEAVER SAFETY SERVICE

THE KISSING OF PATRICIA

Continued from page 23

found the judge smoking a pipe in a corner of the Home Club.

"A little while ago," he recalled, "you were inquiring around for a veteran to sit on the platform at the midyear exercises of Numuxcutit School."

"That is correct," said the judge. "Mr. Cleves felt that the heroes of the late war should be represented, and I fear he will be put out when he learns that the post declined the honor."

"Well, I've been considering," said Arley.

"My dear boy, does that mean you'll be with us?"

"What would I have to do?"

"Not a thing. Just wear your medals and uniform, and receive the meed of our gratitude. The exercises are to be simple. There'll only be a few of us on the platform, the school coaches, of course, Dr. Harniss, Miss Cleves, who presents the awards, and myself. And, of course, in a place of honor, you."

Arley closed his eyes in order to be alone with his higher self for at least a moment or two. All this might not sound like much to the judge, but it was enough to make almost any of Baddow's veterans writhe. So the post had recognized when it had voted to have none of it. Yet through the murk shone a star.

"Did you say Miss Cleves?"

"Why, yes," said the judge.

"I'll come," said Arley.

THE midyear exercises were held in that pleasant stucco building, set amid pines, which is featured in the advertising of Numuxcutit School. The three counselor-bodyguards arrived punctually, and Arley noticed at this close range that the moths had sort of got into them—a touch of baldness, a slight fatty degeneration of the clean-cut jaws, and a sag under the blue eyes which scouted the trails for lads of Numuxcutit and scared the daylights out of any man who looked twice at Patricia. Hardly anyone around town knew the names of the bodyguards, for they kept pretty much to themselves. They were known locally as the three Bigs—Big 1, Big 2 and Big 3.

Pretty soon Judge Fennessy and Dr. Harniss put in an appearance, just as the chauffeur delivered Patricia in the limousine. The judge introduced Arley to Patricia briefly and formally, presenting him as a stouthearted defender of democracy.

"Hello, Pat," Arley said, and added quickly in a low voice, "Here's to ourselves and hold your luff, plenty of prizes and plenty of duff."

The judge looked up the reference in Treasure Island later; at the time he didn't get it. Patricia had hardly glanced at Arley, but now she examined him with a queer little light in her eyes.

"Oh," she said softly, "were you that little boy?"

"What's all this?" inquired Big 1. "Time to get up there on the platform, Miss Cleves."

Patricia turned dutifully, leaving the imprint of her eyes upon Arley.

"Break it up, men," said Big 2, though there was only Arley to say it to.

Patricia was garbed in blue, ruffled, and with something shiny and silvery around her neck. The judge seated her way over on the opposite side of the stage from Arley. The boys of the school occupied the front seats on the floor of the hall, about three dozen of them in assorted sizes, all uniformed; behind them were various parents, aunts and uncles. Then way in back were the ordinary townspeople, as many as could get in.

Dr. Harniss pronounced the invocation, and Judge Fennessy delivered the address of welcome, during the course of which he introduced Arley as a stouthearted defender of democracy and a valiant champion of free peoples. He laid it on thick. The red showed behind Arley's ears, but the austere Slater expression never cracked.

The exercises wore on for a while, and Arley got up and went out where Ostrander, the school janitor, was standing near the fuses and switches.

"Is this all there is to it?" asked Arley.

"No," said Ostrander. "The main part is where the kids get the medals."

Arley hung around a little, and finally asked if Ostrander had a piece of string. The janitor found him a piece but didn't see what he did with it. Next thing Arley

COLLIER'S "I wear them myself" R. KRAUS

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COLLIER'S "Don't go over 50. She's brand-new" ROBERT DAY

was back in his seat on the stage, and the business with the medals was beginning.

"If Gordon Harold Dunnell will come to the platform," the doctor was saying, "he will be rewarded for his achievement as the best skater of Numuxcutit School."

And then the lights went out. Plunged into utter darkness, the audience tried to forget about seeing and use their ears instead. There was no difficulty as to that, for a scream sounded from the pitch black, the surprised, shrill scream of some female confronted with an astonishing situation. Ostrander jumped to his switches and jammed everything at once. Up sprang the lights.

The platform was all confusion, with Patricia standing where her chair had fallen over, and Big 1, Big 2 and Big 3 darting around like the Rover Boys looking for some scoundrel to toss out of the hall.

"What in the world happened?" inquired Dr. Harniss.

"Somebody—somebody—kissed me," said Patricia. "That is, I think—well, I think somebody kissed me."

"Don't you know?" inquired Arley calmly. He was the only one who had not become all excited.

"Why, yes, I know. That is, of course somebody did kiss me."

"What an outrage!" roared the judge.

"Dear, dear," said Dr. Harniss, "I don't understand."

"It's perfectly simple," said Arley, in his matter-of-fact Baddow fashion. "Somebody took advantage of the darkness to slip around and kiss her."

"But why?" Dr. Harniss implored him.

"Now, Dr. Harniss," said Arley, "That is one thing about which there is no mystery at all. You have only to look at Miss Patricia and you can see why."

PATRICIA had begun to peer at Arley closely as if she would have liked to pursue the matter just a little further, but Big 1 stuck his oar in.

"Nobody could have come from the outside," he said. "It was somebody right here in the hall."

"I believe you are right," said Judge Fennessy. He yelled across, "Ostrander, did anyone open or close that door?"

"No, Judge, not a soul."

"Just as I thought," said Big 1.

"Well," said Big 2, "let the guilty party step forward."

"Right," said Big 3. "Let him own up."

"I'll handle this," said Judge Fennessy. "Neither Dr. Harniss nor I kissed Miss Cleves. Atherton, did you kiss her?"

Atherton must have been Big 1's name, because he answered firmly, "I did not. I certainly did not."

"Woodruff?"

"I would not have stooped to do so."

"Buchanan?" said the judge.

"Naturally not," said Big 3, coming out as strong and moral as a radio announcer. "It was certainly not I."

"Very well," said the judge, and then turned to look, with a curious mixture of emotions, at the stouthearted defender of democracy, the valiant champion of free peoples, Arley Slater.

"Can I do anything for you?" Arley inquired.

"It is my duty, sir, to inquire whether you kissed this young lady?"

"That's an improper question," said Arley, "and I decline to answer." He didn't sound fresh. He was speaking with the honest dignity of generations of Slaters.

"Explain yourself," snapped the judge.

"Don't you see that these three—these three musculateers have put Miss Patricia in an awkward position? It isn't very nice, I'm sure, to have all the men under thirty—well, anyway, under forty-five—denying so strongly that they kissed her, as if to have done so would have been distasteful. If they can't stand the idea of kissing her, the least they should do is to act like gentlemen and keep quiet."

"I never said I didn't want to kiss her," said Big 2.

"Oh," said Arley, "so you *did* want to kiss her. Admitted like a man."

"You listen here," said Big 2, "don't mix me up. I'm not admitting anything—"

"Quite right too," said Arley. "Don't incriminate yourself. Nobody can make you confess a thing."

The other two Bigs were giving Big 2 some piercing looks, but Big 1 came out strongly against Arley. "Woodruff hasn't a thing to conceal. None of us has. Only we didn't kiss the young lady and we want to know if you did."

"You'll never find out from me," said Arley. "Where's your gallantry? Do you teach the boys of Numuxcutit School to kiss girls and then tell it around? Shame on you."

All this had taken only a couple of minutes to happen, and the audience was recovering from its surprise. Some of the little Numuxcutit boys let go with whistles and catcalls. That settled it. The judge held up his hand for order.

"We will continue with the exercises," he announced, "and this other matter will be settled later. Silence, silence, I say! Sit down, boys."

The presentation went on, but not at the same high level of dignity as before. Arley had moved his chair so that he was now next to Patricia as if to protect her from the wolves. The three Bigs obviously didn't like that for sour apples, and Dr. Harniss was heard to whisper to Big 3, "Buchanan, your attention to the program, please."

After that it was eyes front for the Bigs, but they were so burned up that Ostrander said later he could smell a slow

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If you've been hunting for an elusive "something" in whiskey... something you haven't quite found yet...

Then try Hunter! For Hunter has earned its own loyal following by its subtle *difference* in flavor—a flavor that's well worth a trial.

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HUNTER

SINCE 1860

First over the Bars

HUNTER-WILSON DISTILLING COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY. BLENDED WHISKEY, 92 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

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scorch. The janitor began to wonder how the lights had happened to go out that way and then come on again so easily. Only then did he notice a piece of string tied to the master switch and on the floor a paperweight, also tied with a string that had broken. He wondered if a weight like that, if it were to be suspended from the handle of the switch, would drag until it opened the switch.

He became deeply interested, and began to experiment. The second time he tried, with the switch just barely making contact, he fell into a kind of stupor, watching the weight dangle, until all at once a draft or something swung it and the switch opened. The lights went out again. Of course Ostrander hadn't meant for that to happen. He fumbled a second but got the switch closed in a hurry.

As the lights came on, Patricia slapped Arley in the face.

"What happened?" inquired Big 1.

"Did he kiss you again?" asked Big 3.

"Never mind," said Patricia.

Bedlam was let loose among the camp kids. There had never been a set of exercises anywhere near so popular as these.

"Sock the soldier again, lady!" some little kid yelled.

"Silence!" commanded the judge, and then he looked at the stouthearted defender of democracy with an expression of distaste. "Slater," he went on, "I must ask you to walk right out. Right out, please."

ARLEY did so, with as much dignity as possible. He needed time to decide how he felt about things. After he had walked through the cool darkness for a block or so, he began to be aware of strange sensations. At first he could not account for them, then he realized that he was back again at the beginning. He was back where he had been as a boy when they had forcibly expelled him from the Cleves premises, and that was not good for the morale of a settled citizen and dairy farmer.

But there was something new which was worse still, and suddenly he knew what it was. He was in love with Patricia Cleves. Probably he had been in love with her for a long time; probably that was why he had waited in the Legion rooms to catch a brief glimpse of her whenever he could. Probably, but from the standpoint of self-analysis, the payoff had come with the first kiss.

Of course it was Arley who had kissed Patricia, and if he had stopped after the first time, he might have retained his hope of a bright future. That was what he had planned and foreseen; up to then it had been a matter of pride. The second kiss had been pure extemporization, and he did not yet understand why the lights had needed to dim again and so tempt him to destruction. Destruction? Well, practically.

Patricia's slap, a masterpiece in its way, had carried a disconcerting implication of finality. She had obviously classed him as predatory and unprincipled. He might write to her and apologize—but no, he could not do that. Maybe some guys could, but he couldn't.

Since it was early even for a settled citizen and modern dairyman to go home to bed, Arley proceeded to the Legion rooms where he expected to sit alone in the shadows, exploring his melancholy. To his surprise, he was met with loud, healthy cheers. The events in the school hall had been witnessed by some of the comrades and enthusiastically reported to the others.

"Boy, are we proud of you!" ejaculated Bud Herron, and the answer on all sides seemed to be affirmative.

Arley had no wish to be a popular hero; he assured his admirers that the ovation was undeserved. He had good, logical reasons to present to them, but before he had half got under way he discovered that his argument was out of date. The subject of interest was his next move, and ingenious plans were being made for him.

"Here's the dope," said Bud. "We'll wrap Arley in sheets, put him in a hamper and have him delivered at the Cleves place by the laundryman. It's a cinch. Once inside the joint, he'll lie low—"

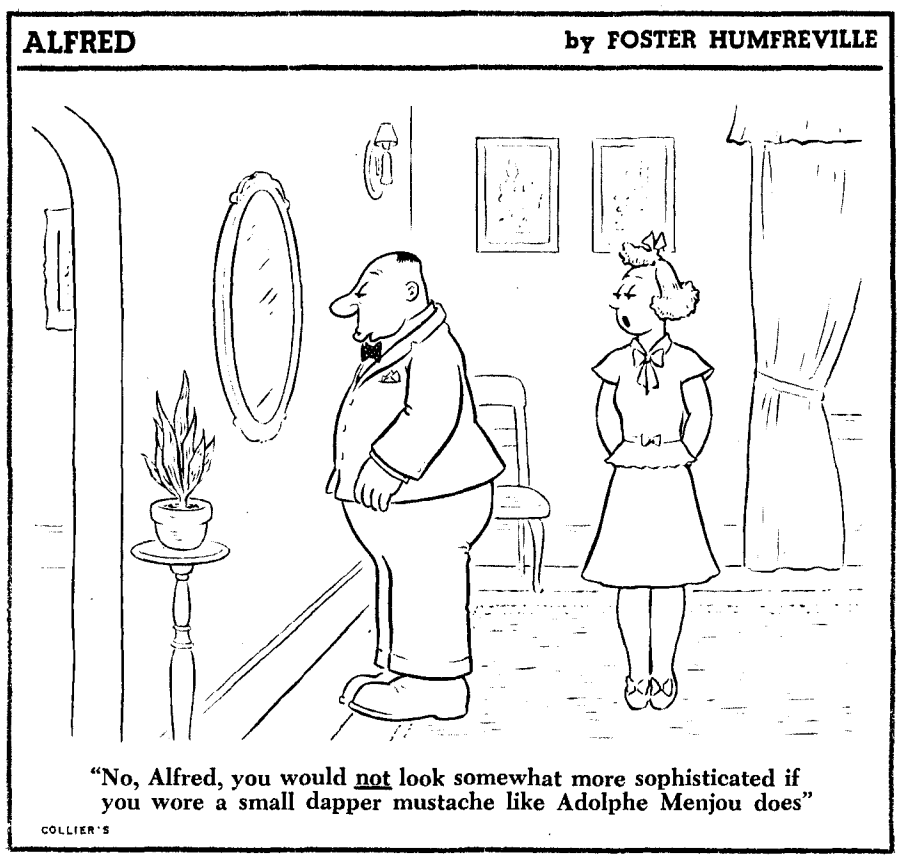
"He's too big," said some practical guy. "Look at his legs. How do you expect to get them into any hamper?"

"Listen to me," said Snuffy Drake. "I've got it. We'll take a couple of Arley's cows and break down a section of old man Cleves' fence, so as to put them in on the lawn. And then—"

"No, no," yelled Arley. "No, no."

"Of course not," said Bud, sympathetically. "Leave his cows out of it, do you hear? Haven't you got any sense?"

In the lull which followed, Arley managed to make it clear that there wasn't any next move, so far as he was concerned. He was through.



"No, Alfred, you would not look somewhat more sophisticated if you wore a small dapper mustache like Adolphe Menjou does"

"How do you like that?" inquired Alf Farland.

They didn't like it, and they didn't get it. Arley couldn't explain about his irreconcilable pride, and how if a Cleves wanted to see him at any time from here on, it was strictly up to their side. He couldn't exactly explain it to himself, but there it was. They tried to overcome his determination, unsuccessfully, and when he walked down the stairs a few minutes later, at least one of his wishes had come true. He was no longer a popular hero.

SEVERAL days passed, during which Arley devoted himself exclusively to his work. He was lonely. He missed the watching for Patricia from the Legion windows, and the memory of the two kisses became bittersweet.

Then, on a Monday, along about dusk, he had a caller who was not a Cleves, but was undoubtedly to be counted as one of their side. Arley was just picking up a pail of milk when he heard a footstep outside the barn door. Turning, he saw Big 3 framed against the reddening sky.

"This is a little irregular," Big 3 began, "but, boy, there's something I've got to find out. If it really wasn't you who kissed Miss Patricia—"

"I wish you'd stop harping on that," said Arley.

"Yes," said Big 3, "but if it was Woodruff who did it, Atherton and I ought to know, don't you see? Just between us, Slater, in some ways Woodruff has shown himself as a bit of a cad."

"If you want to know anything, why don't you ask Miss Patricia?"

"I did of course, but she says she isn't sure."

"She seemed pretty sure when she slapped me."

"It seemed so, Slater, but that was kind of a reflex. When a girl gets kissed in such a way as that, she slaps whoever is nearest. See?"

Arley did see, and he saw a few other things before Big 3 departed, still unenlightened. The next day it was Big 1 who appeared at milking time.

"Arrowsmith," said Arley, "why don't you just skip it?"

"The name is Atherton," said Big 1, "and you better tell me if it was you who kissed Miss Cleves. I demand to know."

"Nobody does any demanding around here," said Arley.

"I do," said Big 1, "and I'm not putting up with any more nonsense. I've got my suspicions of Woodruff and Buchanan, and I'm going to get you off the list of suspects right now so I can make a full report to Mr. Cleves."

"Let's go outside," said Arley, always considerate of his cows. . . .

When Big 1 left, his question was unanswered, but he had enriched his personal experience, and he wore a broad contusion under his right eye. Arley regarded his fingers with some interest. There was a powerful stinging in his right knuckles.

The odd thing was that when Arley had to go to town next day for feed, he saw a man who looked like Big 1 with a blue and black bruise under the left eye. Closer scrutiny assured him that the bruise had led him to a false identification. This was not Big 1, but Big 2. And a little later he saw all three Bigs together, and all three wore adornments of the same general character, differently placed. It was hard at first for Arley to pick out his own handiwork. The threefold spectacle made him thoughtful.

Nothing prepared him, however, for the appearance of Patricia herself at his gate on the following morning. She had left the custom-built limousine a little way down the road, and although she was hatless and the gray cardigan was flaring at the throat, she did not look a bit cold.

"Here's to old Flint," she said.

"Here's to ourselves," said Arley, a little sheepishly, but that was the way the pirate exchange went.

"This isn't like any cow farm I ever saw," said Patricia.

"Dairy farm," said Arley. "I'm getting it fixed up. It's fairly modern."

"I like it," said Patricia.

"Would you care to see the cows?"

"Well, later perhaps. I felt I had to come to see you on a matter of—well, shall we say business?"

"All right, business."

"Since you did not come to see me."

"I couldn't have got past the first line of defense," said Arley.

"You could have tried. You seemed resourceful enough the other night. Or wasn't it you?"

"Well," said Arley uncomfortably, "I never expected to have you asking me that question."

"I never expected to ask it. As I remember you in the old days, you had spirit. Whoever put out the lights and kissed me that way must have had spirit. It seemed like you. But afterward nothing happened. You didn't come near me so I began to be doubtful."

"About having spirit," said Arley, "there are two ways of looking at it. A man has to settle down sometime and take things seriously, especially if he has anything inside to live up to."

"It leaves a person at loose ends if you start something and then suddenly settle down before you finish it," said Patricia.

"The incident seemed all finished and closed, like the time I was dragged out of your father's place by the ear."

"Well, anyway, I had a right to my doubts."

"I guess you communicated your doubts to the three Bigs."

"To whom?"

"The boys, Athos, Porthos and Buchanan."

"I felt that I should. How was I to know they would start fighting? My father has discharged them by telegraph."

SO HERE she was, free, on her own, and the chauffeur was waiting practically out of sight and earshot.

"Suppose," said Arley, "I should admit that it was I who kissed you."

"I wonder if I should believe you. You seem so solemn and mature to have done anything of the kind."

"I've explained all that," said Arley. "Of course it was out of character, but I was powerfully tempted."

"You were? That sounds like flattery. I know I'm not attractive to men. They never hang around me as they do about the girls in movies and books."

"Step in here a minute, please," said Arley.

It was dark in the cow barn, a clean dark with the smell of hay. Before their eyes could get used to the change, he kissed her. "How about it, Pat?" he said. "Was that the same?"

"I'm not certain."

He tried once again, taking it more slowly.

"Not *just* the same," she said, "but I get the idea. I'm convinced."

Way at the far end of the barn a cow started to moo and maybe it was this which made Arley remember about Mr. Cleves.

"Your father—" he began stiffly.

Pat must have felt the flicker of his old pride. "Let him cast *me* out," she said firmly.

"But—"

"I'm practically through being a Cleves, aren't I?" she asked.

Tough as the going at home might be, Arley saw that she was going to be equal to it.

When the engagement was printed by the Baddow Herald, it was referred to as the impending union of two old county families. But the rest of the Legion boys never understood fully about the point of Slater pride. They figured that Arley was the subtlest guy they had ever run up against—which happened to be true.

THE END

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I crossed the street to wait in a doorway. In five minutes Conchita came out and drove away

COCKTAILS AT BLINDMAN'S LAKE

BY LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN

CONCLUDING A TENSE DRAMA OF MURDER AMONG FRIENDS

The Story:

JIM LAWRENCE and GRACE BOYD, before the war a writer-photographer team, go to her cabin for a week end, during which Grace must decide between her suitors: brilliant, unstable DR. NORMAN H. NORMAN, and solid, wealthy HENRY PENNINGTON. Grace's neighbors, JOAN and BOB STEWART, whom she asks to cocktails, tell her that Norman has been there. In Grace's car, Jim secretly examines an automatic he has found in the glove compartment.

They go shopping, and on their return, find Norman murdered in the cabin. Before they can call the police, radio announcer EDDIE WESTERFORD, his curvaceous wife CONCHITA, and pretty, vacuous BETTY HURLEY, who have all received telegraphed invitations signed by Grace, to a party with "sensational entertainment," arrive. Almost immediately, Henry Pennington, the Stewarts, DR. JEROME HURLEY, Betty's husband, and the state police follow.

That night, while they are all in informal custody, Jim is knocked out while investigating a noise. He discovers that the pistol he had looked at—which Grace tells him belongs to Bob Stewart, and which she had brought up from town at his request—is gone from her car. The next day this weapon, covered with Jim's fingerprints, is in the hands of the police, who have also found fragments of a phonograph record in the woods.

Joan Stewart admits calling in the police for fear of violence between her husband and Norman, because the latter had just claimed the Stewarts' adopted son as his own, and announced his intention of taking him away. Betty Hurley inadvertently reveals that her first husband had died after an operation by Dr. Hurley; and Dr. Hurley confesses that he had not waited for Dr. Norman's laboratory report indicating a condition which would make an operation fatal, before going ahead.

Jim meanwhile discovers that Conchita has been a recording engineer, and friendly with Norman. When Grace overhears that only she and Jim—who have begun to realize they are in love with each other—are to be held by the police, Jim eludes them, takes Grace's car, and starts for New York hoping to discover the secret of the fatal phonograph record.

Conclusion

THERE was a big hamburger stand at the junction of the dirt road and the concrete highway. I parked Grace's car toward the back, where it could not be seen from the junction, and bought myself an excuse to wait. I wasn't hungry but I drank a beer and worried the edges of a hamburger. Just as I was getting well into the beer, a state police car came by, driving very slowly. It didn't stop, but it made me realize that I'd better pull up my socks if I expected to get to New York.

If McKay wanted me badly enough to devote enough man power to the job of stopping me, I'd have about one chance in fifty of getting through to Manhattan—and I had to get through. All I could do was try to make it before he got enough man power mobilized. The Sunday traffic was in my favor, and I knew a trick that would add to the confusion. I walked around to the car and poured the rest of my beer over the license plate. Then I kicked some dust against it, so it would stick in uneven patches. The number wasn't obliterated, but it was confusing to read. The index letter looked as much like an O as a U, and the digits could have been almost anything unless you looked very close.

I went back to the front of the stand, got another beer and bought the morning paper. Dr. Norman didn't make page one, but he got half a column inside, with a photograph of himself in uniform. It didn't make him look very military. I put the paper in my pocket.

In about twenty minutes Eddie Westerford's fireman's dream of red and chromium came blazing out of the dirt road and swung south. His wife Conchita was with him. Here was my fox.

It wasn't hard to follow a car like Eddie's even in the Sunday traffic. I managed to keep about three hundred yards behind, trying to be very anonymous in the parade of Sunday drivers. I didn't notice any cops following me.

About ten miles along, Eddie pulled up at a roadside bar and grill, and I had to pass him. I slowed down for a road stand a little farther along, but I didn't stop there. Two motorcycle

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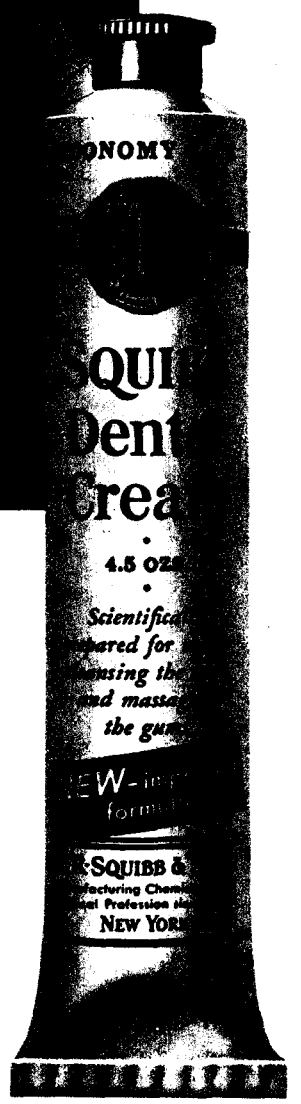

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cops were at the counter, talking to the waitress.

I picked another road joint half a mile farther on and had another beer. I also looked up the Westerfords' address in the phone book. Ten minutes later they came by again.

I followed them as far as the approach to the George Washington Bridge. Then I quit. Four state troopers, leaning on their motorcycles, were watching the cars crossing from Jersey to New York.

I did a few fancy turns in the traffic clover-leaf and got on to a road that led to the Lincoln Tunnel. There was a trooper at the entrance to the tunnel, but he didn't seem to notice me. At the New York exit, however, there were two cops who looked me over plenty. After I passed them I could see them in my rear-vision mirror, still looking at me.

STEPPING on the gas, I beat the next traffic light, and swung Grace's car into a garage on Fortieth Street. Then I took a taxi to Greenwich Village.

I had the cab drive past the Westerfords' address in Perry Street, then go around the block and drive by again. The third time around I saw the red car parked at the curb. Eddie was getting out. Conchita drove on immediately. I told the cabdriver to follow.

Conchita drove uptown on Eighth Avenue and turned into Fifty-seventh Street. I saw her park the car and go into a building near Fifth Avenue. I paid off the cab at the corner and walked back. I looked at the directory board in the lobby of the building and felt like patting myself on the back. There was a listing for a firm called the Super Fidelity Sound Studios.

I crossed the street to wait in a doorway. In five minutes Conchita came out and drove away. I went up to the Super Fidelity Sound Studios.

The door was locked. I rang the night bell, and a young man in shirt sleeves opened the door.

"I understand you made a recording a few days ago," I began, "for Dr. Norman H. Norman—"

"Ho-ly smoke!" the young man interrupted. "Another one."

I produced a ten-dollar bill. "I'd like to hear a playback of your file copy of the doctor's recording."

"No soap," said the young man. "I tell you what I told the dame who just came here asking the same thing. There's no file copy and no script. The doctor didn't want any master and no dubbings —just one audition copy on glass, and he took that with him. We haven't a thing in the house except about twenty seconds intro that we cut by accident; it was just a level test."

I took out another ten.

"I'll pay a dollar a second to hear the level test," I said.

"No soap," the young man repeated. "Dr. Norman gave orders to destroy the cut. He just phoned today."

"Today?"

"About an hour ago. He called from out of town and asked about the test cut, and I played it back for him on the phone. He—"

"Did you destroy the cut?"

"Not yet. I haven't had time yet. I'm all alone on Sunday afternoons, and I've been making some off-the-air recordings for a customer."

"Did the woman who was just here listen to the test cut?"

"No," said the young man. "I told her I'd already smashed it. She used to work here and she gives me a pain in the neck. All lady engineers give me a pain in the neck."

"I think you ought to know," I said, "that Dr. Norman couldn't possibly have ordered that cut destroyed. Dr. Norman was murdered yesterday afternoon."

"Ho-ly smoke! Murdered? Maybe I ought to listen to a newscast once in a while. All I do is record music and long-winded talk. Or are you kidding me, mister?"

"I'm not kidding," I said. I showed him the newspaper, with Dr. Norman's picture in it. He looked from the picture to the ten-dollar bills. Then he looked at me.

"That's him, all right," the young man said. "Say, are you a dick?"

"Private investigator." I flashed my A.G.O. card, which is just the Army's identification credentials, but very official-looking with photograph and fingerprints. The young man glanced at the card, but his gaze came right back to the money.

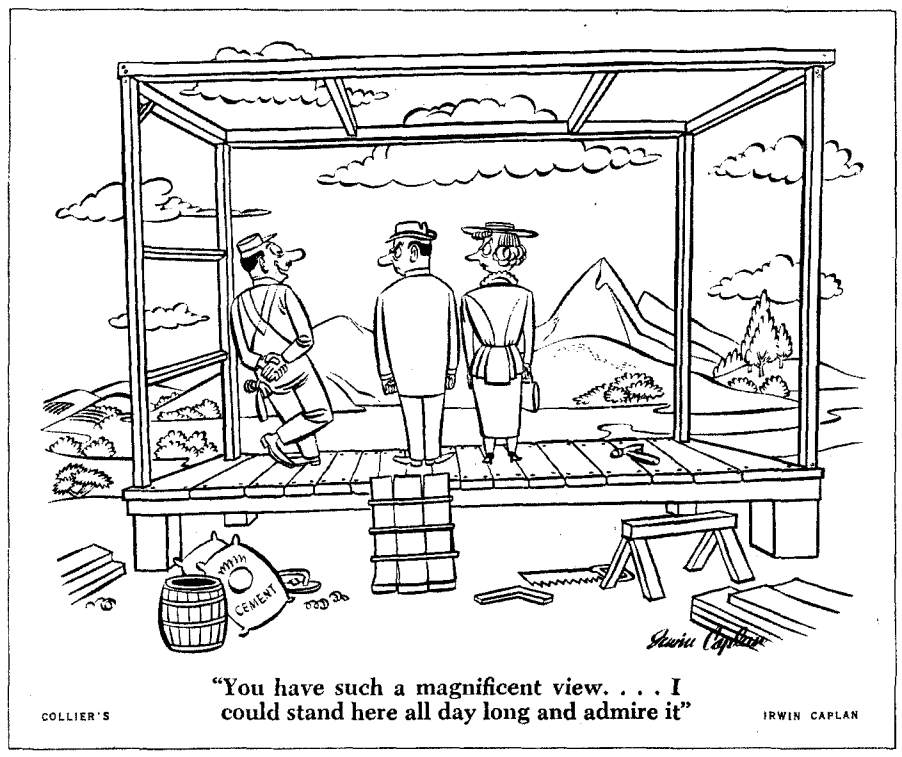
"Do I hear the test?" I asked.

The young man took the two ten-dollar bills. "Sure, as long as it wasn't Dr. Norman who ordered— Say, I wonder who phoned me an hour ago."

So did I, as I listened to a loud-speaker saying:

"Good evening, friends of Grace Boyd. This is the Seeing Eye of Blindman's Lake, bringing you the facts of life. It is a tragic thing, as you all know, to base one's life upon the hypocrisy of others, to believe that all who glitter have hearts of gold, that only the frankly disreputable are truly evil. How much more clearly could one see if one knew all the reprehensible little things—and the big ones —buried in the souls of one's own friends, in the files of Grossbeck's Pharmacy, in the—"

An off-mike voice interrupted to say, "That was fine. Now let's make it."



"You have such a magnificent view. . . . I could stand here all day long and admire it"

COLLIER'S — IRWIN CAPLAN

FIFTEEN minutes later I was at Grossbeck's Pharmacy in the Village. It was an old-fashioned pharmacy with huge colored globes in the window, hundreds of neatly labeled bottles on the shelves, and no soda fountain. A rotund little man with a white mustache and no hair whatever greeted me. Yes, the round little man was Mr. Grossbeck. He knew Dr. Norman and had read about the murder. Too bad.

I told him I was a private investigator and that I wanted to see the prescriptions of some of Dr. Norman's patients. I had several names—

"You got a court order?" he asked.

I admitted that I had no order.

"Then it's no use," said Grossbeck. "This is a pharmacy, not a drugstore. I don't sell books or ice cream or teddy bears—and I don't betray professional secrets. It's nobody's business which of my customers take sleeping pills and who's got what disease. You come back with a court order or a subpoena or a search warrant."

"If you'll just let me glance through your prescription book to see if certain names are there, I'll know whether I want to subpoena your book or not," I said. "I just want to check a few names."

"No good," said Grossbeck. "Even if you got an order, names won't help you. My prescription book goes by numbers, in chronological order. I've got no cross index of names, either patients or physicians. So you better get the prescription numbers. Or the date."

"Okay, I'll get the legal papers," I said. It began to look as though I would have to let Captain McKay in on this. "I'll be back in two hours."

"Too late," the pharmacist said. "I close in half an hour. On Sundays I got to take my wife to the movies. Come back tomorrow."

I tried to argue, but it was no use. Then I had an idea. I saw a phone booth at the back of the store. I said I wanted to make a call.

I had a good look around on my way to the phone booth. I noted that there was a window just beyond the booth; and dimly, through the grimy windowpane, I could see a yard, an ailanthus tree, trash cans, a fire escape. I reached up and unlatched the window before I went into the booth and dialed Grace's number. There was, of course, no answer.

I thanked Mr. Grossbeck and left.

I went to a Greek restaurant and ordered some food, but it wouldn't go down. I tried a few drinks. They tasted like benzine but I managed to swallow them and they helped. It was dark when I got back to the Grossbeck Pharmacy.

The blue and orange globes in the window were lighted up. I tried the door. It was locked. I could see one fly-specked light burning inside—probably over the safe. I saw nobody moving around.

I went down the street until I found the alley that led to the back courtyard. My window was still unlatched. It creaked when I raised it.

Once inside, it took me fifteen minutes to find the prescription book. I took it into the office where I could read it by the dim light over the safe. I maneuvered into a corner so I could not be seen from the street. Then I got to work.

I found what I was after much more easily than I expected. It didn't mean much to me, but I made copious notes. I had been in the pharmacy a little over half an hour, and was just getting ready to go when the light went out.

I sat in the darkness for a full minute without moving. I couldn't move. It's no use pretending I wasn't scared. I was. I suffered the same liquefaction of the knee joints as I had in London, during those deadly seconds of silence after a buzz bomb stopped buzzing, just before it hit. Then I heard the crash of glass. A bottle had been knocked over. I roughly estimated the position of the person who was sharing the darkness with me. He or she was not far away.

I stood up. Then I changed corners, trying to make no sound, but I knocked against a table.

I felt my way along the edge of the table, got behind it and crouched. The doorway of the office was faintly illuminated by the glow of the colored globes in the window, reflected from the ceiling.

The silhouette of a man passed briefly through the doorway and disappeared. He had something in his right hand.

I held my breath and listened. I sensed the presence near me, but I heard nothing —not even breathing. Then I heard the scrape of a shoe on the floor.

I vaulted the table, jumped for the sound. I collided with something yielding. We both hit the floor at the same time. There was a grunt as I sprawled on top of a squirming, kicking body.

I got one knee on a right arm, and my fist closed on a long cylindrical object that had a cold, hard, metallic feel.

"Drop it!" I panted. "Or I'll kick your teeth in."

The fingers relaxed, and I seemed to be in full possession of a heavy flashlight. My thumb found the switch, pressed it.

"Stand up," I said.

I SHONE the light into the face of Eddie Westerford. He was bleeding a little from a cut on his cheek, and there was a wild look in his eyes. He was even more scared than I was. I frisked him.

"I haven't got a gun or anything," he said. "I wasn't going to hurt you. I was just after—"

"I know what you were after. But we're going to leave it here."

"I suppose you found what you were looking for," Eddie said.

"Yes, I think so."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Turn it over to the police, of course."

"But why?" Eddie pleaded. "It hasn't anything to do with the murder of Dr. Norman."

"The hell it hasn't! Where's the light switch?"

"It's right over here."

I walked him over and snapped the light on again. "Now let's talk," I said.

"There's nothing whatever to talk about," Eddie said. "What possible concern is it of yours or of anyone else, for that matter, if I happen to indulge in some delightfully pernicious form of narcotics other than tobacco? As long as I do my work—"

"Maybe you wouldn't get any work, if word got around that you were fond of nose candy," I said.

"Precisely, my dear fellow."

"Maybe Dr. Norman was going to tell the world that he'd been feeding you prescriptions. Maybe—"

"Now see here, old man, you don't really think I killed Norman."

"I think that you may have received unfavorable mention in a recording that was smashed when Dr. Norman was killed."

"That's just an unfortunate coincidence. I didn't know about that recording until today."

"Conchita knew about it," I said.

"Not before today. She only gave Norman the address of that recording studio."

"Judging from your presence here," I said, "you must have called the Super Fidelity Sound Studios this afternoon from that roadside bar."

"What of it?"

"Wasn't it rather stupid to pose as Dr. Norman?"

"It was silly," Eddie admitted. "I didn't intend to, naturally, but when that asinine engineer at the studio said, 'Is

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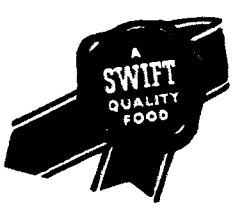

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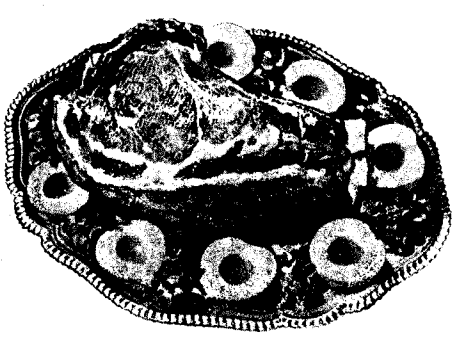

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this Dr. Norman speaking?' I just said yes, automatically, without thinking."

"Did you know I was following you?"

"No. But when I heard that playback on the phone, I was afraid somebody would come to Grossbeck's. I've been watching the place ever since I got back to town. I followed you when you went to dinner."

"Come on, Eddie, let's clean this up right now. I've got some phoning to do."

"Now see here, old man," Eddie protested. "Can't we—?"

"Come on." I grabbed Eddie's wrist with a hold I had learned while training for that large mahogany desk in London.

Eddie winced. "All right, I'll come. But keep your hands off me."

He came, but I didn't keep my hands off him. I hung on to his wrist through the door of the telephone booth while I was making my calls.

I called Dr. Hurley's number, the physicians' exchange told me that he Hurley could be reached at the Lakeside Inn at Blindman's Lake. I called the inn and asked for Hurley. Instead of the doctor, however, I got a voice I recognized as Captain McKay's. When I asked again for Dr. Hurley, the recognition became mutual.

"Lawrence!" McKay shouted into the phone. "You fugitive from justice! You get the hell out here right away."

"I'd like to talk to Dr. Hurley," I repeated.

"You can't talk to him," McKay said. "He's with Miss Boyd. She's been quietly having hysterics. You get the hell out here right away or I'll send out a six-state alarm and have you brought here in irons. A jury might take a very dim view of you sneaking off like this."

"Look, Captain, I just want a word with Dr. Hurley."

"You come right out," ordered McKay. "Or else." He hung up.

I WAS surprised that McKay had hung up so quickly. I thought he would keep me talking until he could have the call traced and start his bloodhounds converging on the spot. Obviously, since McKay was no dope, he had other plans. I wondered what he was up to.

Still hanging on to Eddie's wrist, I went back to pick up the heavy prescription book.

"Now what?" Eddie wanted to know.

"We're going back to the Lake."

"Not me," Eddie said. "I'm not going back."

I gave his wrist another round of Grosvenor Square commando tactics. He winced again, but this time he hit me right under the eye. It didn't hurt much, but instinctively I dropped his wrist and smacked him back. It made me a little sick to hit him, because he was obviously not the pugilistic type and I outweighed him by at least sixty pounds. His head bobbed twice, and he dabbed at his nose with a silk handkerchief. I think he was hurt morally much more than physically, but he was quite docile as I dragged him out the rear window of the pharmacy.

We picked up a taxi in Christopher Street and drove to the garage where I had parked Grace's car.

I don't think I glanced at the speedometer all the way to Blindman's Lake. I only know that my speed limit was governed by the age, condition, and original power of Grace's motor, not by the traffic laws. I didn't exchange a dozen words with Eddie, who seemed sullenly resigned to his fate after we got into the car.

As we passed the Stewart place on the dirt road, I planned to go directly to the Lakeside Inn to see McKay. However, I saw a light shining through the naked trees of the hillside above the lake, so I climbed to Grace's cabin. McKay met us at the door.

"Good thing you decided to give yourself up," he said. He glanced at the big prescription book under my arm.

I didn't answer. I pushed past him, seeking Grace. She was sitting in an easy chair, looking wan and exhausted but otherwise natural with a glass in her hand. She always did have her hysterics very calmly, though. She was wearing a pair of fur-lined moccasins that I bought for her when we were in Canada together on a story four years ago. I wanted very much to sit at her feet and say, "Do you remember when?" but this was hardly the moment.

"Hi, Jim," Grace said. "You're just in time to save me from further torture. I've been badgered and browbeaten all afternoon. They've used everything on me except the rubber hose and the lie detector, but I've refused to tell them anything but the truth. Pour yourself a drop of supper, Jim. You, too, Eddie. What brings you back to this rustic scene?"

"Eddie loves the quiet of the countryside," I said. "Besides, he has a confession he doesn't want to make."

Eddie mumbled something, and made a beeline for the bottles.

I said hello to the Stewarts, who were looking very solemn, and I nodded to the Hurleys, who were holding hands on a low divan which was very advantageous to the crossing of Betty Hurley's legs. I poured myself a drink, the Grossbeck prescription book still under my arm. Then I noticed that Henry Pennington wasn't around, which was not at all natural.

"Where's the future senator?" I asked. I went over to sit on the arm of Grace's chair.

McKay glanced at his watch. "We expect Mr. Pennington very shortly," he said, "with roses for Miss Boyd."

"If he brings me any more roses, I'll scream," Grace said.

"If he doesn't bring roses, *I'll* scream," McKay said. "Here he comes now."

A car was stopping outside. There was dead silence, except for footsteps in the dry leaves. Pennington came in, with a long green box under his arm. As he removed his derby, Captain McKay took the box, glanced at the top, announced, "Blue Falls Flower Shop," and with a flourish handed the box to Grace. He was looking very pleased with himself.

Pennington merely said, "Thank you," as he put down his hat and started peeling off his gloves.

I could hear another car coming up the hill.

"Don't take off your topcoat, Mr. Pennington," McKay said. "It's cold tonight, and you'll have a hard time getting your coat back on over the handcuffs."

"What handcuffs?" Pennington demanded.

"These," said McKay. "Miss Boyd says I'd be making a big mistake to arrest you, because you wouldn't kill for love. But I'm going to risk making a big mistake." He snapped the cuffs around Pennington's wrists.

"If this is a joke, Captain," Pennington declared indignantly, "I must say it's in extremely bad taste."

"It's no joke, Pennington. Look behind you."

PENNINGTON turned. Two state troopers stood in the doorway. One was muddy to the knees. The other held a leather brief case that dripped muddy water.

"It's in the bag, Captain," one of the troopers said. "A nice new S. & W. thirty-eight." He opened the muddy brief case and took out a revolver which he handed to McKay.

"Does this look familiar to you, Pennington?" McKay asked.

"You're being completely ridiculous," said Pennington, but his indignation was less loud and ringing. He was pale, except for a pink band at the top of his forehead. "You've already found the gun that killed Norman. It wasn't mine, and did not even have my fingerprints on it."

"Of course not." McKay was smiling blandly. "Even a poor ignorant state trooper would notice that the elegant and immaculate Mr. Pennington wears gloves as part of his faultless attire."

"But I've accounted for my movements—"

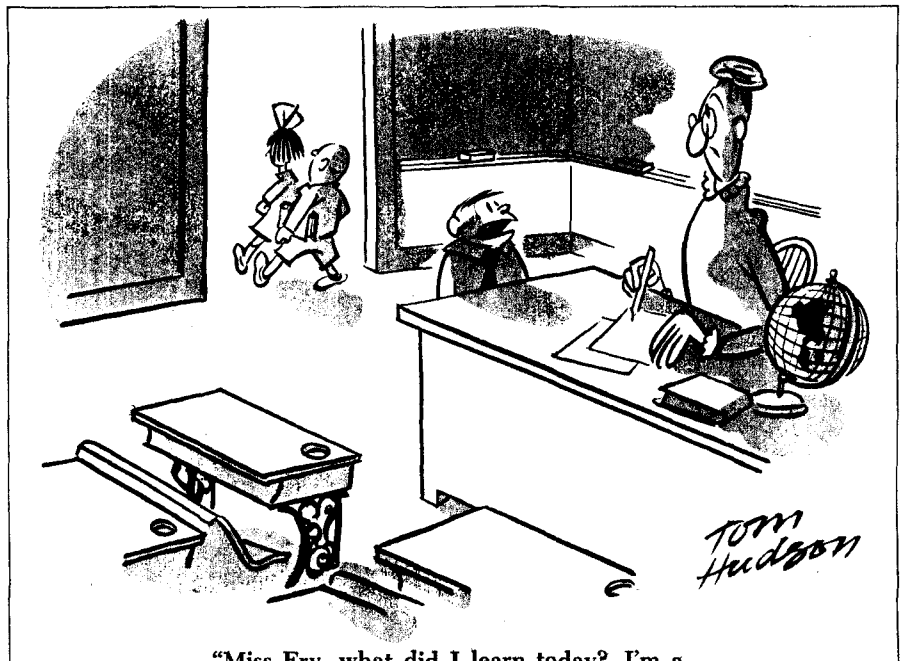
"Sure. Roses. You were buying roses in Blue Falls for Miss Boyd, but on the way to Blue Falls you stopped off at the cabin here to kill Dr. Norman. Why did you buy the roses at the Blue Falls Flower Shop, Senator?"

"Nobody with any sense would bring roses all the way from New York," Pennington said. "They'd wilt on the way."

"Sure, I understand that. But why the Blue Falls Flower Shop, which is in the railway station and about six blocks out of your way? Why not the Main Street Florist, which is the biggest and best shop in town, right on the highway, with plenty of parking space next door?"

"I happen to prefer the Blue Falls Flower Shop."

"I know, I know. Well, I've been thinking about that. And I've also been thinking about Jim Lawrence's story of the camera and the guy waiting in the shrubbery to steal a gun out of Miss Boyd's car. There's a joker in Lawrence's story, too. If a guy came up here to commit murder, he wouldn't just take a chance of finding a gun, would he? Of course not. He'd have a little something fatal of his own, like a knife or a blackjack or maybe his own gun. And when he finds a spare gun, complete with fingerprints, so to



COLLIER'S

"Miss Fry, what did I learn today? I'm a cinch to get asked that when I get home"

TOM HUDSON

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speak, he isn't going to leave his own weapon lying about the premises or concealed on his person or in his car or anywhere in the neighborhood where it might be picked up when the body is found.

"That's why I thought about the roses. The Blue Falls Flower Shop is in the railway station, like I said. And right next to the flower shop is a bank of automatic checking lockers. So I set a watch on those lockers, Pennington.. I turned nearly everyone loose to give you the idea that you were clear. I got the D.A. to hold Miss Boyd so you'd have an excuse to hang around this vicinity. Then tonight—" McKay nodded to one of the troopers. "You carry on from there, Johnson."

"ABOUT forty minutes ago," said the trooper, "Buck and I saw Mr. Pennington go into the Blue Falls Flower Shop. Buck kept watch on the lockers while I got in the back of Mr. Pennington's car and lay down on the floor. Pretty soon he came and got in the car. He put a box of flowers and a brief case on the front seat next to him and drove off. About four miles along, where the road meets the lake, he pulled up and put out his lights. He got out of the car and walked down to the lake. I followed him. He threw the brief case in the lake. I waited for him to walk back to the car, then I fished out the brief case. It wasn't hard. He can't throw very far, and there was a little moon. Then I walked back to the road and waited for Buck to pick me up and here we are."

"I suppose you'll say you never saw this gun before, Senator," McKay said.

"Of course I haven't." Pennington managed to look the picture of outraged dignity, despite his handcuffs. "You're being a fool, Captain."

"Maybe," said McKay, "but I wasn't a fool this morning when you got up from the breakfast table at the inn and followed us to the veranda, Pennington, when we started for the bar. I guessed that you just wanted a chance to get rid of the camera, after you'd fogged the film, by putting it in Mrs. Hurley's room through the window."

"You're being a fool, Captain," Pennington repeated. "What possible motive could I have had for killing Dr. Norman?"

"I think I can throw a little light on that," I volunteered, "with Dr. Hurley's help." I opened the Grossbeck prescription book to the pages I had marked and passed it to Hurley. "What would these prescriptions do to a man, Doctor, if he took them before he had a physical examination for the Army or the Marines?"

Dr. Hurley put on his glasses. "Thyroid extract," he read. "This dose would produce violent tachycardia—"

"Let's keep it clean, Doc," said McKay.

"It would cause an extremely rapid and probably irregular heartbeat."

"Enough to keep a man out of the Army?" I asked.

"Oh, they might bring him back for re-examination, in which case the dose could be repeated. But the chances favor a flat rejection."

"Dr. Norman wrote two prescriptions for thyroid extract which Henry Pennington had filled at the Grossbeck Pharmacy on Christopher Street," I said. "Mr. Pennington was good enough to be very specific about the dates he was physically disqualified for the armed services—luckily for me, because Grossbeck's prescription book is pasted up according to dates only. One prescription was dated April 6, 1943, which I assume was shortly before his draft board physical, and the other on September 13, 1943, two days before the date on which Pennington says he tried to enlist in the Marines."

Captain McKay slapped his thigh. "That's it!" he exclaimed. "I can just see the newspaper headlines that Mr. Pennington thought he was wiping out when he wiped out Dr. Norman: 'Senatorial Candidate Is Draft Dodger. Wealthy Politician Fakes Bad Heart for Phony 4F Status.' Boy, will the jury love that!"

"Where did you collect this mass of misinformation, Lawrence?" demanded Pennington from the icy heights of his crumbling dignity.

I told the story of the Super Fidelity Sound Studios, and the Grossbeck Pharmacy.

"Boy, I sure wish the senator hadn't smashed that recording," said McKay. "I wish I could have heard it. Doc Norman sure was planning to put on a wicked show. Who told you about it, Pennington?"

Pennington did not reply.

Then Grace spoke for the first time, slowly, deliberately, in very low tones. She did not look at Pennington. "I shouldn't be surprised if Norman himself told Henry," she said. "There was something very forthright and honest about Norman's misanthropy. He would probably have put the rest of my good friends in the program to convince me that I had too much faith in mankind generally. But it would have been so like Norman to torture Henry in advance with the knowledge that he was up to something sinister. I—"

There was a flurry on the other side of the room. Pennington's handcuffs flashed as he snatched up the revolver with his manacled hands and raised it toward his head.

McKay sprang at him.

I blinked at a blinding splash of yellow brilliance. The cabin walls roared with the echoes of the shot.

Then Pennington was sitting on the floor, unscathed and undignified, staring at the wisp of vapor curling from the revolver in McKay's hand. The acrid fragrance of burned powder mingled with the smell of singed hair.

"That's fine waterproof ammunition you use, Pennington," said McKay. "But you shouldn't try to shoot that thing around here. Miss Boyd won't like it. Come on, Senator. To the jailhouse."

McKay and the two troopers unceremoniously pulled Pennington to his feet and bustled him out of the cabin.

BETTY HURLEY'S blue eyes were round as she watched the exit. "But, Jerome," she said to her husband, "I don't understand. Did Henry Pennington really kill Dr. Norman?"

"I'm afraid he did, dear," Dr. Hurley said.

"I think that's silly," said Betty. "Why did he kill him?"

"Because Henry Pennington was a draft dodger," Dr. Hurley said patiently. "And Dr. Norman, who showed Henry how to produce symptoms which would get him a false 4F status, decided to expose him. You know, of course, that Norman wanted to marry Grace, but Grace favored Henry. So Norman made a recording which was meant to show Grace that Henry was not the fine, upstanding, respectable citizen that he pretended. He asked a small but talkative group to hear the record played. Such an exposé would mean the end of Henry's political ambitions—a draft dodger could not possibly be elected to the senate. So Henry killed Norman to destroy the record, and to keep Norman from making any possible future disclosures."

"But why were there two guns?" Betty asked.

"Captain McKay just explained, darling," Dr. Hurley said, taking his wife's hand solicitously, "that one gun belonged to Henry. He brought it up here, intending to shoot Norman with it. He parked his car in the woods and waited. While he was waiting, Grace and Mr. Lawrence arrived. Henry saw Mr. Lawrence examining another gun in Grace's car. The other gun belonged to Mr. Stewart. While Grace and Mr. Lawrence were in the cabin, Henry took this other gun, and when Grace and Mr. Lawrence drove to the village to do their shopping, Dr. Norman arrived with his recording, and Henry Pennington shot him. He shot him with the gun that belonged to Mr. Stewart and then left it where it would be found. Then Henry smashed the recording, scattered the pieces in the woods, got into his car and drove to the village. He had his own gun in a brief case which he checked at the railway station. Then he bought roses for Grace and came back to the cabin. You were here when he arrived. Is it all clear now, darling?"

"I suppose so." Betty Hurley sighed. "But I still think it was silly of Henry to kill Norman."

Joan Stewart stood up. "I'm afraid we'll have to be getting back to Tommy," she said, tugging Bob Stewart's sleeve and looking at me.

Betty put her arm around her husband's neck. "We don't have to go yet, Jerome," she said. "It's still early."

"I have an early operation tomorrow," said Dr. Hurley. "We'd better go now. Can we give you a lift, Eddie?"

Eddie was delighted. So was I.

Grace didn't get up to see people to the door. She waved them a limp good night from her chair.

WHEN everybody had gone, I came over and sat on the floor at her feet. I patted the Canadian moccasins. She reached out and put her hand on my shoulder. There were tears in her eyes.

"Am I going on being an awful fool for the rest of my life, Jim?" she asked.

"You're not so awful," I said. "How about another drink?"

"Why not? After all, the week end's not over yet, and I invited you for the week end. We were going to sit in front of the fire, have a few drinks and talk. Do you want to build up the fire, Jim?"

"No," I said. "Let's get the hell back to town. This place still stinks of Pennington."

We had another drink and then we got into her car. I drove. I took the long way round, through Blue Falls, so we could drive along the lake. There was a wisp of a moon, lolling in a feather bed of thick clouds, and the reflections on the lake were very restful. I knew Grace didn't want conversation and I thought the nip in the air and the peace of the night would do her good.

After a while she began to talk, very softly.

"Jim," she said, "I've felt all evening that I'm really the one who murdered Norman. Oh, not exactly. Maybe I wasn't the answer for him. Maybe I couldn't have pulled him out of whatever was wrecking him. But somebody could have saved a brilliant mind like that. Somebody could have saved him—for society. Maybe I really should go on through life, wiping noses for grown-up little boys. Maybe that's my job."

"Maybe," I said.

She didn't talk again for about ten minutes. Then she said, "Jim, I don't know a thing about you, what you did during the last three years, what's happened to you—inside."

"Oh, nothing's happened much," I said. "I had a very comfortable war."

"I want to hear about it. When will you tell me?"

"Are you busy Tuesday?" I asked.

"Tuesday is fine," she said. "Let's have cocktails Tuesday."

"At Blindman's Lake?"

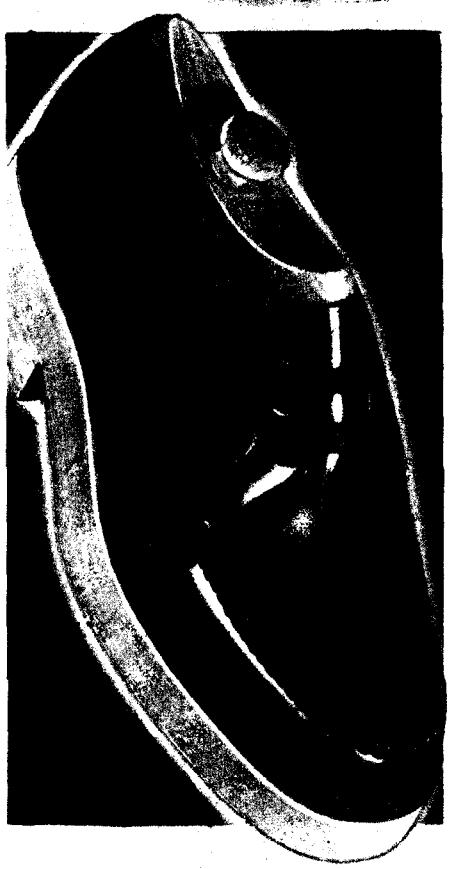
"No, at the Marguery."

"We had our big fight at the Marguery," I said. "Is that why?"

"I'd forgotten about the fight," Grace said. "But I remember that the Marguery is the only place in town where you admit the Martinis are as good as you can make yourself."

I felt very warm inside.

THE END



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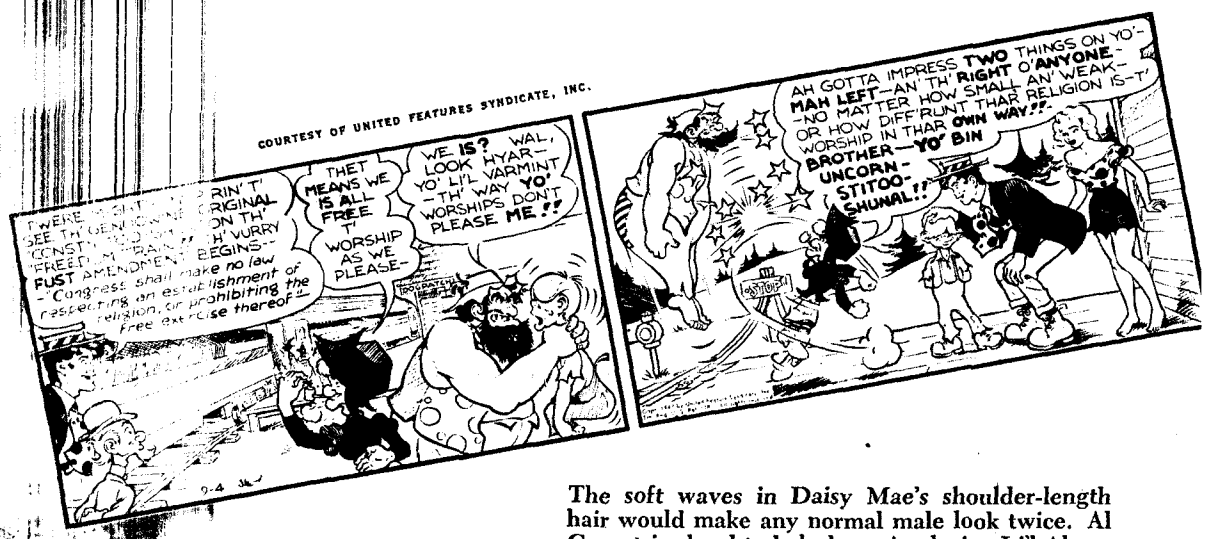
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WE IS? WAL, LOOK HYAR-- YO' LI'L VARMINT -TH' WAY YO' WORSHIPS DON'T PLEASE ME.!!
AH GOTTA IMPRESS TWO THINGS ON YO'- MAH LEFT--AN' TH' RIGHT O' ANYONE- -NO MATTER HOW SMALL AN' WEAK- OR HOW DIFF'RUNT THAR RELIGION IS--T' WORSHIP IN THAR OWN WAY!!
BROTHER--YO' BIN UNCORN- STITOO- SHUNAL!!

The soft waves in Daisy Mae's shoulder-length hair would make any normal male look twice. Al Capp tries hard to help her win elusive Li'l Abner

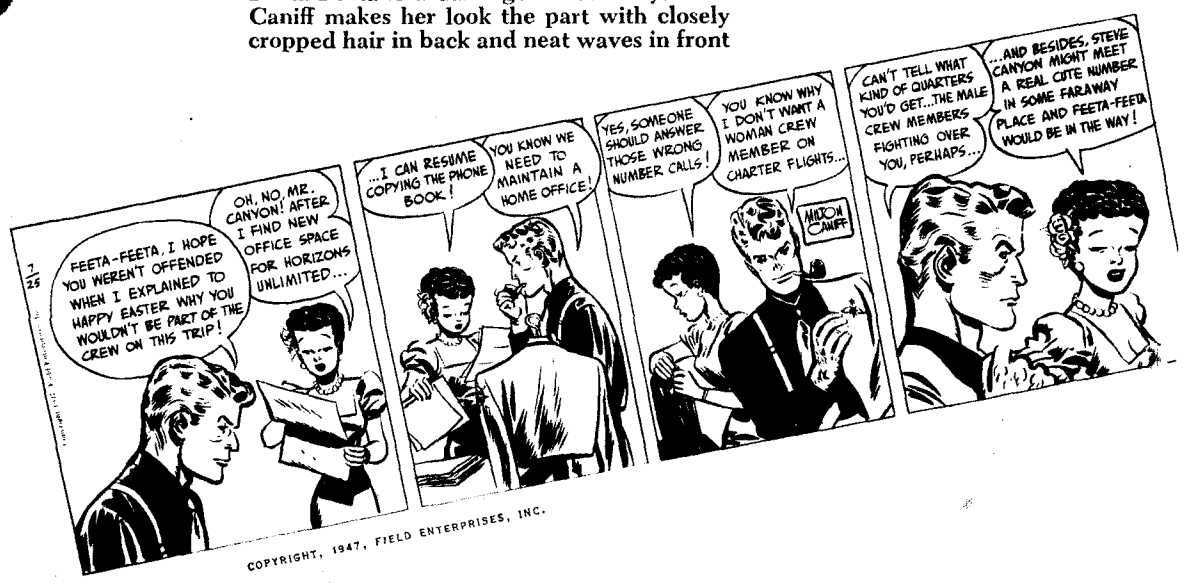
THE COIFFURES

NEXT time milady has a yen for a new hair-do she may find just what she is looking for in the funnies. Comic-strip characters can fly to the moon or perform other superhuman feats, but when it comes to making their females glamorous, the artists are strictly down to earth. The creators of Blondie, Aleta, Feeta-Feeta and Daisy Mae have had to do a great deal of research to set the style of hairdress they have given their glamor gals. Although their approach is different and individual, the results have proved lasting and are still adaptable to real-life models.

Whenever a girl tries to cut her long hair, husband or the boy friend is almost certain to let out a restraining yowl, and she's scared out of doing it for at least another month. The Freudian explanation is that men love women to have lots of hair and that this is a natural male instinct.

Hal Foster exploits this Freudian concept to the fullest extent in his story of Prince Valiant. Princess Aleta, the heroine, uses her hair as a potent love weapon. She loves it to pieces. She brushes it, she braids it, she tosses it around and she makes certain that the prince sees her do it. Valiant, however brave and courageous, is helpless before those long blond tresses. Artist Foster believes it is silly for a woman to be a spendthrift with any part of her beauty. Since hair is part of this happy scheme, the more she has, the better-looking she is. Simple.

Feeta-Feeta is a darn' good secretary. Milt Caniff makes her look the part with closely cropped hair in back and neat waves in front


FEETA-FEETA, I HOPE YOU WEREN'T OFFENDED WHEN I EXPLAINED TO HAPPY EASTER WHY YOU WOULDN'T BE PART OF THE CREW ON THIS TRIP!
OH, NO, MR. CANYON! AFTER I FIND NEW OFFICE SPACE FOR HORIZONS UNLIMITED...
...I CAN RESUME COPYING THE PHONE BOOK!
YOU KNOW WE NEED TO MAINTAIN A HOME OFFICE!
YES, SOMEONE SHOULD ANSWER THOSE WRONG NUMBER CALLS!
YOU KNOW WHY I DON'T WANT A WOMAN CREW MEMBER ON CHARTER FLIGHTS...
MILTON CANIFF
CAN'T TELL WHAT KIND OF QUARTERS YOU'D GET...THE MALE CREW MEMBERS FIGHTING OVER YOU, PERHAPS...
...AND BESIDES, STEVE CANYON MIGHT MEET A REAL CUTE NUMBER IN SOME FARAWAY PLACE AND FEETA-FEETA WOULD BE IN THE WAY!
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PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JAMES SNYDER

CLOTHES COURTESY OF BLOOMINGDALE'S

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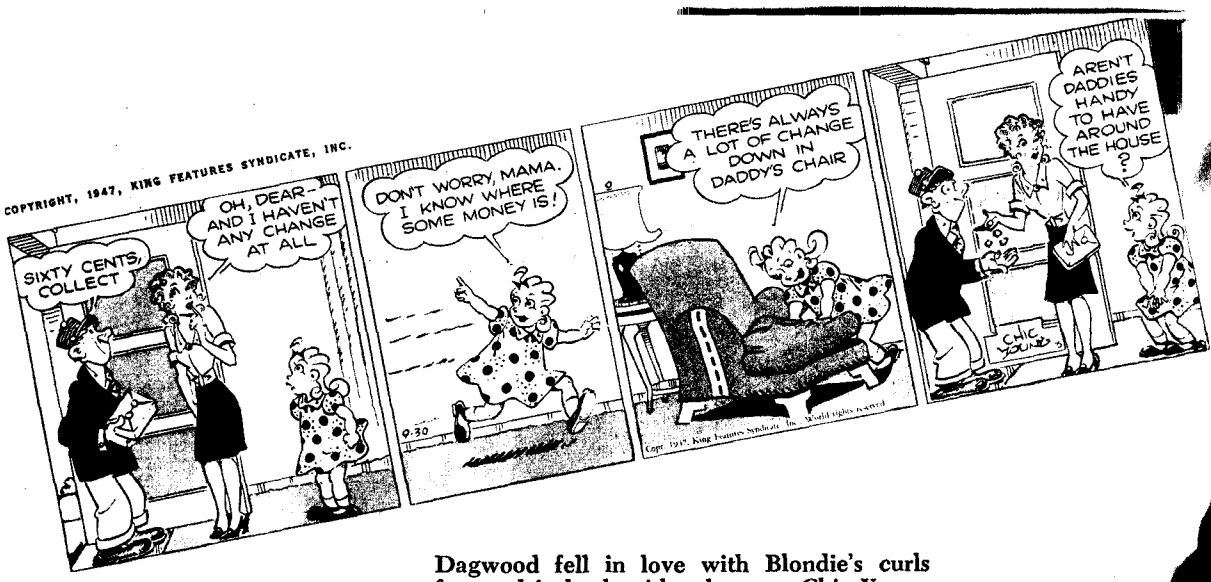

COPYRIGHT, 1947, KING FEATURES SYNDICATE, INC.
SIXTY CENTS, COLLECT
OH, DEAR— AND I HAVEN'T ANY CHANGE AT ALL
DON'T WORRY, MAMA. I KNOW WHERE SOME MONEY IS!
THERE'S ALWAYS A LOT OF CHANGE DOWN IN DADDY'S CHAIR
AREN'T DADDIES HANDY TO HAVE AROUND THE HOUSE?
CHIC YOUNG

Dagwood fell in love with Blondie's curls fastened in back with a bow, so Chic Young still places them expertly to preserve romance

ARE NOT COMIC

BY PAULINE BOWIE

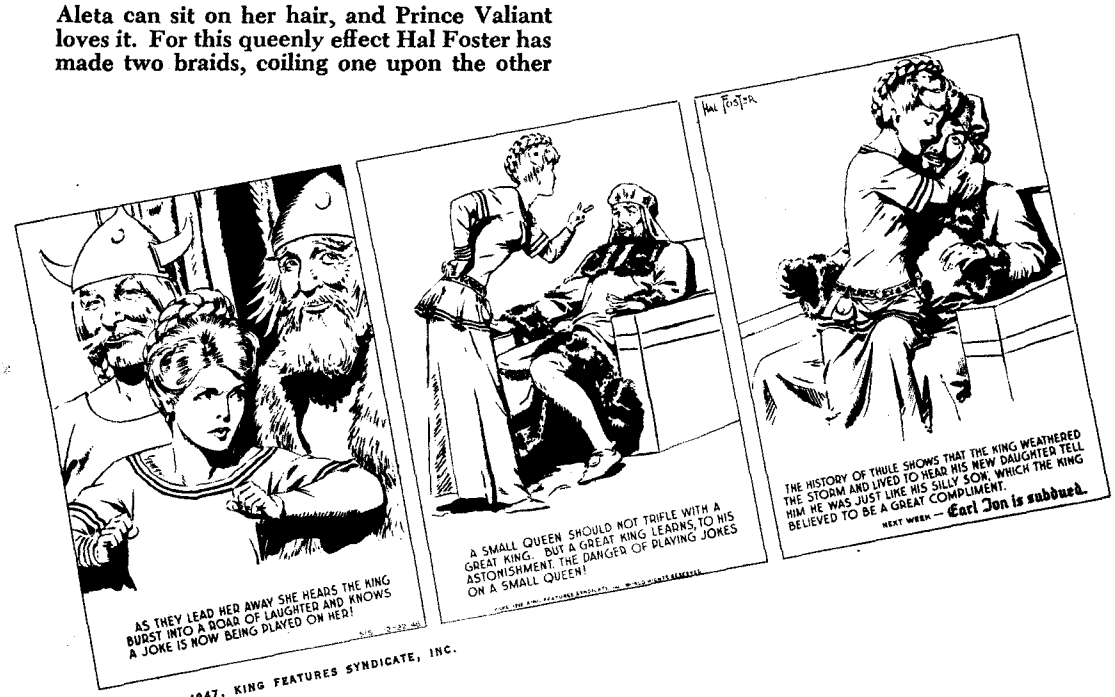
Milton Caniff has another idea. His is a strictly scientific approach. The Caniff girl is a siren or she's naïve; she's not to be trusted or she's a good egg. It's all told in the way her creator parts a bang or slants a wave. He can tell you what dyes are available in some far-flung place because in the comic strip, Steve Canyon, Caniff's girls do a lot of traveling and sometimes need a dye job in a hurry.

Al Capp provides his glamor in a very natural way, but it's none the less irresistible. Daisy Mae, who is undisputedly the most remarkable mountain girl of all time, is the personification of "glamor gal" to most teen-agers. The way she curls her hair has been standard practice among high-school and college youngsters for quite a few years. Evidently it's been successful with everybody but Li'l Abner, which makes him a really legendary character.

There are probably a lot of girls who find themselves in a spot like Blondie is in. Blondie knows that in spite of Dagwood's seeming preoccupation he would never get over the shock if he came home some night and found her with a new hair-do. She knows he fell in love with her the way she is and she wants to preserve the illusion. Chic Young, their creator, has aided and abetted her all these years. He's never changed a curl.

Men are like that; they're like Prince Valiant and Dagwood and Steve Canyon, but thank goodness they're not like Li'l Abner. ★★★

Aleta can sit on her hair, and Prince Valiant loves it. For this queenly effect Hal Foster has made two braids, coiling one upon the other


Hal Foster
AS THEY LEAD HER AWAY SHE HEARS THE KING BURST INTO A ROAR OF LAUGHTER AND KNOWS A JOKE IS NOW BEING PLAYED ON HER!
A SMALL QUEEN SHOULD NOT TRIFLE WITH A GREAT KING. BUT A GREAT KING LEARNS, TO HIS ASTONISHMENT, THE DANGER OF PLAYING JOKES ON A SMALL QUEEN!
THE HISTORY OF THULE SHOWS THAT THE KING WEATHERED THE STORM AND LIVED TO HEAR HIS NEW DAUGHTER TELL HIM HE WAS JUST LIKE HIS SILLY SON, WHICH THE KING BELIEVED TO BE A GREAT COMPLIMENT.
NEXT WEEK — Earl Jon is subdued.

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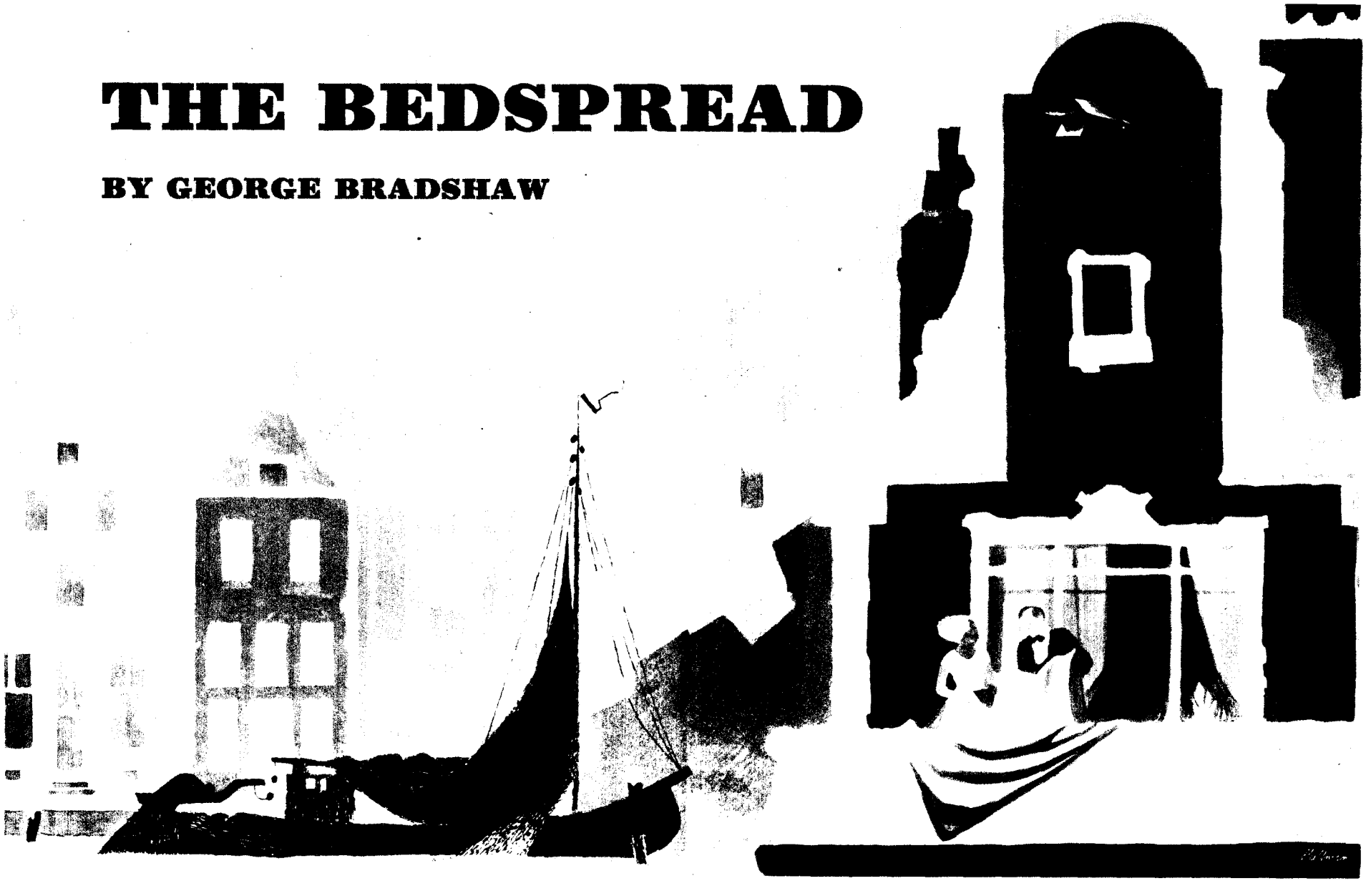
THE BEDSPREAD

BY GEORGE BRADSHAW



I HAD not been in Holland since the early summer of 1939, when I had come to take my grandmother to America. It was then supposed that she would visit us for six months, but her stay had stretched out to eight years, and it seemed unlikely now that she would ever return to her home.

My grandmother never admitted this to herself. She spent a great deal of her time thinking about her house, and when, last summer, I was sent to Brussels by the company I work for, she implored me to visit my uncle and aunt, and bring back a detailed report on—well, everything.

Particularly on a favorite bedspread.

SITTING with and talking to my uncle and aunt in their spotless Dutch drawing room, it was almost possible to think nothing had happened since those long-ago days of 1939; I must emphasize *almost,* for while their house was the same, I had only to look out the window to see the battered scar which had once been the elegant square of Middelburg; *almost,* for though they had survived, I had only to look at their faces to see that nothing could ever be the same.

I have tried many times to understand why, in the weeks that I stayed with them, they told me no stories about the war. I thought sometimes that they wished simply to forget, or that they had talked so much that they were tired of their memories, or that perhaps those years were too horrible to mention, yet I knew somehow that those were not the real explanations. I wonder now if perhaps their silence was not evidence of an extreme delicacy, if they did not somehow feel that since our American experiences had been so easy, it would be impolite to tell me about the valor required of the Dutch.

But they did tell me the story of the bedspread. Perhaps they thought it was a story I could more easily understand.

"And I think your grandmother will appreciate it," my aunt said.

"Well," my uncle began, "you must understand we were very much in need of fats. We had no lard, no oil, nothing like that."

My aunt said, thoughtfully, "I used to dream of a pat of butter. Now that sounds silly, doesn't it?"

My uncle frowned. "It was not silly. We longed for fats as one might long for an absent lover."

My aunt nodded. Her eyes looked far away.

"By that time," my uncle continued, "money was of very little use. People wanted *things,* not money, and they wanted *useful* things. We had got rid of all the little jewels and trinkets and bits of luxury long before; the house was really quite bare of anything that could be used for trade. Except for the bedspread."

I remembered the spread very well. It had always lain rolled up at the foot of my grandmother's enormous bed. It was of black wool, crocheted in a marvelous pattern of whirls and scallops and other designs, and extremely handsome.

"I am afraid it was I who thought of unraveling it," my aunt admitted. "I was so hungry."

"Yes," my uncle said, "I would not have thought of it."

"Well," my aunt went on, "socks were priceless. Nobody had any socks left. So I unraveled just one corner—I took just one corner and knitted a pair of strong heavy black socks. They were fine socks."

"Yes," my uncle put in, "yes. I coveted them, I can tell you. But—" He made a gesture of sensible resignation with his hand. "I, too, was hungry. I took the socks one night to a farmer I knew and came back with two pounds of butter."

"Two pounds!" My aunt's eyes sparkled. "Two whole pounds! One of them we saved, but the other we divided and just ate, like that, with no bread, nothing." Suddenly she looked at me, embarrassed. "This must sound strange to you."

"No, no," I protested.

"It was a feast," my uncle said, remembering.

My aunt looked rueful. "Yes," she said, "that other pound lasted us a month, but I'm afraid—well, it spoiled us. We wanted more."

My uncle laughed. "So, you can imagine what happened. Little by little, we unraveled the bedspread. But never more than just enough to make a pair of socks."

"The farmer was very good to us, very honest," my aunt said. "He always gave us our two pounds. He could have cheated us, you know, for of course that sort of thing was strictly forbidden by the Germans."

"He was a good man," agreed my uncle. "Well, the bedspread lasted us for two years. It was with fear and trembling we saw it getting smaller and smaller, for things were growing worse here in Holland.

"Finally," my uncle went on, "we unraveled the very last bit of the yarn. And then a very unhappy thing happened. Very unhappy. There was enough yarn for only one sock. We kept it for six weeks, until finally we were desperate."

My uncle nodded. "I decided to take the chance. There was nothing to lose in any case. I could only be refused and return home empty-handed. Well, I was empty-handed anyway."

My uncle sat up in his chair. "So I went to our farmer. I can't tell you—I felt very embarrassed, I did not like to beg, but I had no choice. I told him straight out I had only one sock." My uncle stopped and smiled. "And then a very miraculous thing happened," he said. *"The farmer gave me two pounds of butter for the one sock!"*

BOTH my uncle and aunt turned and looked at me, and I knew from their expressions of mischievousness and delight that my amazement showed on my face.

"But why?" I asked.

"That is just the question I asked the farmer. 'Why?' I said, 'why?' And this is what he told me. 'My wife,' he said, 'is unraveling those socks you bring and crocheting them into a bedspread. She needs just about this much more to finish it. It is worth two pounds of butter to make her happy.'"

Later, my uncle said, "So tell your grandmother her bedspread is quite safe. After the war, you see, we arranged to buy it back. The pattern is slightly different, but the wool is the same—"

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

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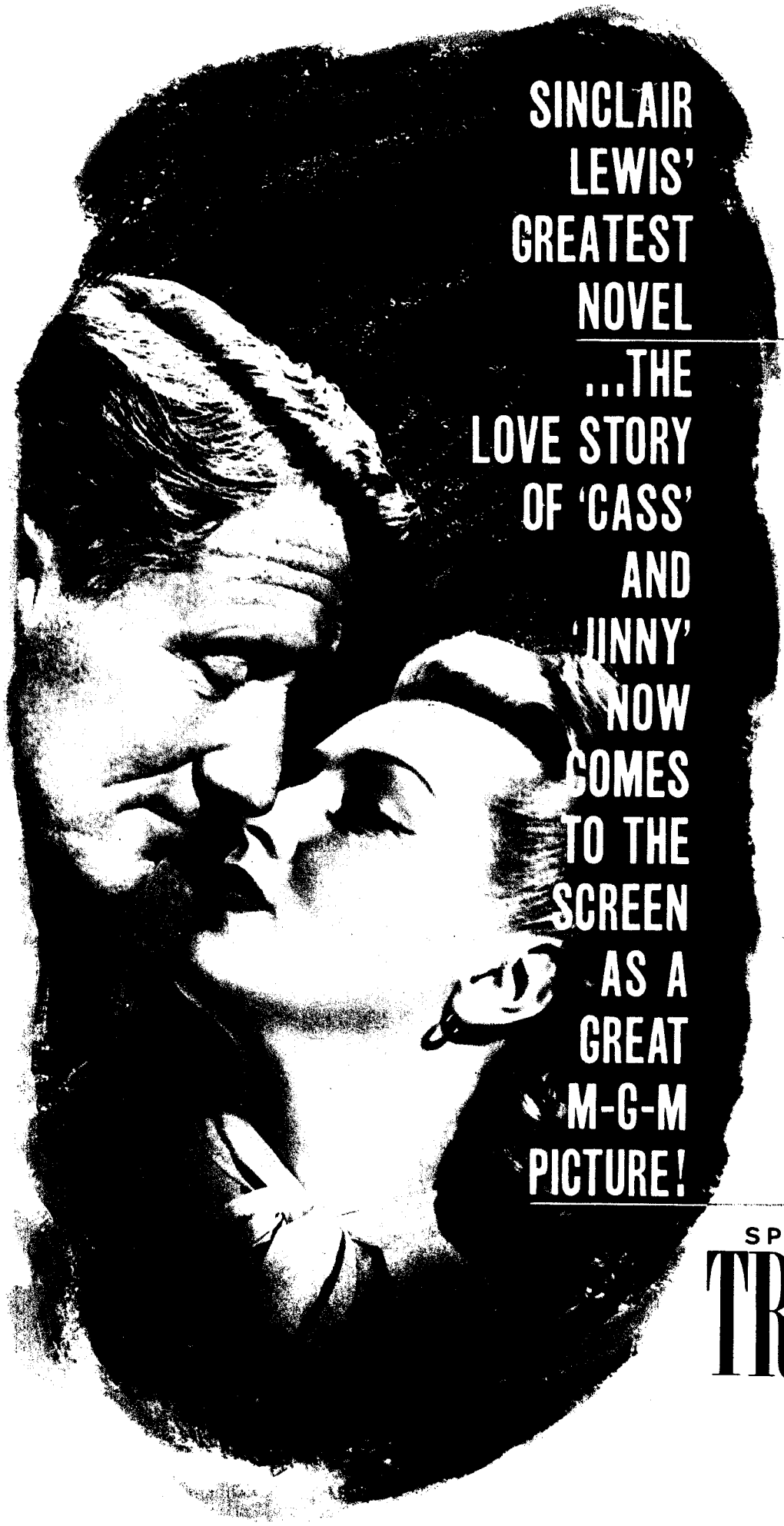

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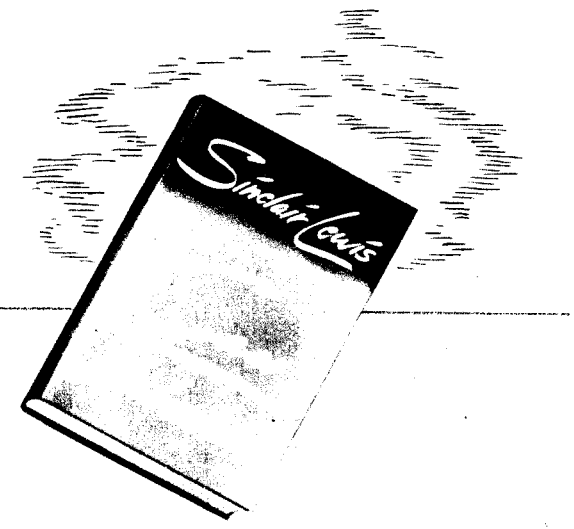

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THE FLYING BIETILAS

BY PHIL DROTNING

Three Bietilas at the Seattle Olympic tryouts. Left to right: Walter, James Lawson, Roy, Ralph and Sverre Fredheim. Walter, Ralph and Fredheim made the Olympic team

BOB AND IRA SPRING

Skiing's most famous family is the Bietilas, who, for a quarter century, have won ski meets all over the nation. And two of them won places on the 1948 Olympic team. It's a family of champions

THE American Ski Annual doesn't list it, but the headquarters for American ski jumpers is the kitchen of a simple cottage in Ishpeming, Michigan. There, when the Upper Peninsula is blanketed with four feet of snow and the mercury drops to zero, at least three champion ski jumpers gather each day around the gleaming kitchen range to drink nectar from Ma Mary Bietila's steaming coffeepot.

Ma Bietila's kitchen, for four months of each year, looks like a rural sporting-goods store. It is cluttered with skis and straps and bindings and waxes. It is a dull day when only three jumpers meet there, for there are that many—including two 1948 Olympic skiers—living right in the cottage. Ma, whose beaming smile conceals a wise head and a warm heart, is the mother of the famous Bietila brothers, the wonder boys of American ski jumping.

Two years ago, with her boys back from service and her husband, Jacob, no longer alive to counsel them, Ma saw her first ski meet.

Ma's absence at previous meets (she enjoyed her first one, by the way) does not indicate a lack of interest. She wanted her boys to have a warm house and a good meal to come home to, and that meant staying there to put wood in the stove. And, of course, there was the coffeepot. She had to keep that hot.

Ma was as proud as anyone when Walter was picked for the 1936 Winter Olympic ski team. Her face gleamed when three of her boys, Walter, Paul and Roy, were selected for the American team which was to have competed in Norway in 1940. Leonard set a national senior-class distance record, which he still holds, and Ralph, her youngest, set unbroken junior and Class-B national records, and Ma beamed and picked up the coffeepot when the boys returned, victorious, to her kitchen.

Last winter Ma saw Walter off to Norway, where he represented the United States in the colorful ski meet at Holmenkollen, and a couple of days later saw Ralph place second to Joe Perrault, another Ishpeming boy in the national ski meet. A few weeks later she sent both of them, along with brother Roy, off to the Olympic tryouts on Olympian hill, near Seattle. All three placed in the first six on the opening day of the tryouts, but Roy lost out when he fell on the second day.

Walter and Ralph, along with Joe Perrault, Sverre Fredheim of St. Paul and Art Devlin of Lake Placid, were chosen to jump for the United States in the 1948 Winter Olympics in Switzerland.

For our money, Ma Bietila deserves some sort of award for valor. She has taken care of her boys for 36 years while they risked their necks at the most dangerous sport you can find, without once suggesting that they quit skiing and spare her some anguish. When Paul, the best and bravest of them all, took a horrible fall in an intercollegiate meet at St. Paul, Ma left her home for the first time in her life to be with him as he lay in the hospital, fighting for his life. Then she brought his body home to the biggest funeral Ishpeming had ever seen.

The other sons wondered whether she would worry if they continued jumping after such a shocking tragedy. Ma said only, "Paul would want it that way."

The beaming hospitality of Ma Bietila is an irresistible lure. Ishpeming annually sends more jumpers into competition than any other city in America, and Ma's kitchen bulges with them. They come there not only for coffee, but because they know the Bietila brothers as the most generous jumpers in the business, always willing to share their skiing tricks with others. Fellow skiers expressed their feelings about the Bietilas in 1942 when the American Ski Trophy Committee broke a tradition to award its ski trophy to the entire family, including Ma and Jacob, for making the greatest contribution to skiing of any American family.

Recognition of this sort in ski jumping is a significant tribute to courage, for there is no more hazardous sport. The only thing that restricts the casualty lists is the fact that few men not skilled and confident ever tackle the big hills. During the last prewar year there were only 1,400 ski jumpers in competition in the United States, and the Bietila brothers were right on top of the heap.

Wisdom of the Ski Trails

Ski jumpers ride the big hills because they love to ski and can't resist the challenge of an unconquered slope. The good ones, as the Bietila brothers will tell you, begin skiing when they are too young to be frightened, and by the time they come to know fear they love the sport too much to quit. They don't think as much about winning as about giving everything they have. One sports writer put it: "It doesn't make any difference to ski jumpers which one wins. Their business is trying."

Back in 1911, Jacob Bietila, a Finnish immigrant, slaved in the iron mines of Ishpeming and devoted his spare moments before Christmas to making a present for his eldest son. While the snow flew by the windows, he fashioned, with loving care, a fine pair of hickory skis.

Jacob was not an expert skier. In his native Finland he had skied not so much for pleasure as for transportation. Anselm, his son, was only 4 years old when he got those three-foot skis for Christmas, but he learned to use them that very winter.

At 5, Anselm took a lesson from some of the older boys, who were leaping off hills all around Ishpeming, and began jumping on a hill back of the Bietila cottage. He was only 10 when he approached his father one morning and reported that they were having "some kind of a tournament over on Brasswire Hill." Could he go?

Another father might have objected, in which case the world would never have heard of the Bietila family, but Jacob believed in letting his sons develop self-confidence. He advised them, encouraged them, but never treated them as children. If Anselm thought he was good enough for the tournament, then let him ski.

When Jacob returned from the mines that night he was met by his son, face flushed and eyes bright, clutching three cards in his hand. Anselm was so excited he was unable to talk. He just handed the cards to his father.

Jacob read them. The first card attested that Anselm Bietila, age 10, had competed against the finest skiers of Upper Peninsula Michigan and had won first prize as the best jumper in the meet. The second card said that Anselm Bietila, age 10, had won first prize for the best form in the meet. The third said that Anselm Bietila, age 10, had won first prize for the longest jump in the ski meet on Brasswire Hill.

The first Flying Bietila had won his first tournament.

Anselm became the tutor for his younger brothers. He taught five more of Jacob and Mary's sons to jump, and Laila, the only daughter, was forced to learn in self-defense, for the family lived for skiing. The winter evenings were spent waxing skis to a perfect finish, mending bindings, criticizing

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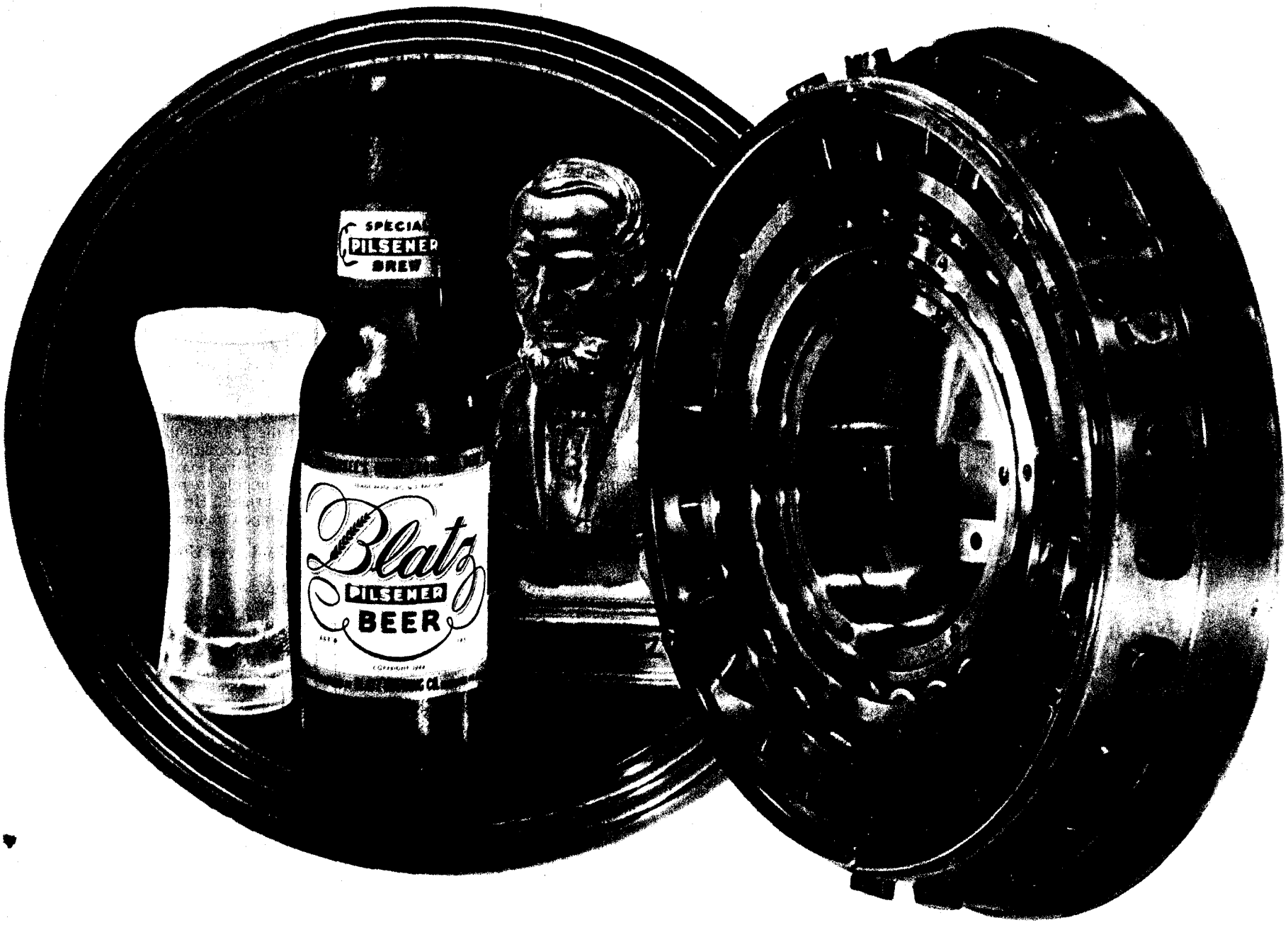

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Absorbine Jr.

form, and wrestling playfully on the kitchen floor.

Each of the boys began skiing at 4. Each began jumping at 5. And when Suicide Hill, the nation's largest natural slide, was built near Ishpeming, Anselm Bietila was the first jumper to ride it. The other brothers climbed the 800 feet to the top of Suicide when they reached 10, strapped on their skis, leaped down the slope and flew from the take-off. Paul couldn't wait that long. He rode Suicide when he was 9!

All of the brothers became great skiers. By 1938, all six were to compete in the same meet. And the father, Jacob, counseled them carefully, not about skiing, but about sportsmanship.

"A winner today," he said, "will be a loser tomorrow, but a good winner today will have friends tomorrow." It was good counsel, for of friends the Bietila brothers have thousands. They have conquered hills and hearts too.

Eldest Brother a Great Teacher

Anselm Bietila became a great power jumper, short on form but supreme on distance. At 17, he set a Class-C (boys) record. His hill record on Suicide stood until the scaffold was made larger. In 1931 he competed in the Olympic tryouts and won on distance but lost out on form. Anselm became a great skier, and a greater teacher. He shared with his brothers, and with anyone else, everything he had learned about skiing, and all of the brothers became as good as or better than he was. Now 40, he has retired from competition, but still skis.

Leonard, now 38, matched the performance of his brother and was a strong contender for the 1932 Olympic team, but it wasn't until he began skiing in senior class (men over 32) that he reached his peak. In 1942 he set the senior-class jumping record of 238 feet, which still stands.

That year, with Walter in the Naval Air Corps, Roy with the Marines in the Pacific, and Ralph in the Navy, Leonard joined Anselm in retirement.

The third of the brothers to enter competition was Walter, now 31 years old. When he tackled the slope in back of the Bietila cottage, the brothers knew that he would be great, and before long he was giving them lessons on form.

"One of the first things I remember about skiing," Walter recalls, "is breaking my leg when I was 6. Ma didn't say a word."

Old enough for the senior class, Walter still elects to compete in Class A, against the toughest competition American ski clubs can offer. He's an all-round athlete, playing baseball well enough to have had an offer from the New York Giants. He turned it down because it would have cost him his amateur standing and kept him from the ski scaffolds.

Theoretically, Walter should be past his prime, but instead he continues to improve. In 1946, fresh out of the Navy, he placed second to Art Devlin in the national tournament at Steamboat Springs, Colorado, and then went on to beat Devlin in both the Central and Eastern championship meets. In the central meet he jumped farther on his poorest leap than his closest competitor jumped on his best one. All told, he placed first in eight major tournaments in 1946.

Last winter, Walter missed the national tournament because he was representing the United States at the Holmenkollen meet during the same week. A leg injury hampered his performance there, but he came home to jump a few weeks later in the American Olympic tryouts and place second to Joe Perrault.

Walter competed with the 1936 Winter Olympic team at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, in the Bavarian Alps, but placed only fourth among the American skiers. He was thrilled at skiing in the Alps, for it was there that Joseph Bradl, an Austrian, set a world record which still stands. He leaped 350.96 feet at Planica, Yugoslavia.

Walter was tremendously handicapped in that Olympic competition. Two weeks before the meet he jumped against Sven Ericson, the magnificent Norwegian, in a pregame competition. On their first ride, Ericson beat him by three feet. Determined to do better, Walter decided to stretch his next jump despite wet snow and a brisk cross-wind snowstorm.

He stretched too far. The result was a brain concussion which kept him from practice until the day of the Olympic competition.

In 1941, Walter won a National Ski Association of America trophy as the "Best American-born Skier," a trophy, incidentally, which was put up by Dr. Harold C. Bradley, of Madison, Wisconsin, in honor of Paul Bietila. Both Walter and Paul lived with Dr. Bradley, himself the father of seven skiing sons, when they attended the University of Wisconsin.

Roy Bietila, now 27, was picked along with Walter and Paul for the American team which was to jump in Norway in 1940, as a substitute for the winter Olympics, canceled that year because of the war. The Nazis got to Norway before the Bietilas did, however, and the meet was canceled. Like Anselm, Roy is a powerful jumper, and does best on big hills. He has won both Class-C (boys under 18) and Class-B (boys over 18) Central championships, and until 1946 held a 236-foot Ishpeming Hill record.

Roy has held hill records all over the nation, but most of them were broken while he served with the Marines. He is credited with the longest unofficial leap in the family: 285 feet on Pine Mountain slide in 1942.

Ralph, the youngest Bietila, now is 23. In 1941 he tackled Pine Mountain slide at Iron Mountain and added three feet to the previous 218-foot Class-C distance record. The following year he raised the record to 225 in a jump at Ishpeming and then went on to Iron Mountain to jump 261 feet in Class C, a record which probably will be standing when all of us have long white beards. Ralph also holds the 258-foot national Class-B record, won the national Class-C championship in Seattle in 1941, and has twice won the Central Ski Association Class-C honors.

Last winter Ralph placed second in the national championships at Ishpeming. Then at Seattle he won his place on the 1948 Olympic team by making the longest leap of any contender—a magnificent 268-footer.

You may have noted that several of the Bietila records were established at the 1942 meet on Pine Mountain slide at Iron Mountain, Michigan. It was a day that few ski-jumping enthusiasts will ever forget, for most of the distance records set that afternoon still stand.

More than 20,000 spectators were on hand for the opening of the Pine Mountain meet. The day was clear and cold and the snow as fast as it ever gets. Torger Tokle, the wiry, 22-year-old Norwegian jumper, who had set a 288-foot American distance record at Seattle the year before, was on hand, and so were four of the brothers Bietila.

The crowd was expecting a great performance, and they were not disappointed. Virtually every record in the book went by the board. A breathless crowd watched Roy Bietila leap 285 feet, only to have Tokle stretch his second leap to 289, a new American record which still stands, although Tokle died with American ski troops in Italy.

Leonard Bietila set a new senior record that day, and Ralph Bietila established a new record for Class C, both still unbroken. The judges credited Walter Bietila with the most beautiful jump of the day, or any other day, for that matter, but the 253-foot distance, terrific under ordinary conditions, wasn't enough. On special leave from the Navy, Walter had been unable to practice and his timing wasn't right. His best jump was 273 feet, the longest he had ever made.

Paul Was Utterly Without Fear

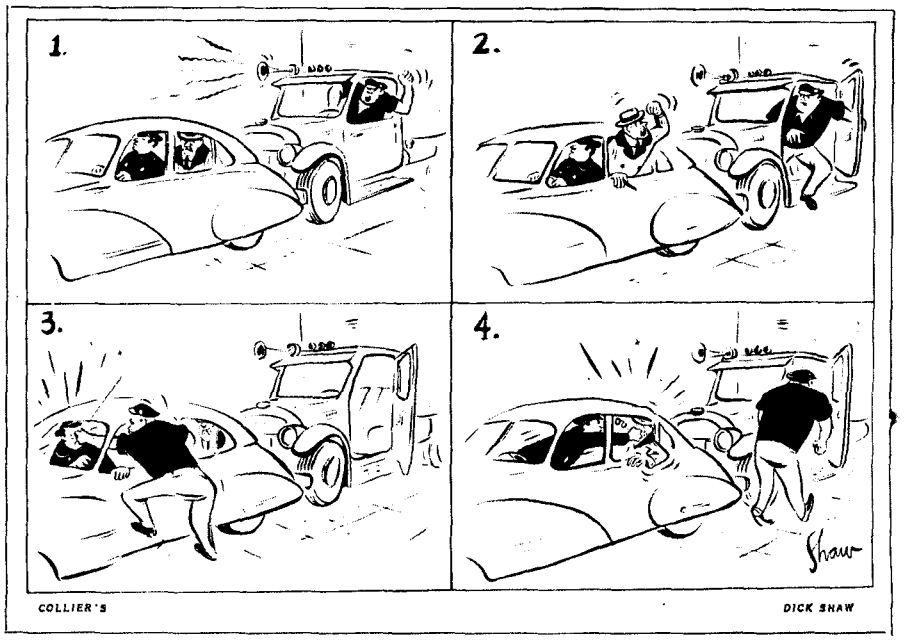
Impressive as the other brothers are, the story of Paul Bietila is even more sensational. Older than Ralph and Roy, but younger than Walter, Paul did not know the meaning of fear.

Every ski jumper gambles with his life when he rides a big hill. He must aim himself like a cannon ball. Two flags are placed at the top of the landing slope for sighting, and the skier, as he hurtles down the chute, tries to take off directly between them. If his aim is bad he is toying with death.

A dozen things can go wrong. The jumper, if his timing is bad, may jump too soon, and lose his balance. He may jump too late, which is a sure invitation to injury, since he will somersault and perhaps land on his back. He may leave the take-off with his skis pointing downward, and at 65 miles an hour the wind will flip him into a somersault.

Or, the rider may overjump the hill. The landing slope is steeply built, so that the skier will continue to drop after his skis touch the snow, thus lessening the shock of landing. If a rider overjumps the slope and lands in the dip, or on the flat, the shock may well be leg-breaking. Remember, a 285-foot jump, such as Roy made at Iron Mountain in 1942, is only 15 feet shorter than a football field!

Because of these dangers, most riders test a hill before they attempt maximum distance. Paul Bietila was the exception. Arthur Barth, secretary of the National



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Ski Association, says, "Paul Bietila never in his life made a jump without putting everything he had into it. He often landed in the dip."

This daring caused Paul to break more skis than all his brothers combined. He was often injured because of his refusal to do less than his best. When he was 17, the brothers were invited to Fox River Grove, at Cary, Illinois, for an exhibition on the Norge Ski Club's new hill. No Class-C jumpers were to compete in the meet, for it was felt that the hill was too dangerous, but the officials recognized Paul's ability and permitted him to ski.

True to form, Paul was the first rider off the new hill. His first leap was 198 feet, for all practical purposes out in the flat, and the judges could feel the shock of his landing half a block away. Then Alf Engen, the great professional, took his first ride. He jumped 163 feet. Paul climbed the scaffold and rode it again. As he started down, the huge crowd stopped breathing. The skillful little 17-year-old again landed on the flat, and the judges pondered the distance.

"Paul Bietila has just jumped 201 feet," the loud-speaker boomed out.

The judges held a hurried consultation. The hill must be improperly designed, and too fast, they said. At this rate someone was sure to kill himself before the day ended. Hadn't they better shorten the take-off to cut down the distance?

Why the Course Wasn't Changed

Art Barth, who knew Paul well, spoke up. "Don't bother shortening it," he said. "There isn't a Class-A jumper on the hill who will stretch as far as Paul."

They left the hill as it was. Engen's 163-foot leap was the longest of the day, except for those of Paul Bietila. Paul jumped four times: 198 feet, 201 feet, 197 and 200 feet.

At 12, Paul set an American Class-C record of 185 feet, later broken by Ralph. In 1936 he won the national Class-C championship, and in 1937 and 1938 was national intercollegiate champion. Before his death, he made one jump in Class A—the class of champions, for you must hold three wins in competition to qualify—and placed second in the national meet to Burger Ruud.

Had Paul been more than 17 in 1936, he would have competed with Walter in the Winter Olympics. At 15 he entered the Milwaukee-Oconomowoc meet and collected more points than any other skier in any class, A, B, C or senior. He set hill records at Lake Placid, Ishpeming, Ironwood, Madison, Cary, Alston and Munising, Michigan.

The Lake Placid experience is one Walter will never forget. He and Paul went East to compete in the intercollegiate championship and worked all day on the slide, getting it ready for the meet. This is work the skiers usually do themselves, just as professional parachute jumpers like to pack their own chutes. At dusk the job was not quite finished, but the scaffold had been packed within 15 feet of the top, and Paul announced that he would try one ride.

The other skiers were aghast. It was almost dark, the hill was not ready, and worse, a slack cable was stretched across the landing slope, near the bottom. Paul heaped snow over the cable, making a mound across it just three feet wide. Then he climbed the scaffold, ran down the bare boards of the top 15 feet and started down. He left the take-off with perfect form, landed expertly, zipped over the buried cable and left the assembled jumpers standing with their jaws hanging.

The most dramatic story of Paul's career is the final one. On February 8, 1939, Paul and Walter were in St. Paul, representing the University of Wisconsin in an intercollegiate ski meet.

Paul had been suffering from a severe cold and didn't practice with his brother at first, but finally came out to watch him.

Once out at the slide, Paul couldn't stay off his skis. There was a bad cross wind and Paul knew he was in no condition to jump, but he just had to try one ride. He whizzed down the scaffold and jumped with all his might, but his knees buckled when he landed, and he "caught an edge," which sent him careening off the outrun at an angle.

The outrun at St. Paul crosses a ravine. After landing, the skier must cross a narrow bridge across the ravine. Paul couldn't make it.

He hit a cable at the edge of the ravine at tremendous speed, and it acted like a huge rubber band. Paul was flipped against the bridge railing and then tumbled into the creek below.

"I was standing just a few steps away," Walter recalls, "but there was nothing I could do. We picked Paul up and took him to the hospital. He had an injured back, a jaw broken in three places, some broken ribs and a brain concussion."

As the Shadows Gathered

Paul was taken back to the university infirmary at Madison, where it was felt he could get better care, but he contracted pneumonia and meningitis in addition to his injuries. The combination was too much.

A few days before his death, Walter and Roy were scheduled to go East to participate in the Olympic tryouts, but they decided not to go. They couldn't leave Paul for he had been unconscious for days and probably wouldn't live.

Art Barth recalls:

"Paul hadn't spoken for days, and couldn't possibly have known what day it was, but somehow he seemed to. Call it a miracle, if you like. He seemed to know that his brothers shouldn't be by his bedside, that they should be on their way East for the tryouts.

"Just an hour before their train was to leave, Paul opened his eyes. He smiled, looked at his brothers, and whispered, 'Go.' That was the only word he said, and it was the last word he said."

Walter and Roy went East and they won, but Paul died before their return. A plane brought them back to Ishpeming for the funeral, and there they found virtually everyone who counts in American ski jumping. It was a wonderful tribute to a magnificent family.

THE END

YOUR ICE-AGE ANCESTOR

Continued from page 15

The following day Dr. Romero, Arellano and myself were back at the site, excavating, digging carefully with knives and trowels. First we found the arm-bones. They were flexed, with the hands crossed one above the other. The hands were empty. The leg bones, which soon appeared in the clay, were likewise flexed, and drawn up to where the chest must have been, a crumpled position assumed perhaps in the agony of a death wound. There were a fragment of one of the hipbones and a few foot bones, but of the spinal column a few vertebrae only.

Three hundred yards away had lain the remains of the colossal beast whose huge legs and skull had been unearthed in the construction ditch. Arellano had examined this skull, and beneath the bones had found a small splinter of volcanic glass.

Obviously this was part of a primitive tool which had been used to cut away the hide of the mammoth.

Now, precisely how ancient was our find? Luckily a reliable geological time marker was at hand; a fossil soil which could have formed only during the dry climatic phase which followed the ice age, some thousands of years ago. The skeleton had lain 14 inches below that time marker, without the slightest trace of subsequent disturbance. Therefore I feel reasonably certain that Tepexpan man lived anywhere from 10,000 to 15,000 years ago.

Tepexpan man doesn't fit into existing theories. First of all, he is not the long-headed, small-statured type that most anthropologists have visualized as the earliest inhabitant of the Americas. On the contrary, he was rather tall, some five feet eight inches, and his head was of medium length, almost short, in fact, like the Mongoloid type.

His face was both primitive and modern, in that the eyes were overshadowed by strong brows, and the chin was as pronounced as that of any modern Mexican Indian. He was not handsome, even by ice-age standards, considering the broad nose and the mouth disfigured by faulty teeth. In fact, the last time his face opened in a wide grin, probably at the sight of a juicy mammoth steak, he exposed almost toothless gums except for the lower front teeth.

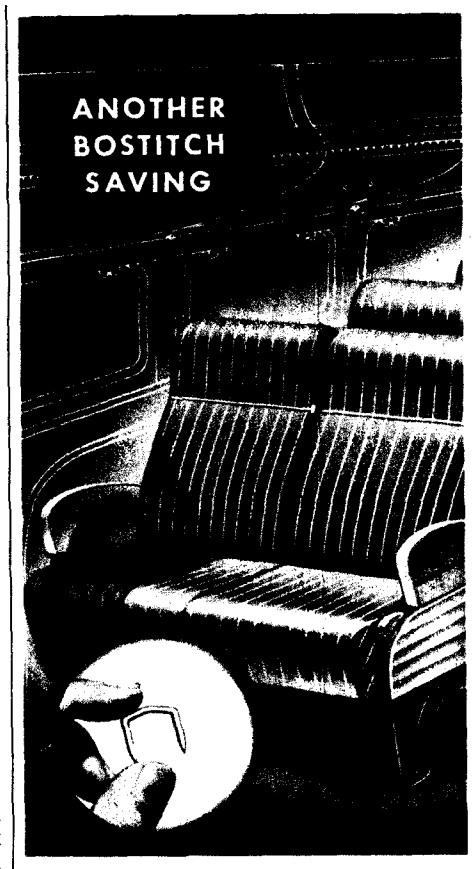
This early American was a member of a clan which had had the wisdom to escape the bitter cold of the ice age by migrating south to sunny Mexico. Tepexpan is just a dot on that vast migration route, which stretches southward from Bering Strait in Alaska along the eastern flank of the Rocky Mountains. The campsites of these mammoth hunters are scarce. Some of the best are found in Colorado and New Mexico. Brazil and Peru, and possibly the very tip of South America, bear scattered traces of this first great migration of Asiatic peoples. Finds of stone implements similar to mine had been made first at Folsom, New Mexico, in 1926. But mine was the first fossil man from the subtropics of North America.

Climate was cooler in the days of the great migration, and prolonged rainy seasons had transformed many valleys into lakes. Then came a change. Summers became drier and rains scarcer. Lakes shrank or vanished entirely, and new soils covered the swamps wherein both man and mammoth had perished. Geologists date this event about 10,000 years ago, and in doing so have projected a major archeological problem. For as the climate changed, the hunters of big game must have lost their hunting grounds. What sort of people had succeeded them?

This prehistoric emergency appears to have been met by a new type of man, who was considerate enough to leave his visiting cards on the Tepexpan hills. These were in form of round milling stones, and some tools with a flat underside and a crude conical handle—implements which undoubtedly were used to beat out the pulp of the fleshy leaves of agave plants for the manufacture of fiber and the extraction of juices. Tools of this sort appear at various places in the valley in identifiable geological formations.

So here, at last, seems to be the answer to our problem—a nomadic people with habits of fruit gathering and small-game hunting had followed the hardy hunters of big game. To them, after countless generations, had come the greatest of all prehistoric revolutions—the knowledge of farming. Up from the south came the growers of maize, beans and squash to lift the nomads out of their primitive living standards.

THE END



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HUMAN EAGLES

Continued from page 26

$1,000,000, members have already subscribed almost $3,000,000—and expect to give more. Interest on the fund will be used to provide necessities and schooling, through college, for children of the more than 4,000 Eagles killed in World War II.

You can't help being impressed with things like that. But there is one more point you can raise.

"Look," you can say, "you're telling me a lot of stuff about national headquarters and national activities—but don't forget, living is always local. I'm only in one town, and that's what's important to me—the town I'm in, and the things that go on there."

Nobody will argue with you about that.

"To the average Eagle with a paid-up receipt," Hansen says, "the F.O.E. is a purely personal affair."

Actually, it's as personal as sitting in a poker game in the clubroom with three aces before the draw—and knowing the dealer is honest. It's as personal as entering one of your kids in a Sunday-afternoon amateur contest, and knowing the folks will make him feel good, no matter how many clinkers he blows on his tuba.

Suppose you live in Cedar Rapids. It's a city of about 75,000 and it's typical America—fifteen or twenty nationalities mixed up together and getting along all right. Every religion you can think of. Lots of farming. Some sizable industries, like the Quaker Oats mill and the Fruehauf trailer plant. A big Rock Island railroad yard. Plenty of local pride.

The Eagle aerie there is typical, too—more active than most, but made up of the kind of people who turn up in the F.O.E. everywhere.

Charlie Kacer is secretary of No. 2272. It's a full-time job now, and he's given up the printing shop he used to have. There are 3,500 members, and he gets 10 cents per month per man for managing their affairs, plus 5 cents more for office expenses. His wife, Peg, helps out in the office. She's pretty; it's a pleasure to pay your dues to her.

Meet the Aerie Officers

You can get an idea of the kind of fellows in the lodge from the officers they have elected. Max Hahn, the president, is a thirty-six-year-old Irishman, a printer by trade, who's practically batty about amateur theatricals. Pretty good at that sort of thing, too.

John Yuva is Junior Past Worthy President—that means he was president last year. He's supervisor of some FHA apartments and trailer camps around Cedar Rapids. John fell down the stairs at the aerie a while back and broke his right hand, but when you walk in he shoves it at you, plaster cast and all, and gives you that big hello. He's a Bohemian—does an impressive job on a dish of roast pork or *svickova* and *kinuty knedliky* at Bill Dytrt's place on Sixteenth Avenue.

Al Cours, a Frenchman, who runs a radio shop, is vice-president. Irwin Shaw, the house painter, is chaplain. The trustees are R. P. Mathews, forty-three, a Dutch plumbing contractor; Joseph Schmitt, fifty-seven, a German maintenance foreman at the Link Belt Company plant; and Harold Kline, thirty-eight, an Irish sheet metal worker. Most of the boys think they're doing a great job.

So—suppose you pay up and join—what have you bought for yourself?

There's plenty of activity. Between last November 2d and December 4th, for example, the Cedar Rapids aerie had 23 social affairs in 33 days.

In the course of a year, there are 52 dances. There are four smokers a year, with food, vaudeville and games, plus an outdoor smoker. The family picnic every summer draws about 3,500 people. There's a rabbit hunt every fall, and, after it, a "hunt dinner," with an attendance of about 900. There are four "prospect parties," during which newcomers are shown around the place; half a dozen bingo parties; a "producer's banquet" for members who've brought in the most recruits; a regular meeting every Wednesday night and an initiation once a month. You can help entertain 1,500 kids at the Christmas party, bring your wife or mother—or both—to hear the Mother's Day musical program, and fetch the household en masse to the monthly Family Party.

Between times you can compete in the bowling tournament and play on the aerie's golf and softball teams. If you've a mind to, you can make like an actor with the Eagle Players, march with the uniformed 16-man exhibition drill team (it won third place at the 1947 Iowa State Eagle convention), or tootle a trumpet in the 35-piece concert band. If you're slightly less enthusiastic, you can still march in the Memorial Day parade—or if you're utterly sedentary, the clubroom is open seven days a week for poker, pocket pool and a running game of Spit in the Ocean.

DON'T SHED ON ME

The gal who wears
An Angora sweater
On heavy dates
Will soon learn better
Or else be starred
In a pitiless purge
By beaux in telltale
Dark blue serge.

—Ethel Jacobson

Reasonably palatable liquor is on hand, and if it gives you a jolt, it won't be in the pocketbook; a highball costs 40 cents. On Saturdays and Sundays you can get a pretty fair tenderloin steak with French fries and coffee in the Submarine Room for a dollar, or an excellent hamburger with a side order of the same for 30 cents.

If you gnaw too lustily at the bottle, either Charlie Kacer or one of the trustees will be around suggesting subtly that you take on some nourishment before going home to face the little woman—and if you happen not to appreciate the hint, there's an intercommunications system between the two bars which will shut off your liquor quicker than you can say, "Hit me again." Or if anybody notices you're taking a consistent licking at the gaming boards, you can be "posted"—which means you're closed out of all the friendly sessions with the pasteboards until you've had three months or so to smarten up.

You won't be able to get a check cashed in the office (except to cover dues) because a long time ago somebody observed that fellows who wanted quick cash were always just about to fill an inside straight.

The trustees decided it was better for you to arrive home with your check plus your hopes for the future than with all those regrets and a phony story for the groceryman.

You won't be able to get a drink after midnight, either, although other clubs in Cedar Rapids stay open until one. It occurred to Charlie Kacer that it's that last hour that makes hang-overs; the club can get along without the six or eight cents it would have made on your nightcap.

And the F.O.E. follows you home, too. If you get sick, the aerie's physician, Dr. T. F. Hersch, will come around to see what's wrong, and if he sends you to the hospital, a member of John McGowan's Visiting Committee will drop in with the well-known cheery word. If you should need a transfusion, the aerie will find a brother of the right blood type to supply it free. It will also send over a basket of fruit or flowers ($3 worth). And if it turns out that you were as mortally ill as you thought all along, you'll be comforted to know there'll be a floral spray at the funeral (up to $10). Then, too, there are those cash benefits.

Funds for Public Welfare

Then there are the community and welfare activities. Aside from the wartime campaigns that the Eagles engaged in along with most other clubs and orders, Aerie 2272 contributed $1,000 a couple of years ago to help finance "Club 119" for Cedar Rapids' teen-agers, and $7,500 to the Eagle Memorial Fund. It presents local Civic Awards—the two so far having gone to a fireman who saved two children from drowning and a swimming instructor who averted a suicide in the Cedar River.

Most of the activities are for kids. Eagles seem to be people who have a lot of kids themselves, and who like 'em. Every summer the Cedar Rapids Eagles sponsor about 20 boys at near-by Camp Wapsie, paying $8 a week for each youngster and letting him earn the other $2 himself. The aerie also furnishes movies and boats for the camp and ribbons for the tournaments. At the suggestion of the police department a while back, it got together a number of local orders to work on setting up a recreation center in urban Sinclair Park. It contributed $1,100 to that project.

Every March it holds a kite-flying contest for kids five to sixteen years old and supplies prizes. In May there's a marbles and jacks tournament, open to grade-school children, that draws 1,100 entrants from all of the town's 22 schools. It holds a field meet every July and an ice-skating derby in January. From October to June it provides swimming lessons for any youngsters who want them, and every Sunday from October to May its amateur contest for children is open to anyone up to eighteen—with small cash prizes and an appearance on the local radio station as incentives.

One of the best activities of the Cedar Rapids aerie is the new Well Baby Clinic that was started last November. (Establishment of clinics of this kind is to be the Eagles' big national effort in 1948.) Any preschool child in town can be brought to the clinic for examination by Dr. Hersch and a Public Health Service nurse.

One thing is certain: Whether it's the welfare activities or the social affairs, the outfit's political impact or its cash benefits, every Eagle you run into is so much in love with the F.O.E. that it's almost embarrassing to talk about it—like overhearing something you shouldn't on somebody else's front porch.

Tony Galento, the ex-heavyweight, who is an Eagle in Newark, New Jersey, seems to have summed it up in a way that most of the boys think is the most convincing knockout of his career.

"This America must really be a great country," Galento said after his own initiation, "if a wonderful organization like the Eagles will take in a bum like me."

THE END

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THE THIRD MONKEY

Continued from page 12

satisfactory. Unpredictable, you might call the market of late. Undoubtedly everything was safer and saner now under the SEC; and yet, secretly, Mr. Blake sometimes missed the wild rough-and-tumble, the glittering, golden peaks and dark, dark valleys, the fabulous fortunes and jumping-out-windows failures, the clever schemes and fantastic corners, the madness of margins, the fight for life on the floor—all the lusty, cutthroat violence and banditry of the past.

Well, everybody had been younger then; the country had aged a lot in the years of a second World War. Many, many things had changed.

Women in the firm, for instance. Once it had been against the policy of Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock to employ women. During the war they had seeped in; some had gone when the men came home, but a few remained.

NOTABLY, Mrs. Hitchcock, sitting across the desk from Mr. Blake. Mrs. Lois Hitchcock. Had she a husband? Certainly she had had one. There was an enticing aura of experience about Mrs. Hitchcock—she looked smooth, polished, enhanced by experience.

Mr. Metlock was sold on her.

His last letter, dictated but not read, had said: "She's a ball of fire. My idea we could have one like her in every branch if we could find one. Move with the times, women are here to stay. I'm sending her out on this tour to look for youngsters. My wife doesn't like her, but women buyers do. They think she'll make 'em enough money to look like her. Men like her too. See what you can do about digging up somebody out there that we can train to do the same kind of a job. It pays."

His round, bland, shrewd blue eyes upon Mrs. Hitchcock, Mr. Blake wondered why Mrs. Metlock didn't like her. Reese Metlock had never mixed business and pleasure. Besides, it had been Mrs. Metlock's money, inherited from her first husband in Detroit, with which Metlock had bought his partnership; she still had strings on it, and Metlock was no fool.

Mrs. Hitchcock did not seem to mind the silence; she waited composed and at her ease, her eyes on an industrial chart above his head.

"Julie Ives," Mr. Blake said, coming back to the matter in hand. "Father was with us for years—he and I were customers' men together. Behanna—Larry Behanna. Remarkable feller. Sell Martinis at a W.C.T.U. convention. I—I was fond of Larry, very fond of him."

Wistfulness crept into that last sentence. Mrs. Hitchcock lowered her eyes and regarded him thoughtfully and had a remarkably exact picture of the two great pals of the roaring twenties—Behanna, the swashbuckling, handsome gambler who sold by sheer personal fascination—and Blake, the commonplace, conscientious young man who plodded along behind. Now, Blake was head of Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock's Los Angeles office and Larry Behanna was—where?

She asked, and Mr. Blake shook his head. "Died in '29," he said. No need to tell her how or why; he had no wish to revive that Black Thursday and what its crash had done to Larry Behanna's careless, optimistic schemes. "More than any of us," he said, "he had a flair—a feel. Julie, I think, has some of it too, and she's been after me for a job. Mr. Metlock wrote you wanted to look them over—"

"What makes you think she has a flair?" Mrs. Hitchcock said—"Just the bloodline?"

A little grin swept Mr. Blake's face. "As an investor," he said, "she's done very well. She's been selling air-lines and aircraft stocks short all this month. Of course she's using nickels and dimes, but—I know a lot of smart operators didn't see that one—"

The telephone rang. "New York," he said, while he waited for the connection. "Excuse me a minute."

He was talking to New York when his secretary showed in Mrs. Ives. So the two women met and spoke and judged each other without his interference. But glancing up at them, Mr. Blake had an odd impression that they were somehow alike, which seemed silly, for no two women could have been more different in

every external attribute. Nevertheless he felt it: There was something—something vital, fundamental—that was alike. . . .

Julie had been thinking about Mrs. Hitchcock for hours—through a sleepless night, through a morning of deciding what to wear.

"Is it so important what you wear?" Dink had said, yawning from his twin bed.

"Clothes are always important."

After a moment's concentration, she laid aside a sport dress of canary-colored rayon. It was one of the most becoming dresses she had ever owned, but the offices of Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock were downtown and a sport dress wasn't—wasn't quite right.

Turning back to the closet, Julie swore under her breath. For three years, ever since they had moved into this house after Toby was born, Julie had sworn at the lack of closet space. This one she shared with her tiny daughter.

A woman ought to have a closet of her own if she was going to keep her things nice, not have to pack them in with Dink's old sport coats and sweaters and everything.

Not, Julie thought, that I have so many—but I have more than I would have had if I hadn't been right about that air-line stock.

Her hand hesitated over a two-tone green print with a startling burnt-orange jacket. That was new and expensive, from a very good house, and everybody raved about it. But instinctively she felt it was the wrong note. When it came to extremes, she had better not enter into competition with New York—yet.

From the edge of the bed, Dink said, "Julie—" She glanced at him over her shoulder. He looked huge, too big for the little bedroom with its dormer windows. Quietly, he said, "You're n—do you really want a job now that I'm home?"

If she heard him she didn't answer. When she turned she had a hanger hooked over her fingers and her face was intent. White. You couldn't go wrong with white ever, and a suit was always safe in the daytime. Wine-white, they called it, with a wide leather belt studded in brass.

Oddly enough it was often something Dink said which determined her choice. Never let the other fellow sucker you into fighting his fight, Dink said. He said one reason Jack Dempsey was so great was because he always fought his own fight. Mrs. Hitchcock was New York. She must be forty. She was rich and successful and famous and she had been around. But Julie Ives could look twenty in a white suit, and appealing, even helpless—and by no means dangerous to another woman.

FACE to face with Mrs. Hitchcock in Mr. Blake's office, Julie was sure her choice had been wise. It didn't matter exactly what Mrs. Hitchcock wore, she was dressed like a New Yorker, she was dressed the way women dressed in New York. There was no way to explain it. Nobody could explain the difference between a Rembrandt and a really good copy. Not in words. There it was—you saw it. The good imitators sometimes wore bracelets of real sapphires designed to look like costume jewelry, and custom-made shoes with no holes either in the toes or the heels. Even then, they were only copies. Mrs. Hitchcock was the real thing.

Envy welled in Julie Ives' throat until she could taste it. I can do it, too, she said to herself, if I have a chance.

Smiling at Mrs. Hitchcock she said, "I'm Julie Ives," and Mrs. Hitchcock nodded; she went on fitting a cigarette into a small gold ring set on the end of a stick of sapphires which she held carelessly.

That's it, Julie Ives thought hotly. She doesn't seem to know what she's wearing nor care—that was what one had to learn: the air—the manner—the conviction that these things were elegant because Lois Hitchcock wore them and for no other reason.

Everything that Julie Ives had ever wanted, with deep and terrible passion, stood before her.

This reality of her dreams certainly didn't look like a third monkey. It looked like a superdrawing in a fashion magazine, captioned Career Woman. Movie stars, Julie's only standards to date, became caricatures.

Behind the slim, distinguished figure of Mrs. Hitchcock those things which Julie craved seemed to float across an imaginary screen: a big, dark quiet car being driven up Fifth Avenue by a uniformed chauffeur, while people on the sidewalks craned their necks to see the elegant lady within; a little house, a real New York house, in the East Sixties, full of fine priceless things—fur coats, jewels, rare perfumes, Georgian silver, huge satin puff quilts, vintage wines—all the things of luxury to make life easy and gorgeous and beautiful; opening nights with all eyes turning to see Someone coming leisurely, indifferently, down the aisle and the rustling whisper, "That's Julie

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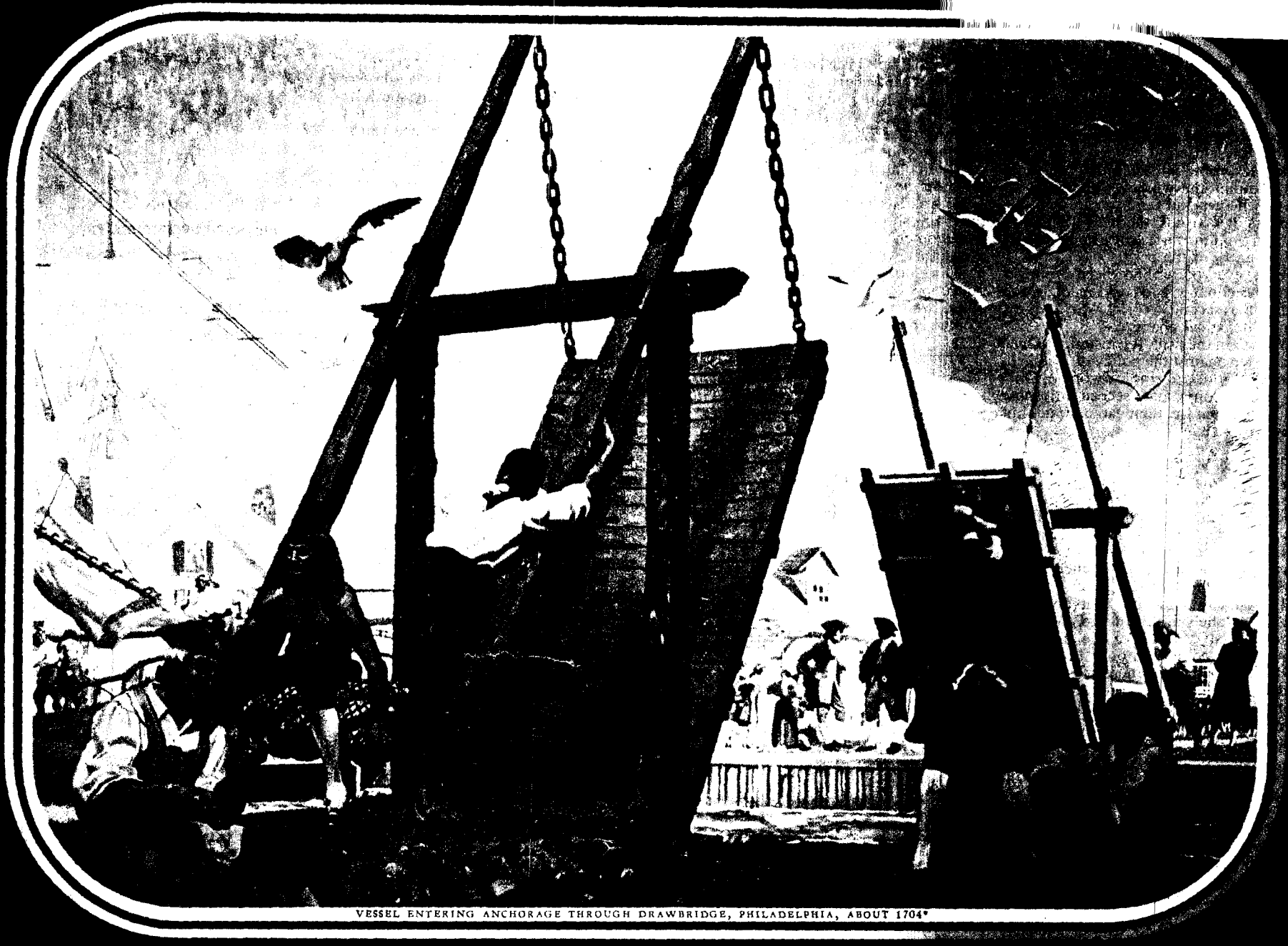

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Ives"; headwaiters bowing low; buying—buying—buying—in the shops on Madison Avenue—

The sound track was brief, and always the same: *"That's Julie Ives."*

Yet there was nothing about the moment in Mr. Blake's ordinary office to suggest that it was cataclysmic; nothing revealed to the others the thudding of Julie's heart.

They went to lunch at Mr. Blake's club. Mrs. Hitchcock drank three Martinis. "It's amusing to drink at lunch," Mrs. Hitchcock said. "One can't in New York, the market hasn't closed yet."

Talk was scattered, desultory, indifferent. Mrs. Hitchcock made no effort about it at all. She mentioned casually that she couldn't make up her mind whether to accept an invitation to Arrowhead—a movie producer and his wife who were clients of hers. Mr. Blake said Arrowhead was lovely, and Mrs. Hitchcock murmured, "Mountains. I loathe mountains. And deserts. And oceans. I've stopped pretending. When I was younger I did silly things about golf and sailboats and horses—all that outdoor nonsense. After all, I can remember when it was considered common for a lady to put her well-shod foot on the ground—and I'm a reactionary, old-fashioned as hell." She laughed. When Lois Hitchcock laughed, you stopped everything else to listen.

Then, without preamble, she said to Julie Ives, "I should think you'd rather go in the movies—you're right here—and your looks—I thought everyone here wanted to go into the movies."

Julie said, "There are about a million people out here who haven't anything to do with the movies, there really are. Buying and selling fascinates me—I love it—and—all that money." She looked full at Mrs. Hitchcock. "I think money's very important."

Mrs. Hitchcock said, "That's refreshing—" She always seemed to leave her sentences unfinished.

A little dusky flush ran along Julie's cheeks, under the clear olive skin. Almost defiantly she said, "Perhaps it's vulgar but—I'd like a lot of money."

Mrs. Hitchcock put a cigarette into the gold ring and said, "Vulgar? Why vulgar? The whole United States of America loves money. We put it above everything, and then smear it with humbug and hypocrisy and nobody says openly that they love money, it's not considered polite. But do you know anyone personally who won't do anything for money if he thinks he won't get caught? I saw a man on Eighth Avenue the other day sell a returned hero who had only one arm a six-dollar pair of pants for twenty-eight dollars. Money. There's nothing vulgar about money. When you find the right word for it let me know."

COFFEE and brandy had arrived, and Julie Ives wondered if Mrs. Hitchcock always ate so little.

"There's a big market for selling in the movie crowd," Mrs. Hitchcock said, sipping her brandy; "they earn a lot."

"They all have business managers now, though," Julie Ives said. "But I expect I could sell to them or any customer, after I learn a little more. I've spent a lot of time in the board room, watching, and I'd study and work very hard and I do seem to know about trends and—"

"That will be important to you if you expect to make yachts for yourself," Mrs. Hitchcock said; "but it's not, actually, very important to me. Such very odd people have a great deal of money now, don't they? What I want in a customers' man—" As usual, she left it unfinished, but she kept staring at Julie and after a while she smiled.

Julie wanted to say more, a great deal more. But Mrs. Hitchcock seemed to have lost interest. In Julie Ives. In the club. In solicitous Mr. Blake. She glanced at the watch on her wrist. "I've an appointment," she said. "Can one get a taxi? No—no, don't bother. Thank you for giving me lunch."

Eyes turned from all over the room as she stood, pulling on her gloves. Lois Hitchcock seemed unaware of them. She said, "Are you married?"

"Oh, yes," Julie Ives said.

"Then you won't want to come to New York," said Mrs. Hitchcock.

Julie's fingers tightened convulsively on the tablecloth; the glasses tinkled faintly. "Yes, I will," Julie said. "Dink won't mind—he won't object—not really—"

One of Mrs. Hitchcock's white-gloved hands made a violent gesture of protest. She bent forward and looked into Julie's eyes. A second ticked—and another.

With a little shrug, Mrs. Hitchcock straightened. She said, almost harshly, "Nobody could stop you. Nobody ever stops anybody." To Mr. Blake she said, "Send her along, I can break her in better there. She can sell. Enthusiasm is a new line. Let me know—"

Headwaiters did things about clearing a path for her, a path which didn't need clearing. Julie was trembling all over.

But Mr. Blake was feeling a little guilty himself at the thought of Larry Behanna's daughter going off to New York like that on her own, leaving her husband. When he was young he'd have fought like a hooked marlin if his wife had gone off to New York.

New York. Frankly, that was what troubled Mr. Blake. To him, New York was a place of turmoil and madness, of too much drinking and too many shows, unholy hours, cocktail parties that kept going until nine or ten before a man got his dinner, lunch dates that went on into cocktail time.

Everyone said it was different if you lived there. That young man in the New York office Mr. Metlock was so hot about—Baring, his name was, Philip Baring—had said that the last time Mr. Blake made his trip East. Of course if you come for a visit, he'd said, you crowd into a couple of weeks what we do in a year. We live perfectly normal lives, just like other people.

Mr. Blake didn't believe that.

To him New York represented the peak of ambition, of money-making, of all that he liked least about America, and now that he had been instrumental in putting Julie's feet on the trail leading to it he had an urge to put out his hand and hold her back.

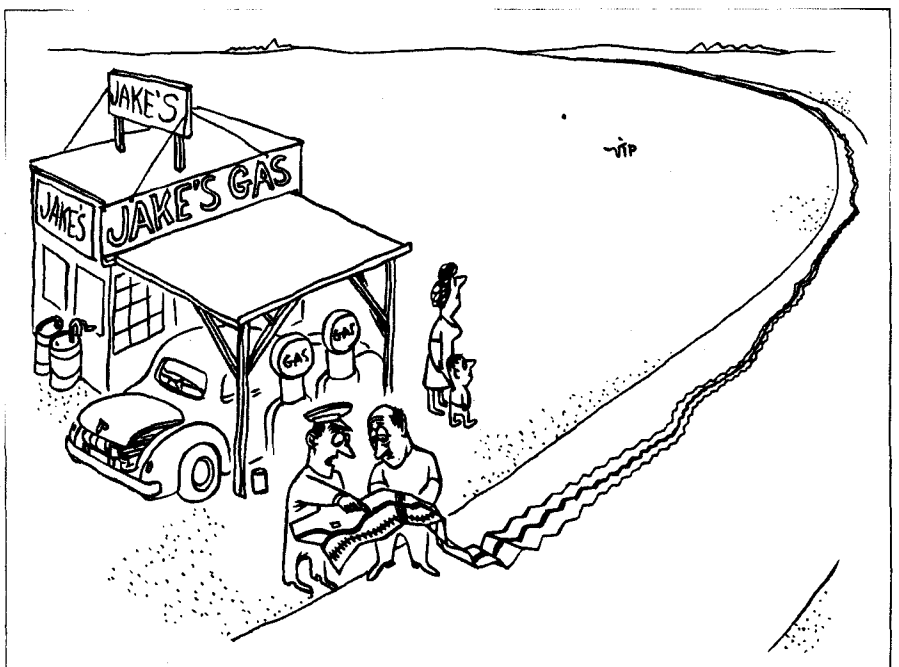
His lips were open to say some of those things when Julie looked up at him. There were stars in her eyes. Her voice sang with triumph, with joy. Under that barrage, Mr. Blake wilted to silence. Well, well, youth must be served. He pursed his lips and speculated on the handsome Philip Baring, and Mrs. Hitchcock; he wondered how Julie would work out in the big leagues.

DINK wasn't home when Julie Ives got back from the momentous luncheon.

It was almost five o'clock by then, because Julie had stopped at Lillian Taylor's to tell her the big news. In spite of her flippant assurance to Mrs. Hitchcock concerning Dink, Julie had made up her mind to wait for the right time and place to tell him. As Dink himself often said, timing was almost everything. For all his sweet disposition, Dink had moods. Not many. But some.

The visit to Lillian had been satisfactory. Lillian's eyes popped right out of her head when she heard about New York. "I always knew you were going places," Lillian had said, without envy. "You've been wasting your talents selling War Bonds and the Red Cross around here. You belong in New York."

Soothed by this hearty acceptance, Julie had issued invitations. "You and Randy come in Sunday night for supper; the ball games are in the afternoon, so Dink'll be home. I'll ask the rest of the crowd, we'll celebrate."—Which committed her to breaking the news to Dink before Sunday. This was Friday.



"Now just follow this road and she'll take you right in to Harpyville"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

The Ives house was small and white, with green shutters that shone in the late afternoon light. Around the two patches of lawn, showing too much brown at the end of a California summer, ran a white picket fence, about two feet high. That was Dink A white picket fence, he said, was something he had always wanted. Over the left side of the house climbed the Cecile Brunner which Julie's mother, Liz Behanna, had sent them for Christmas two years ago. Julie's mother ran a nursery—flowers, Julie always added hastily. Liz had always been crazy about flowers. She specialized in old-fashioned roses, like the Cecile Brunner, and she was doing well. Dink had planted and tended the giant plant carefully, and it had thrived; now it was heavy with the clear little pink clusters, and the spicy scent of it hit you the moment you turned up the walk.

Dink wasn't home, but Toby was, ensconced in her high chair while Susan got her supper out of small cans of approved child's food. Nobody could be fussier about anything than Susan was about Toby's diet.

"Hi, peanut," Julie said.

Toby said, "Hi."

"You smell mighty sweet," Julie said, kissing the top of her head.

"You smell sweet your own self," Toby said.

Julie laughed. "Mine comes out of a bottle," she said, "and yours is just you."

"What does yours come out of a bottle for?" Toby said with interest.

Toby was square—her Dutch ancestry showed there—she had a square little face and her hair, in infinitesimal pigtails tied with tiny bows behind her ears, was the color of flax. Not a bit like me, Julie said, she's all Dink. But Dink thought she looked like Liz Behanna.

"Mine comes out of a bottle because it's the only place I can get a nice smell," Julie said. "Susan, did Mr. Ives phone whether he'd be home for dinner?"

"No," Susan said. "There isn't anything in the icebox."

"He'll probably eat downtown before the ball game," Julie said. "I don't want anything but tea. I had—a big lunch."

Her impulse was strong to regale Susan with the glorious news. Better not. Everybody envied her Susan. I'd rather have a full-time nurse for the baby than a maid, Julie had decided when she came home from the hospital. Of course she hadn't nursed Toby. The doctor said it was better to wean them and get them on a formula at the hospital, because most girls like Julie didn't have enough milk anyhow. "You young women who smoke and drink and play games and stay up all night and race around all day, your breasts are getting smaller as your feet get larger," the obstetrician had said. "None of you will stick to a nursing schedule, you'll want to go away for a week end, or go dancing, or get a job. You women who bear your children without pain and never hold them to your breasts won't have what it takes to bring them up properly either."

JUST the same, Julie had been sure it was better to have a nurse. After all, housework and cooking with all the modern conveniences could be done when you wanted to do it, and they ate out a lot anyhow, but a baby—you had to *be* there all the time. So Susan had come and she was there all the time; she didn't even care about days off because her husband was in the Merchant Marine.

They got along beautifully, Julie and Susan, as long as Julie didn't interfere, but somehow Julie always felt that Susan liked Dink a lot the better. Which didn't seem fair, but there it was.

"Mudder," Toby said, breaking in upon her thoughts, "Susan took me on the choo-choo trolley to the *beach,*" Toby said, "and I put my feet in the ocean but she wouldn't let me put my little bee-hind in. Why wouldn't you, Susie?"

"Because we didn't take your bathing suit, that's why," Susan said. "Be quiet now and eat your nice mum-mum. I'll bring her to you in the living room when she's finished, Mrs. Ives."

Dismissed, Julie went into the living room which was already dark because it faced east. One by one, she turned on the tall floor lamp behind the table, the little copper ones on the white mantel above the brick fireplace, the reading lamps beside Dink's chair and her own. Shadows retreated and showed a bright room with painted walls and figured curtains, very neat and orderly. Order and neatness were dear to Julie, she kept the house immaculate.

She curled up and got out the pamphlets Mr. Blake had given her that day. They were beautifully printed on slick, heavy paper; one had a map of the United States on it in bright colors, and one was labeled The Investors' ABC's, in yellow letters against a blue background.

With a power of concentration of which few of her friends suspected her, she began to study them.

The headings were simple enough:

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CAR LIGHTER

REPLACE IT
WITH ORIGINAL
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PARTS

SO SAFE...CASCO is standard equipment on 9 out of 10 new cars!

... if your lighter's lost or stolen replace it with another safe Casco "pop-out" knob and element unit for $1.50

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Yes, now you can get genuine Casco replacement parts — the same safe Casco that manufacturers originally specify in 9 out of 10 new cars. At auto supply stores, service stations and garages wherever you go.

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POP-OUT DASHBOARD LIGHTER
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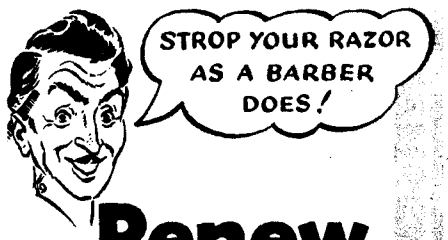


Renew the edge for easy shaves

SELF-SHARPENING . . . ONE PIECE

Government Securities . . . Municipal Bonds . . . Common and Preferred Stock . . . Types of Preferred Stock . . . Yield and Price-Earnings Ratios . . . Safety and Stability . . . Price Factors . . . Diversifications . . . Transactions of the New York Stock Exchange.

Under each were paragraphs of fundamental explanation, with little sketches and charts attractively etched in the margins.

SKIMMING through them swiftly for a general impression, sparks began to fly in Julie's brain, lines and phrases and ideas exploded disconnected lights and then slid together in a green moving band of the Translux tape which had replaced the old-fashioned ticker and across which moved all the mystic symbols of industrial America.

Am T&T . . . Cont Can . . . DuPdeN . . . Gen Fds . . . Ches & O . . . Loew's . . . McK & R . . . Lib-O Gl . . . Nat Distill . . . Gen Mot . . .

She could not have told why, but these things stirred in her a driving excitement, they stimulated her imagination to the highest pitch. People were bewildered by the drama she saw in it, but she was as honestly bewildered that the drama escaped them. Buying and selling, the market which offered to them the ownership of little pieces of America and its vast production power, had reality. She was amazed at those who were satisfied with stupid unrealities—movies, baseball, roses. Here instead were iron and steel, cement, wheat, oil, lumber, out of which man made all those things by which he traveled, communicated, fought, achieved, was housed and clothed and fed and kept warm, and lived and died. And below it—moving with the seasons, the winds, the weather, the crops, the tides of war and peace, all the cycles of human progress and experience—flowed the underground river of gold. So she saw it and was breathless before it.

Mrs. Hitchcock had said that, as far as selling these things was concerned, it wasn't necessary to have this feeling about it. That long look, that half smile—by them, Mrs. Hitchcock had meant that Julie Ives had what it took to sell anything: personality, looks, allure, appeal.

But for *me*, myself, Julie thought, to make money for myself, I must understand. And that is what I want. I want to make money, and it excites me more than anything in the world to make it this way; it is more *me*, than to be a movie star or a kept woman or even a rich wife.

Why must the ambition to make money, to have money, be a secret, almost shameful thing, hidden by sophistries and hypocrisy? Other burning desires, for fame, for power, for ownership, were admitted to polite society. All modern life was geared to buy and sell in the market place. The man who made money, had money, was admired, respected; all doors were open to him; he could buy entree and immunity, position and power. Why else had man built railroads, dug for gold, drilled for oil, forged steel for money and what it would buy? Everybody knew that. So Julie saw it.

Yet if I say nakedly that my ambition is to make money, people will be ill at ease. Why? The love of money is the root of all evil—but does anybody believe that any more? Why was the golden calf a false god? Surely the dollar sign was the American idol. The people who didn't have enough money were fighting to get more, and the people who had it were fighting to keep it, and as Mrs. Hitchcock said, nobody ever had enough money. Everybody envies the rich, everybody thinks money makes happiness, and if they get a chance they will grab it, too.

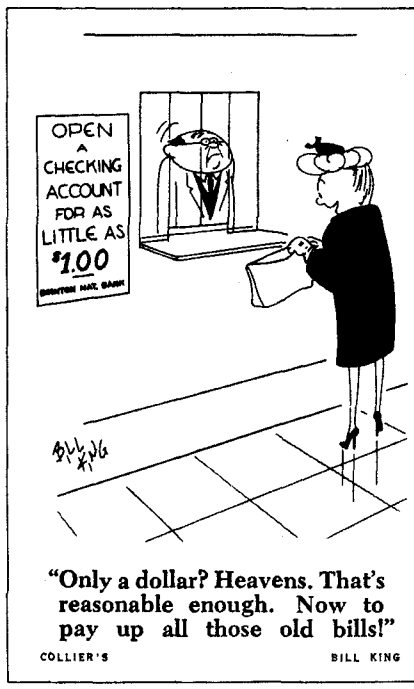
Deep in thought, she jumped at the sound of Toby's voice from the doorway.

"Peter Rabbit was very *naughty*," Toby said, with immense satisfaction.

Her eyes were bright blue bits of mischief. Without warning, two small arms went around Julie's neck, nearly strangling her. "I love you best of anybody," Toby said.

"Then don't break my neck, will you?" Julie said.

Like this, I adore her, Julie thought. These moments are shiny and beautiful. Why can't I be content with them? But—I'm not. They are only moments, they don't last. I'm proud of her, she's so cute, she's so funny, but I get tired of her and it makes me nervous and bored when I'm with her all day. I don't seem to have any easy instinct about what to do with her. What's wrong with me? Am I some kind of monster? Do other women feel that way sometimes? I notice all of them that can afford it have nurses to look after their babies. I don't want to spend my life looking after a child. Heroines of books never have any children. They have a husband and a career. Or a husband and a lover. Or two lovers. Or a lover and a psychological problem. Not children. . . .



"Only a dollar? Heavens. That's reasonable enough. Now to pay up all those old bills!"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

It was Saturday. Dink had decided to cut the lawn, trim the dead blooms from the Cecile Brunner and do a little digging around the narrow borders which harbored a few brilliant zinnias, a dozen dahlias, and a bed of purple-and-white petunias.

On a warm day Dink gardened in a pair of ancient shorts and nothing else. He could afford to, which most of the men on their block couldn't.

Admiring him, the spare, wiry frame, the wide, lean-muscled shoulders, the flat hips and long, whipcord legs, Julie thought: *That* part of our marriage has been all right, Heaven knows. But then a psychologist had told her that sex was vital in marriage only if it was wrong. Julie was interested in psychology; it was such a help—because it always explained why you *had* to do what you wanted to do.

She sat in a chair looking relaxed and gay and careless. Only her eyes betrayed her, they were hazel-green now, watchful as a cat's, hot with purpose.

This, she had decided, was the time and the place.

"If I didn't have to cover the game," Dink said, squatting on his heels, "we'd take the pup to the beach. Beach day, all right."

"Susan's taken her," Julie said lazily; "they left early to be back in time for Toby's nap. You know how Susan is about the sacred nap."

The warm, sweet atmosphere was easy, familiar, harmonious.

"You never asked me a word about my lunch or Mrs. Hitchcock or anything," Julie said, throwing the line away.

Dink grunted. He said, "You were asleep when I got home last night. What kind of a dame is she?"

"Terrific," Julie said, "sensational. You'd go for her. And—the most wonderful thing. I've got a job."

Dink stopped digging. Then he went back to it, inexpertly but energetically. "I didn't—do you want a job, Butch?" he said. He didn't turn around but she saw his sides swell with a deep breath.

"But, my darling little goose," Julie said, in a warm, intimate voice, "you've known about it for ages."

"I never took it too seriously," Dink said; "not after I came out of the Navy." His face, as he turned, was expressionless. "Besides," he said, "you've got a job. Why do you want another?"

"But that's absurd, my pet," Julie said lightly. *Keep cool, my girl.* You were prepared for this. He was bound to kick up a fuss, it doesn't mean anything, you can always handle him if you keep cool. Nevertheless, her heart was beginning to beat a little faster. "I can do both. It's a very good job. You ought to be proud of me. I'll start as an assistant to a customers' man and, if I'm any good—and I am—I'll be one myself. They make a lot of money. I'm so lucky—honestly—because Mrs. Hitchcock is going to train me herself and Mr. Blake says she's a genius."

"Geniuses are rare," Dink said, and stood up, big and brown against the summer sky. He threw the trowel; it bit deep into the dirt and stayed upright, quivering. He came and sat down beside her. "Mrs. Hitchcock is in New York, isn't she?" he said quietly.

JULIE put her shoulder against his, companionably. The way to do this was to assume he was going to behave like a civilized human being. She said, "That's what's so wonderful. They want me to learn the mechanics here and then go to New York." She made it sound usual, taken-for-granted.

"It's too bad you can't go, honey," Dink said.

Julie said, "Of course I'm going. Why in the world not?"

"You have a husband, such as he is, and a baby, and a home," Dink said. "Remember?"

"I can't for the life of me see what that has to do with me taking a damn' good job, making some money, and going to New York for a while."

"You can't?" Dink said. "What happens to your full-time job here? Can you just quit and go off—how long had you planned to be away?"

"Only six months," Julie said.

"No," Dink said. "I'm sorry, honey. But that's the way it is." His arm fell away from her shoulder, but his voice had a sound of true sympathy, the way it did when he picked Toby up after a bump.

It infuriated Julie more than anything she had ever heard in her life.

"You see," Dink said, "that's not marriage. At least not the way I see it. Maybe I ought to have said all this before but—it won't work, Butch. I'm sorry, but it won't, it never has. It doesn't. Look at the divorce rate—Julie, you've got quite a lot, haven't you? We've got quite a lot. I thought you were pretty contented and happy around here—"

"Happy with this?" said Julie, in a thin, deadly voice. "Happy? This cheap shack and two feet of lousy lawn and one broken-down car and never going anywhere or having anything? Skimping and washing the damn' dishes—" Her voice cracked under the load of her fury.

Dink was looking at her, and she couldn't label what was in his face. He's looking at me like I had two heads, she thought. Damn him! But she couldn't miss that, under the tan, his face was white with hurt.

"Is that the way you really feel about it?" he said at last.

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"Oh, Dink," Julie cried out, "please don't be like that, don't be such a fool. Everybody feels like that, everybody wants things. What's abnormal about that? Of course I want a lovely home and a new car—and I want to be somebody who matters, I want to do something, I want something to happen in my life, and if you think for one minute you can stop my going to New York you're crazy—"

His hands closed on her shoulders as he stood up; he brought her up with him and carried her inside the house like a mastiff with a kitten.

"The neighbors were beginning to take an interest," he said.

For a moment, staring up at him, Julie struggled with fear. He filled the room, naked and sweaty. She had never seen him like this, his face was transformed, the eyes narrowed, the strained, tense lips folded cruelly back against his teeth. Combat had always taken him that way.

"Look at that Ives tackle," people had said; "you'd think he wanted to kill the guy." They were right. He did. This was something for which Julie had not been prepared. What could he do to her? This was force, and she had not taken force into any of her shrewd calculations. Men did kill their wives—you read about it every day in the papers—strangled them, beat them to death. Fear and shock drove her back against the wall, hands out against him.

"This isn't the Dark Ages," she shrieked at him. "What do you think you can do? You can't chain me up. I have my own money that I made myself. You can't stop me just because you're bigger than I am. Do you really think there is a woman anywhere in this world who would turn down this chance if it was offered to her?" Julie said.

"Oh, I think there must be one somewhere," Dink said.

He didn't look angry any more. Only very tired. He said, "I better get dressed, I've got to get to the ball park."

When he came downstairs again, she was sitting perfectly still on the edge of the davenport, hands locked over her knees. Their eyes met, levelly.

"You can't go," Dink said. "If you'll think about it you ought to know why. But get it through your head: You can't go."

It was a command. There was still force behind it. Something stopped Julie's impulse to defy him. She hadn't the courage for that defiance.

The rattle of the old car floated in and she heard the tires scream as Dink backed out and went away at his usual mad clip.

Something he had said came back to her. There's usually a weak spot in the line somewhere; the point is to find it. Her mind began darting here and there. She had to find the weak spot. She couldn't give up, she couldn't.

THE sports editor, who was getting old and didn't care who knew it, said, "Hey, Dink, what's wrong with you? I said I got a new photographer for you. That Spargo's no good. Whatever you wrote about, he never had a picture of it."

Dink said, "So I been breaking in new photographers every other day all season. Usually you don't even bother to tell me."

"She's waiting for you down in the parking lot," Hoppy said.

The words hung outside Dink's tired brain, which wouldn't stop going over and over the things he and Julie had said that morning, the things he wished to God he hadn't said, all the things he ought to have said that would have reached Julie's heart.

When the gender of the sports editor's pronoun sank through the fog, Dink lifted the roof off the big room. *"What?"* he shouted.

"Take it easy," Hoppy said, "take it easy. She's good. She—she took photography at Stanford or something—"

Reporters looked up from their desks in the city room beyond the railing, and even the city editor turned from his inevitable telephone.

"Take it easy, take it easy," Hoppy kept saying. "What do you care? If she's no good, we fire her. We had to give her a job—"

"Why can't she work for the city side?" Dink was still shouting. "Sports! Isn't there any place left where you don't have to have some lousy skirt—"

"She don't wear skirts," Hoppy said mildly.

She didn't, he saw as he came upon her standing at the entrance to the parking place with her camera slung over her shoulder; she wore dark blue slacks, by no means new, a white shirt, and a worn corduroy jacket. Her hair was dark and short and curled all over her head.

Dink wheeled out his old roadster, jammed the brakes briefly beside her and said, "Get in."

Once in, she gave him a sidelong glance, and then was very quiet.

"How silly can all the women in the world get?" Dink said.

THIS is the last stinking straw. Now I have a half-witted girl to take pictures of a ball game. She'll like it when she hears the coach cut loose at third base. Oh, she'll love that. And the way the Stars spit tobacco, that's an endearing trait. Or maybe she'll start making eyes at the ballplayers, and won't that be ducky!

He felt black and blue all over, as if he'd played sixty minutes against USC. He said, "All right. What's your name?"

"Megan," she said. She had a clear, boyish voice. "Megan Jones." Then, mildly, "I'm a good photographer, Mr. Ives. I did all right taking pictures in the Marine Corps. I wish you wouldn't be sore at me."

"All right, so you're a good photographer," Dink said, as the light at La Brea stopped them. "Why don't you stay home? Why don't you get married and have some kids?" *Then you could run off to New York and leave them with some hired hand and that'd be more fun.* "It gets rough out on the field," he said, "and football season's coming up—you'll look cute when some left half reverses his field and knocks you on your tail. And then there's Santa Anita—you can sit on the rail and let the horses kick mud in your eye—"

"I know quite a lot about football," she said; "my brothers played."

"Your brothers—" Dink said, and looked at her. Her profile was clean-cut, with a short nose and a round jaw. He said, "You're not Blitz Jones' sister?"

"Yes," she said.

"What the hell is the matter with Blitz?" Dink said. "Can't he stop you making a fool of yourself in front of thousands of people?"

"Blitz was killed at Rabaul," she explained.

After a pause, Dink said, "You could have saved me that one. I'm sorry—I hadn't heard about Blitz. But it's going to be rugged. I never heard of a female sports photographer, but all photographers are nuts and it looks like all women have gone nuts, so maybe it saves two other people from going nuts. But they'll give you the works, sister."

They did. The bleachers let go when she walked out behind first base. In the car, Dink had failed to realize how tall she was and how well made. The bleachers didn't overlook it, not for a minute, they commented with appropriate whistling. For a moment, Dink felt a little sorry for her. But she could take it. Adjusting her camera in the most expert manner, she turned around slowly and looked at them, with a slight, friendly smile. Then she made an indifferent salute with her right hand and went back to work. As Frankie Kelleher was slid-

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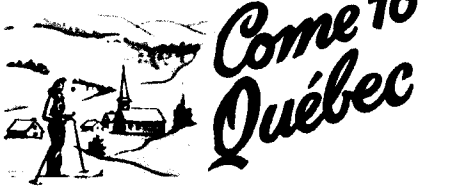

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ing into first, she went down on her knee with the boys and got her first shot.

They could take it, these dames. They didn't care, that was it. Something had got into them, and they didn't know what was going on.

His heart had started to hurt now, it was filled with love and pity for Julie. How could he keep this opening wedge from smashing everything he loved? How long could he make his command stick? What did he have to make it stick *with?* —as Toby would say.

Toby. That just simply didn't bear thinking about.

Women everywhere. In barbershops, saloons—and squatting out there to the left of home plate like Megan Jones, because now the Stars had a man on third. They were free now to go barging into all the wrong places, as well as into Congress and laboratories, where maybe they belonged, making license out of their hard-won liberty. In this time—when all barriers were down and nobody seemed to care about anything, when no door was closed to a woman—what could he do?

And I thought she was happy, I never thought anything was wrong with us.

All the time underneath was a dark humiliation. *"Happy—with this?"* It kept echoing in his ears as he sat in the press box, a cigarette in the corner of his mouth, pretending to listen to Chuck McGruder next to him saying, "That Fane kid looks awful good; he'll go up next year."

He was more ashamed of his shame than of what Julie had said. Because I'm right, he thought. I've got be right.

Now I've got that silly kid sister of Blitz Jones' on my hands. I hope she got that shot at the plate. Probably not.

THE weak spot in the line Dink was trying to hold showed up on Sunday night. He hadn't expected her to find it so soon. Nor, as Chuck McGruder said bitterly afterward, had Dink expected to figure even Jake Sweeney for so little brains.

Up to a given point, the party was in no way different from many others Dink and Julie Ives had given. A baked ham at one end of the table, a brown pot of beans at the other, the big wooden salad bowl fresh and green in the middle, card tables daintily set up in the living room. Julie might loathe everything domestic, but she was clever at it; things went smoothly; she looked fresh and charming.

Randy and Lillian arriving first, and then Jake Sweeney and his wife, Rosemary. She had a new dress and the women made her turn around like a model, and Jake said maybe it was worth half what she paid for it and laughed like a siren at his own joke. Jake was in the insurance business, he was a perennial sophomore who sang Sons of the Stanford Red when he got drunk; but he had played tackle alongside Dink, and Dink still didn't know anybody he'd rather have there if the going got tough. The Sedlows had moved down the block a year ago; Jim was head of the afternoon paper's ad department and quite a guy. Of course Chuck and Lucille were last, their sitter was always late. "You're so *lucky* to have Susan," Lucille said. "Don't *look* at me, I know my make-up's all crooked." It was.

After supper, Lillian kept trying to propose a toast, and finally Julie had to tell them.

The storm of yesterday had left no traces that Dink could see; and last night she had been so sweet and yielding in his arms. Hope had made him a little crazy and he had tried to tell her it was all because he loved her, he had begged her to trust him. And she had laughed softly in the warm darkness.

"I'm not going to New York, Lil," Julie said gaily. "I *told* you." She made a little face at Dink. "My husband won't let me. Isn't he mean?"

"It's all I've got left of Christmas that's still in working order"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

Women's voices made a chorus of agreement, of protest. Their glances were hostile. Dink grinned as best he could.

"Maybe he's got something there," Chuck said. "I wouldn't let Lucille go to San Diego by herself—she gets on all the wrong busses."

"I do," Lucille said, "except when I have the children."

"Here I was, practically packed, reservations all made, and Dink turns cave man on me," Julie said.

Laughing all the time, Julie sharpened the barbs. In one of the uncomfortable pauses, Jake said, "Well, after all, if Dink wouldn't go to New York himself he wouldn't be apt to let you go, would he?"

This time the silence was unshatterable. Through it, Dink saw Chuck shut his eyes tight in pain, he saw Rosemary move over quickly beside Jake the way she often had to, and Lillian's face of horror. Most clearly he saw Julie as she swung face to face with Jake.

Defensively Jake began to talk, trying to cover up the thud of a brick he knew he'd dropped.

"Anyone who'd turn down an offer like that one," Jake insisted, "from a big New York paper and a syndicate—well, it's plain he doesn't want any part of New York, and I guess a lot of us right here think we are pretty well off in old southern California, and lots of folks back East must think so too, the way they keep coming out here by the millions."

Rosemary said, "Jake darling—"

And Chuck said, "Jake—Jake darling—how about you and me going outside for a breath of air, and bring that beer bottle, will you, or an ax."

Somebody tittered. Everybody started to talk. Anybody four blocks away could hear Jake whispering to Rosemary, "All right—I've shut up—I don't know what it's all about—how should I know—"

The party went on and on. Nobody seemed to know how to go home. Chuck got tight. Lillian kept saying, "But, Dink, you can't do this to my Julie."

At last, they departed in a body.

WHEN the hum of the last motor died, the house was very still. It looked the way houses look after parties. It smelled that way, too. Dink seemed to think he could do something about everything by opening windows. Julie picked up ash trays, and then stopped and stood smiling at him.

"Would you mind telling me why?" she said. "I'm just curious."

"Seems simple to me," Dink said. "I like California. I don't like New York. I don't want to beat my brains out fighting the mob, the rackets, the gamblers. I don't want you and me and Toby to live in some apartment, or else commute so I never see her. I don't want any of the things it's got to offer. What I want out of life, I've got right here."

"How nice for you!" Julie said. "And of course I wouldn't have anything to say about it." Her laugh was light. "All your talk about fair play, and yet you don't hesitate to go behind my back and make a decision like that. One that affects our whole lives. It's really funny. Besides humiliating me before all our friends—"

"I don't get that one," Dink said.

Julie took the ash trays into the kitchen; she kept on talking: "No? How do you think I felt standing there like a fool when everybody else knew your business? But then, you regard a wife as a slave, as someone to cook your meals, empty your ash trays, bear your children—"

"That's not true," Dink said.

"No?" Julie said, coming back. "Oh, well, it doesn't matter—now."

She stood staring at him, her hands on her hips. Her eyes were blazing black, but her lips and the rest of her face still smiled.

"I wonder how I happened to marry a man in the first place with no ambition, a man who's content to live like a slug, a snail—"

"Wait a minute," Dink said. He looked forbidding, he looked as forbidding as a man can who knows the gun isn't loaded. "I just don't seem to want the same things you want—we seem to have different values. You talk—"

"—So you make the decisions and I take what you want and your values, is that it?" Julie said.

"Let's say I—I think I'm better able to make the decisions," Dink said, "that I've seen a lot more than you have and maybe I know you better than you know yourself, maybe I can see when they're throwing you a strike and it's my business —my—" he broke off, turning a slow and painful red, then went on doggedly, "my responsibility and my duty, almost, to protect and cherish you—"

"You'd keep me stuck here," Julie said reflectively, "for the rest of my life, in this rotten rut, while you go on being satisfied to be a third-rate sports columnist in a third-rate burg like Los Angeles. You got the chance of a lifetime to be somebody, and without even asking me, knowing how I feel about New York, you turned it down because you're afraid—"

Dink took two swift steps forward. The effort it took him to stop made the glasses rattle. When he spoke, the voice didn't sound like his at all. He said, "You're pretty mad right now, Butch. Maybe you've got a right to be. I should

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have told you. But I knew I wasn't going and I knew—"

"—You knew I'd try to make you do what any sane, normal, decent man would *want* to do for his wife and family," Julie said. "I made a mistake when I married you, at nineteen, when a girl doesn't know anything. The campus big shot. It would be funny if it wasn't so tragic. I got caught by the old honey nature puts out so the race won't die, the emotional urge—"

"Could we skip the psychology this time of night?" Dink said.

Julie didn't seem to hear him. She said, "Up to this minute, I had hope. I kept hoping you'd wake up, be like other men, I thought if you ever got a chance —well, there's one nice thing: You don't have to live with a mistake the rest of your life. Not any more you don't."

She yawned, she patted her mouth quickly to cover it, but Dink saw that her nose was pinched and her lips were white under the indelible scarlet. She went up two steps so that her eyes were on a level with his, and she was smiling again.

"You can always get a divorce," she said.

MORNING was still fresh upon the Green Thumbs Rosary. The sun had just touched the tops of the hills surrounding the little valley in which it lay, so that the jagged peaks were blue above purple shadows. A very small dawn wind left the eucalyptus trees and the peppers unmoved, and fled to frolic among the roses, mingling all their scents and throwing the bouquet in every direction, over the sprawling, adobe house, over the lath-and-glass conservatories, over Liz Behanna, kneeling among a mass of brilliant crimson blossoms.

Has to be a God, Liz thought; nobody else could make anything that smells as good as this.

Having thought it, she decided to share it with old Tim, working on the row beyond her. The nicest thing about old Tim, next to his magic with roses, was that you could mention God outdoors in his presence without embarrassing him.

After his grunt of agreement, she said, "We were certainly right about those Jacqueminots. Tim—we've never raised anything better. Dean Hole—he wrote a book about roses in 1865—says among all the roses, you can welcome this conquering hero, General Jacqueminot, in his brilliant uniform, as being invincible —or something like that. Would you think people could be so stupid they almost let him die out, inventing a lot of new ones that aren't half as good?"

"That's called progress," old Tim said.

Distantly a voice shouted her name, and Liz Behanna stood up. She could see her brother Freddy pushing his wheel chair across the patio.

"Phone!" he shouted. "It's Julie—wants you on the phone."

"Whatever—at this hour," Liz said. "I'll be right back, Tim."

Even so, she could not resist stopping to sniff the eglantine, deciding of all the fragrances it was the best, with its hint of apples warmed by the sun.

"What does she want?" she said to Freddy. "Is she all right?"

"Sounds excited," Freddy said. "Can't tell if it's good or bad."

The moment she heard Julie's voice, she knew it was bad. That brittle, defiant, feverish excitement, so reminiscent of another voice, another time, pierced her heart, but she sat quietly and listened.

When she hung up, Freddy said, "What'd she want?"

Liz Behanna didn't answer; for a moment she put her head in her hands. So strange, your own child, whom you loved so much, speaking to you with a voice that only now, after so many years of prayer and struggle, only now you had learned not to fear—and hate.

"She wants to leave Toby with us for a while," she said.

Freddy's face lighted up. "My, that'd be splendid," he said. "I tell you, Liz, that's a funny baby. She's a comic. She's got a sense of humor like her pop." He looked at his sister's face. "Don't you want her, Liz?"

"This is my busy season," Liz Behanna said. "I still haven't got enough help—it'd be hard to manage—"

Wistfully, Freddy said, "I could read to her—she likes to be read to, and get her breakfast, and this place would be—I don't see where a child could be happier or safer or healthier, outdoors all day long."

Liz Behanna laughed. Her eyes were bright blue, as blue as—as Toby's. "I'm a fool," she said. "I always thought I could fall in love with Toby. It's like the roses. Just when you get them perfect, you dig them up and hand them on to somebody else. But you can always grow more roses. I thought I wouldn't let myself fall in love again, except with the roses. That's all wrong. You can't be afraid of love, can you?"

"Of course not," Freddy said. "You need a cup of coffee. I just made a fresh pot. I never knew you to be afraid of anything, Liz, even when we were little. You're like a lion."

But as he wheeled briskly off to the kitchen, Liz Behanna faced the fact that she had always been afraid of—and for her daughter. Something now, she knew, was very wrong with Julie.

A GREAT many beautiful, fascinating women had sat in the big chair opposite Mr. Lewishon from time to time; but for his taste, he decided, he had never seen a more pictorial attitude than Mrs. Ives'. He felt a glow of admiration, which was unusual. After twenty-two years as a divorce lawyer, Mr. Lewishon's admiration reflexes were not very lively.

Mr. Lewishon said, "You understand about the California divorce law, Mrs. Ives?"

"Not exactly, I'm afraid," Mrs. Ives said, in a low voice.

"You'll get your decree this afternoon," Mr. Lewishon said, "but it's only the interlocutory. Neither of you can remarry for a year."

"I see," Mrs. Ives said; "it doesn't matter. I don't wish to marry again and—I don't think Mr. Ives does either."

Mr. Lewishon went on with the routine: 'Interlocutory means interjected before the final adjudication, intermediate; in other words *not final*. You get a year to try it, think it over. If at any time during that year, you and Mr. Ives become reconciled, we get the interlocutory set aside."

"You mean I can come back to my husband any time I want to?" Mrs. Ives said.

"If he's agreeable," Mr. Lewishon said. "If you are not reconciled at the end of the year either of you can apply for the final decree."

"Either of us?" Mrs. Ives said. "Even though I got the divorce?"

MR. LEWISHON glanced at some papers in front of him. "That's right," he said. "There's one thing I ought to mention, Mrs. Ives. This joint custody of the child—" He looked at her again. "You're satisfied with that? It's not customary. The California courts always award custody of a child so young to the mother, with visiting privileges for the father."

Mrs. Ives smiled. *I won't give you Toby. That's one thing I'll fight you for through hell and high water. You can have your divorce, if that's what you want, but I won't give you Toby's life to kick around. Toby stays here.*

No need to bring that up. Nor the way Dink had said it.

Instead she said, "I don't want to hurt Dink, Mr. Lewishon. He adores the baby; he's very proud of her and she's fond of him. I want to be fair."

Poor Dink. "She'll be with my mother," Julie Ives said. "Mother has a lovely place in the country. Just while I have to be in New York, of course."

"Grandmothers come in handy, I've noticed that," Mr. Lewishon said unexpectedly. He looked at the clock. "I expect we better be going. Court convenes at two. Your witness"—he glanced again at the papers—"Mrs. Lillian Taylor—she'll meet us at the courthouse?"

"She's waiting in my car," Mrs. Ives said.

On her feet, he was glad to see how appropriately she was garbed for an appearance in the divorce court. Dark brown suit buttoned almost to her chin, frilly white collar, brown hat with a nose veil. This judge liked to preserve what dignity he could. He resented jubilation in dress or manner on the witness stand.

"I hope you're not nervous," Mr. Lewishon said.

"Oh, no," Mrs. Ives said—"only it's strange. After seven years. I'm glad I'm going to New York almost immediately."

"It's only the interlocutory," Mr. Lewishon said. "You're not burning all your bridges."

He felt her sway and looking down saw she had gone moon-pale. He hadn't expected it, she'd been so eager and determined all the way through but the best ones sometimes behaved worst in the starting gate. He put his hand under her elbow to steady her.

How could he guess that Julie Ives had seen the first flash back of that idiotic third monkey of Dink's, sitting forlornly on the railing of a burned bridge?

"It's nothing," she said, and even tried to laugh. "I suppose—everyone is more nervous than they'll admit. After all, as you said, I'm not—burning all my bridges."

Which was a silly thing to say. That comes of seeing third monkeys, Julie Ives thought. Burning all her bridges, she thought defiantly, was exactly what she did want to do.

(To be continued next week)

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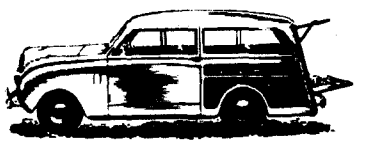

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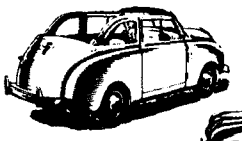

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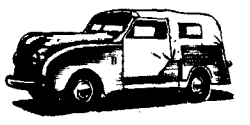

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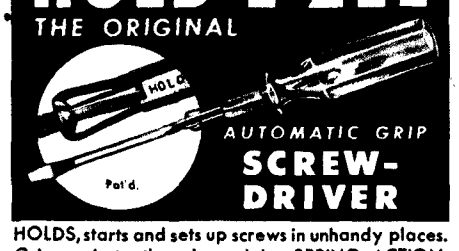

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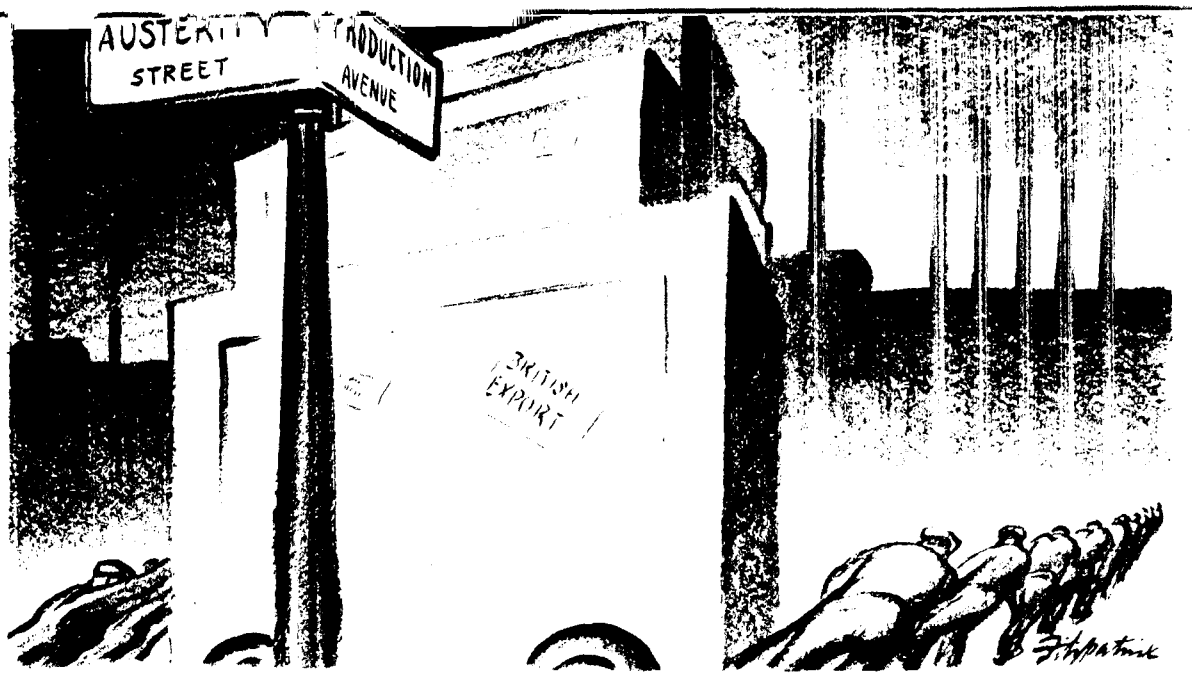

IS BRITAIN TURNING THE CORNER?

WE HOPE the answer to the above question is yes; and some figures recently released by the British Information Services indicate that it may be.

Over all, British production is reported higher now than before the war. The October output of steel hit a rate of 14,200,000 tons a year, as against 1938's total production of 10,400,000 tons. Coal, of which we've been hearing so much melancholy news from Britain of late, has been coming out of British seams for some time at a rate considerably exceeding 4,000,000 tons a week.

Great Britain at this writing is turning out 92 per cent more trucks than in the last years before the war, 425 per cent more tractors, 40 per cent more railway cars, 144 per cent more merchant shipping, 22 per cent more rayon and nylon, 80 per cent more superphosphates.

The average work week for men in principal British manufacturing industries is 46.3 hours. Modernization of equipment, especially in textile mills and coal mines, is said to be proceeding rapidly.

Most of the output is being exported, to pay Britain's way out of the financial and other devastations of the war, while the British people themselves live more austerely than they did during the war.

The whole performance is a testimonial to the iron courage of the British people. We hope it means Britain is turning the corner into a brighter future—which would mean, among other things, that American aid to Britain could be tapered off, to our taxpayers' relief.

And if British voters before long should throw the Socialist doctrinaires out of their government and let Winston Churchill's business-minded Conservatives take over, our hunch is that there would be some phenomenal step-ups all along the line of Britain's already noteworthy industrial production.

●

$3,500 FUNERAL NIXED: Judge Hugh C. Boyle of Orphans Court, Pittsburgh, recently knocked out a proposal to let a woman whose husband had just died sell her $8,500 home so as to give the deceased a $3,500 funeral. The man had not been wealthy.

"No widow in these circumstances," said Judge Boyle, "should be permitted to incur so large an indebtedness . . . No man in Mr. Sullivan's station in life should be buried so expensively."

We think it was a wise ruling. The news stories we saw about this particular incident contained no intimation that any undertaker had induced the woman to order the $3,500 ceremony. Most undertakers in this country are honest and reasonable in their charges, but there are some who are not.

This ghoulish minority is out to get all it can in any way it can. It exploits the grief of survivors, or their desire to put on a big show, as the case may be, and it doesn't care if it wrecks family finances for months or years after.

Offhand, we can't think of a more contemptible way to do business. We hope courts all over the country may be inspired by Judge Boyle's decision to emulate his example in every proper case; and we could wish that the ethical undertakers would do more policing of their unethical minority colleagues than they do now.

●

THE BIBLE ON THE AIR: For almost a year now, a radio program called The Greatest Story Ever Told has been making a variety of sensations inside and outside the radio industry.

Sponsored by Goodyear Tire and Rubber but without any commercials dubbed in, The Greatest Story Ever Told airs dramatized episodes from the Bible, with the actors talking 20th century American English. The effect is to make listeners aware of the fact that people in those far-off Biblical times and places were agitated and agonized, inspired and uplifted, by the same emotions and problems as beset people today. Lessons in tolerance, charity, human decency, courage and so on are painlessly imparted in dramatic capsule form.

The influence of the program is asserted to be great and varied, and to be contributing heavily to the current American revival of interest in religion.

Maybe you're missing something pretty valuable if you haven't yet found out about The Greatest Story Ever Told, on the ABC network at 6:30 P.M. Eastern standard time every Sunday.

●

GIVE US A BUZZ, MR. H.: Representative Clare E. Hoffman (Rep., Mich.), one of the more choleric of our congressmen, recently announced that whenever a newspaper "charges a committee of Congress of which I am a chairman of unfair or disreputable conduct or something of that kind, the writer of that article, if I can find him, is going to be called up to justify his charge. If that's wrong, well, it will have to be wrong."

To this writing, Mr. Hoffman has summoned representatives of two Washington papers, the Star and the Post, to tell him why they wrote certain pieces about him and where they got their information.

Collier's isn't a newspaper, but it is a part of the American press; and we'd like to get into this game, Mr. Congressman.

Accordingly, we will now state that your new policy looks to us like an unfair and disreputable tampering with the freedom of the press, and like an effort to frighten American publications out of printing the truth as they uncover it. We'll add that such goings on come with especially bad grace from any man who, under the Constitution, can stand up in the House of Representatives and slander, blackguard and smear anybody without fear of lawsuits.

If Congressman Hoffman wants to call us to Washington to discuss this editorial or any part thereof, we'll be delighted to go, and tell all these things to his face. We pause for reply.

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher

WALTER DAVENPORT
Editor

JOE ALEX MORRIS
Managing Editor

ANY WEEK

THERE are so many concave intellects contributing to the universal bewilderment that we couldn't resist the urge to contribute our bit. We gave up this column some time ago in what we believed to be the public interest. Matters only grew worse. From time to time we received letters suggesting that we reconsider. We have sturdily resisted this pressure, light as it has been. But we've just received a letter from Colonel Horace Henry Nill, U.S.A. (ret.), that has crumbled that last grain of our determination. The colonel did not retire voluntarily. "I am now an unenthusiastic civilian," says he, "because my superiors caught me red-handed committing a crime which has never been tolerated by our armed forces. Indeed I am extremely lucky to be out of jail. I was found to be guilty of displaying an originality of thought not to be tolerated in an officer in the United States Army."

AND as you doubtless know, magazines and bookshops have been sagging under the weight of memoirs of warriors. Naturally we've read most of them, taking walks occasionally to seek a bit of fresh air and incidentally to view unravaged countrysides which miraculously escaped the devastation issuing from the pens of these relentless autobiographers. It was during one such breather that we met a Polish-American named Ignaz Wkjcz. He too had been reading. But he was more optimistic than we are. "One of these days," said Mr. Wkjcz, "a man will write a book telling us what a great man he was in peace and how dangerous and adventurous it was. No one will publish it and no one will read it." Mr. Wkjcz pondered his own prophecy for a moment. Then he looked at us brightly and said, "Gee whizz!"

MR. LOAN HILLEQUEST of Moscow, Idaho, was in to see us, fetching with him a plan to feed Europe and thereby to defeat Communism. Mr. Hillequest has discovered that acorns contain all the better nutrition properties of milk, beef, wheat, eggs, oranges and, of all things, rhubarb. There is a backlog of acorns in this country more than sufficient to fatten up the entire world, he says. Naturally he wanted to sell us an article about it. But we turned him and his article away saying that we could think of nothing that would shove the world into the tentacles of Generalissimo Joseph V. Stalin quicker than an acorn stew or omelet, both of which were proclaimed by Mr. Hillequest to be delicious. Mr. Hillequest insists that he is not subversive.

YOU will doubtless be glad to know that Mr. Dolphwin E. O. Thresh of Manchester, England, and this office are in harmony regarding Recovery in Western Europe. Mr. Thresh was in to see us. "A little less politics and political expediency and quite a lot more hard work" is Mr. Thresh's somewhat stuffy prescription. He adds, however, that "to many European politicians today this is clearly subversive talk." He reports too that a woman in Italy was recently badly mauled by a mob because she drove her husband out of the house merely because he refused to work. "She was absolutely without class conscience, the witch," says Mr. Thresh.

THE ever alert ears of our associate, Mr. Gurney Williams, report overhearing a lady, at the wheel of her car, explaining to a traffic cop: "Well, I never!" she said. "That's the first time I knew that the mirror above the windshield was for *that*. I just used it to make up my face. Well, I never!"

WE ARE told too that a couple of girls, being guided through the Bureau of Standards in Washington, got themselves pretty deeply impressed with what they saw. Said one, "Just think, that little gadget will split things into slices one hundredth of an inch thick." Said her friend, "Golly. How many hundredths of an inch are there?" There was silence for a few moments. Then the first replied, "Oh, millions."

OF COURSE if you've heard those before, it's too late for us to do anything about it. . . . W.D.

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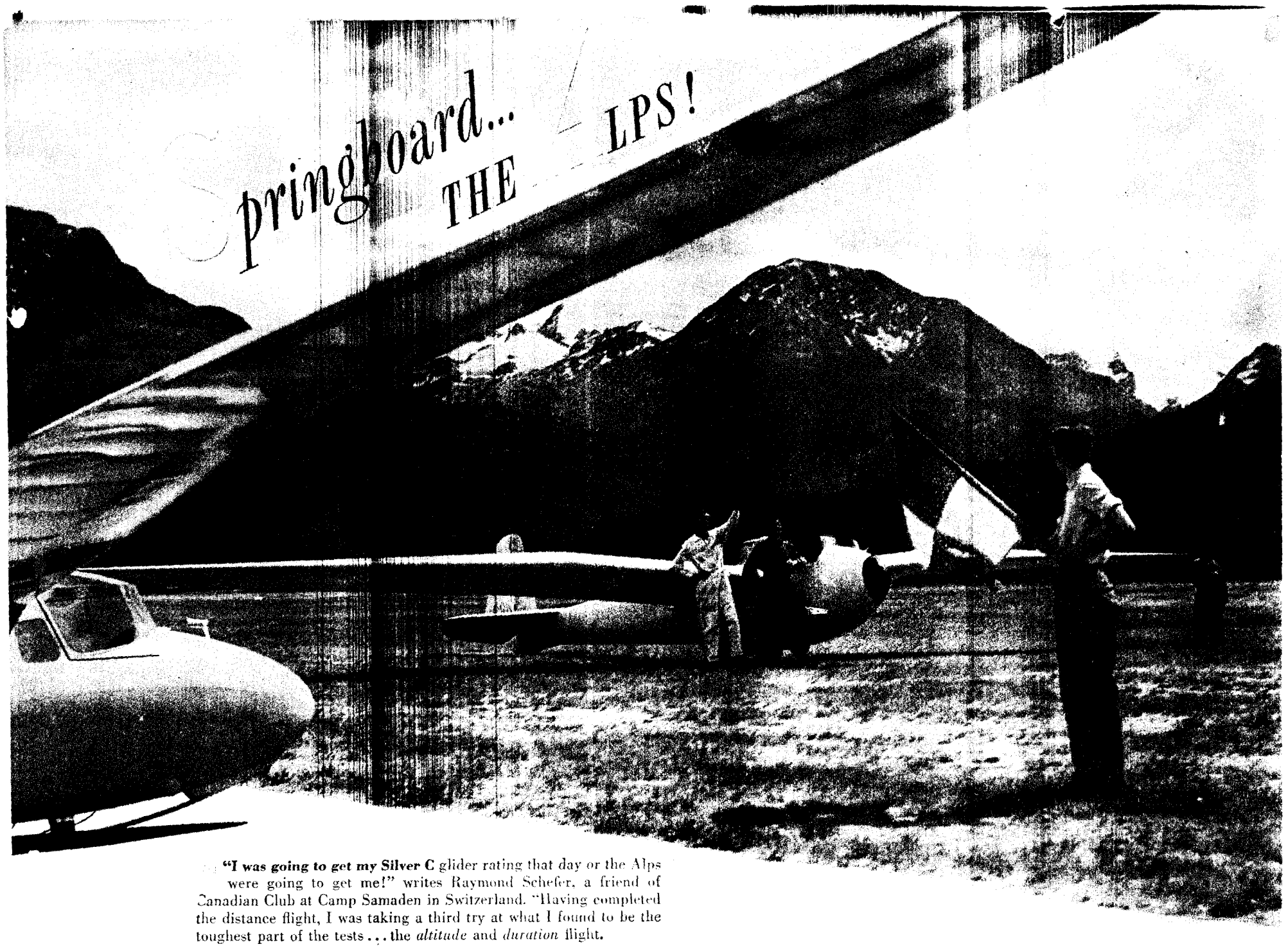
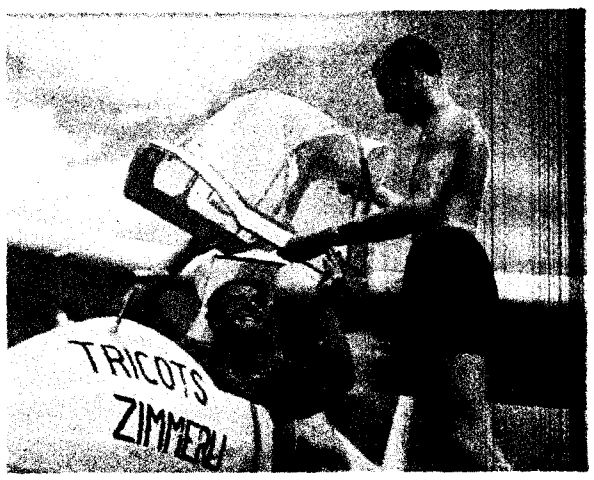


"I was going to get my Silver C glider rating that day or the Alps were going to get me!" writes Raymond Schefer, a friend of Canadian Club at Camp Samaden in Switzerland. "Having completed the distance flight, I was taking a third try at what I found to be the toughest part of the tests . . . the *altitude* and *duration* flight.



4 **"A final check said 'conditions perfect.'** Fine wind, few clouds, good visibility. But Alpine weather is tricky. The last time, conditions had been just as perfect . . . at the start. Then my chance at that international rating was spoiled by a sudden lull.

3 **"To meet this test,** I had to climb 3,280 feet above the tow-plane release point and *stay* for 5 *hours* over treacherous mountain peaks. It's risky, but any glider pilot will tell you it's worth it to soar silently and 'powerless' over beautiful country . . . trying to outwit invisible wind.

2 **"Without any warning** a sudden down draft reached up and grabbed me. I talked to my glider like a brother, shouted at it to *climb!* It did. I managed to pull away, luckily missing a jagged peak. It would have been a long tumble to the valley below.

5 **"I didn't break any records,** but a steady ridge current kept me up long enough and high enough for a Silver C. We celebrated by taking the cable car up to Mouttas Muraigl. The order was 'Canadian Club—all 'round!' That fine whisky gets top rating at *any* altitude!"

6 **"All over the world,"** write travelers, "Canadian Club rates high." Why this world-wide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon. That's what made Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

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